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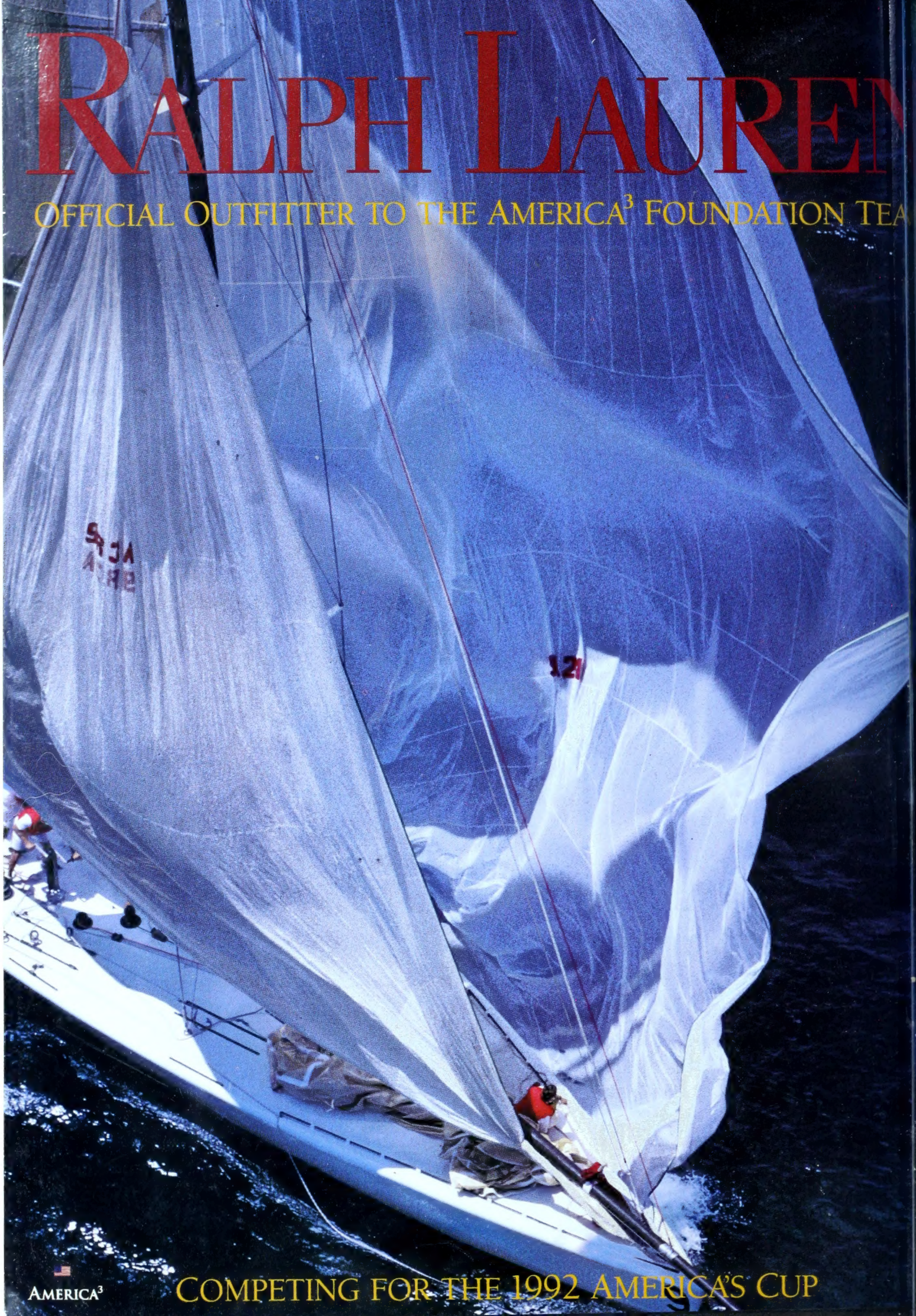
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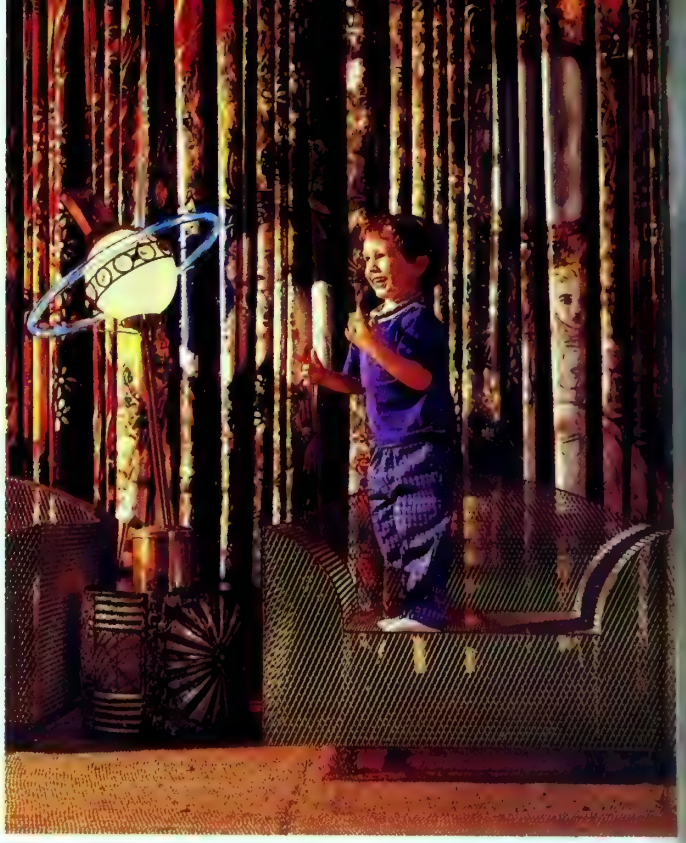
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JANUARY



Nicholas Berini gazes into the future, above. Page 38. Below: Hollywood's stark modernism. Page 94. Left: Michael Kalil's Zen-like tower room. Page 86.



COVER *Decorativ details enrich the living room of a 1728 Connecticu house. Page 46. Photograph by Oberto Gili.*



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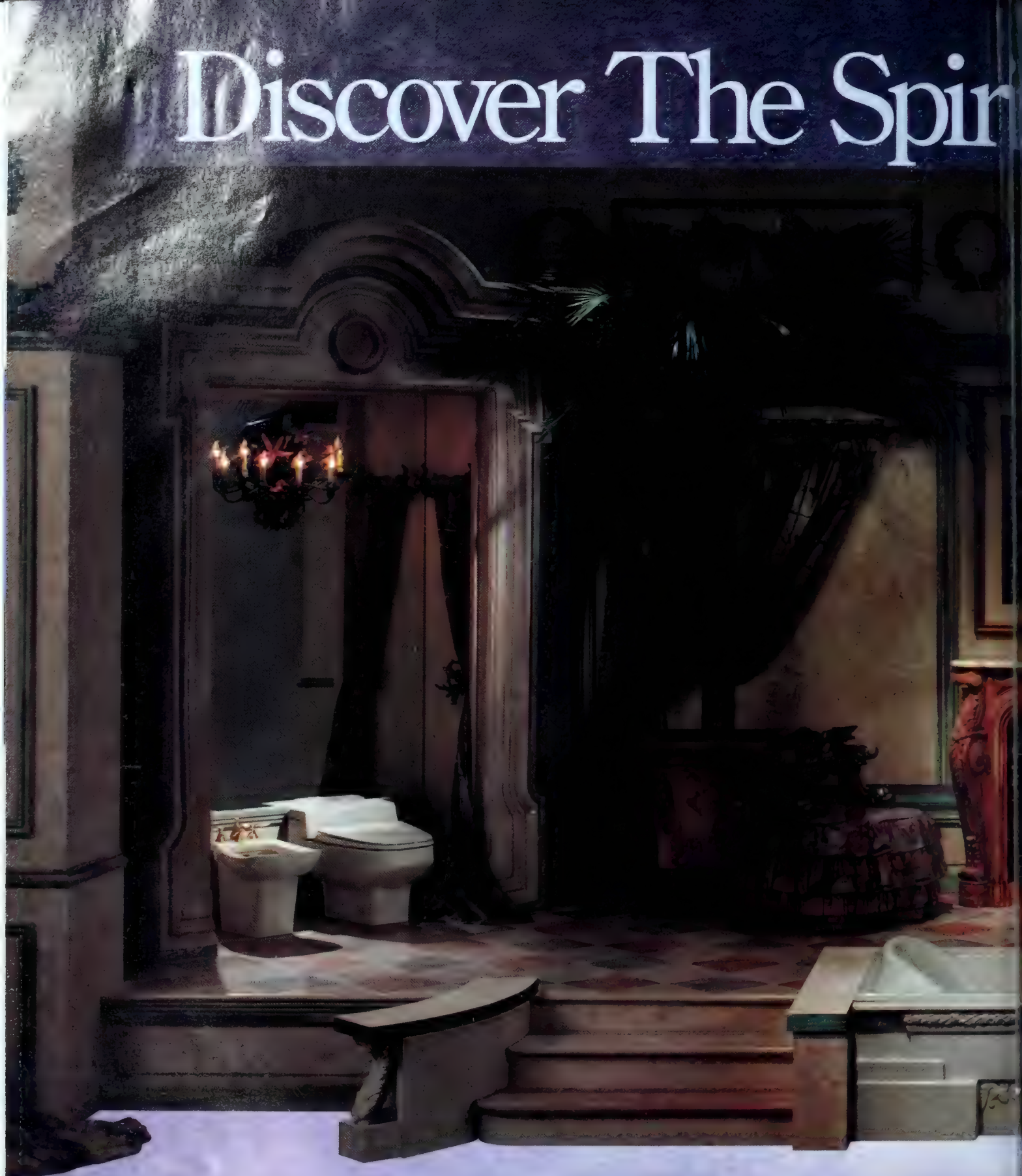
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Astrologer's lucky vases with flowers, above right. Page 26. Above left: A gilded finial at George Smith, NYC. Page 18. Far left: A Miró sculpture in Barcelona's Plaça de l'Escorxador. Page 20. Left: Trend forecaster Faith Popcorn. Page 124. Below: A sketch of the future. Page 34.



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Contributors Notes



RICHARD BRYANT

Richard Bryant is an architect whose specialty is photographing buildings rather than designing them. For HG he captures a Thames-side penthouse he describes as a "high-tech fantasy." The first photographer to receive a Royal Institute of British Architects Fellowship, Bryant says he has "no preference for either modern or ancient styles—just for quality." His next project is a book documenting the construction and installation of a new exhibition center designed by Gustav Peichl which opens in Bonn this June.



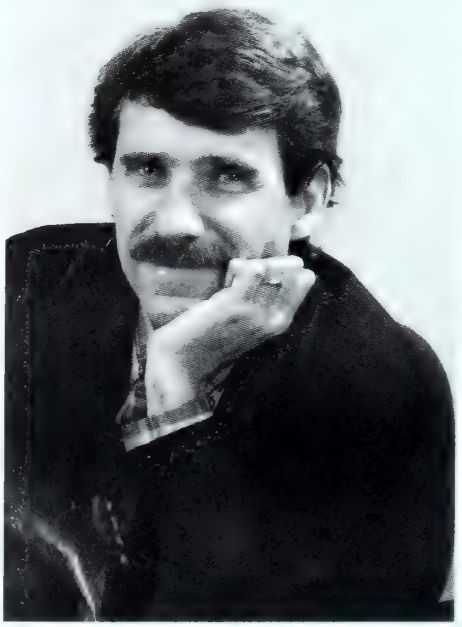
BRIGITTE LACOMBE

Jean Pagliuso takes a break from photographing Hollywood celebrities on and off the set to focus on a family at rest in their weekend house on Long Island. Pagliuso, a longtime friend of the owners, Susan Calhoun and Charlie Moss and their two children, wanted her pictures to reflect the "extraordinary warmth and energy I always feel when I sit at their dinner table." Based in New York but in demand on both coasts, she recently photographed the cast of the movie *The Addams Family* and is at work on a book about American waitresses.



ELENA SEIBERT

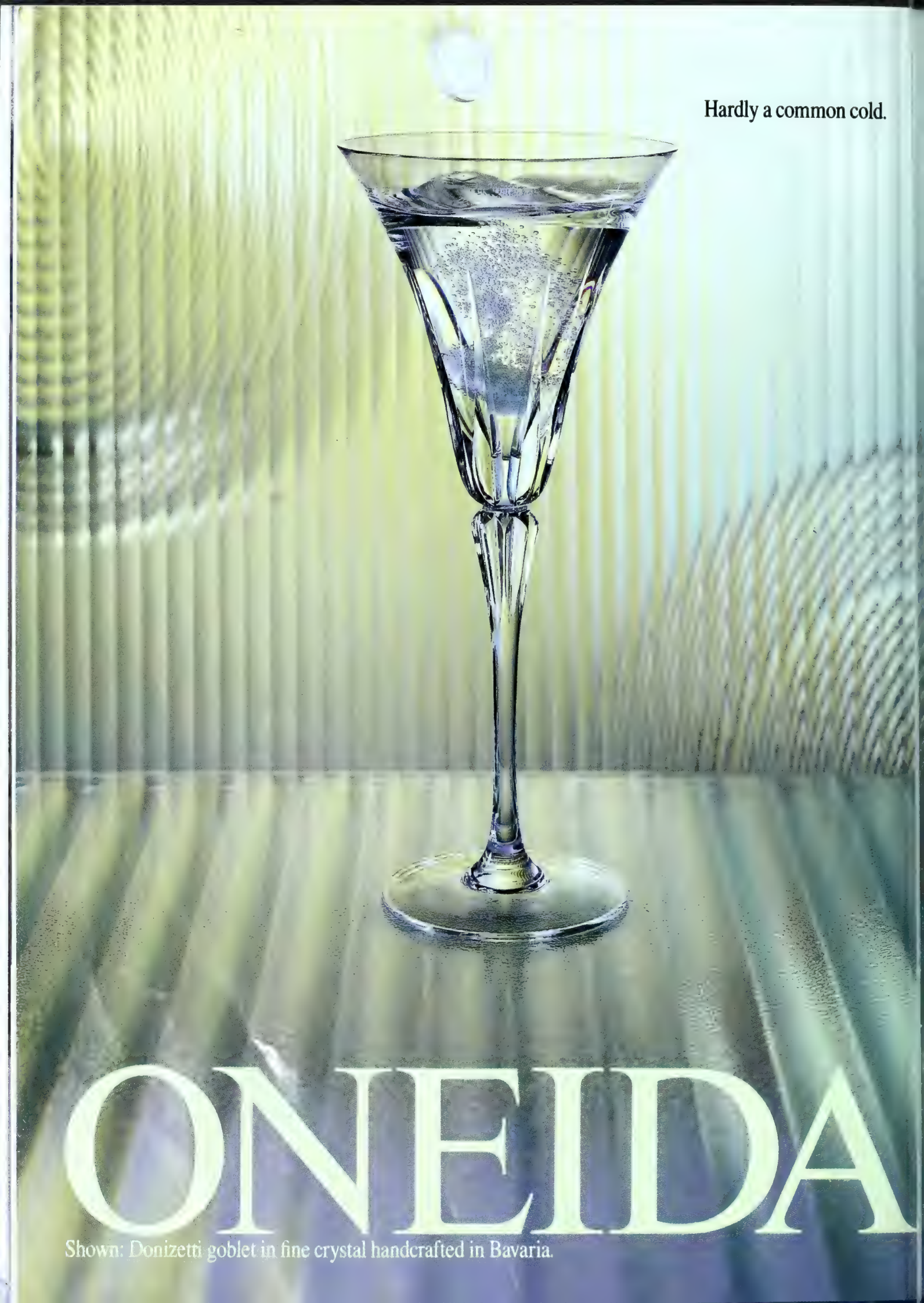
Michael Cunningham is the author of the recent novel *A Home at the Ena of the World*. In this issue he details the unexpected pleasures of a dilapidated post office turned weekend getaway. "Susan Calhoun and Charlie Moss started with an empty potato field and trucked in the building. Since then their house has never stopped growing." Cunningham currently resides in a Greenwich Village studio, but he notes, "I've lived on a Nebraska farm and in a cave in Greece, now I crave a derelict post office."



ROBYN REEVES

Peter Travers, a movi
critic and a senior fe
tures editor at *Rollin*
Stone, chronicles Holl
wood's visions of life i
the next century. "Sinc
the 1920s nearly ever
filmmaker has predicte
an unremittingly blea
and sterile future
Houses in these movie
look like labs." Trave
himself lives in an an
tiques-filled Victoria
with a laser disc screenin
room and a 5,000-volum
video library, his sole cor
cessions to what he cal
"menacing modernism."


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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold

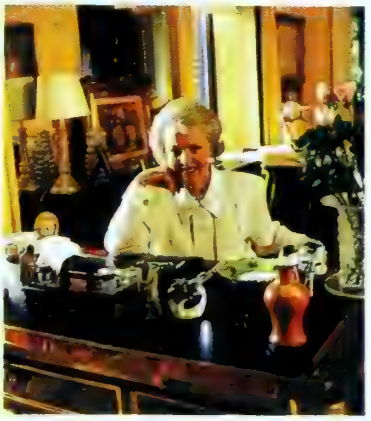




Christopher Hyland believes in taking that extra step for his line of fabrics, wallpapers, trimmings, and furniture. His latest venture is the Humanist cabinet. Handmade of mahogany and modeled after the neoclassical façade of the New York Public Library, Hyland's "tribute to the Renaissance and the age of exploration" has a barometer, moonstones tucked into secret drawers, music boxes, an Italian inscription meaning "one must have roots," and—in a nod to the twentieth century and beyond—space age rockets traveling among the sun, moon, and stars. (Christopher Hyland, NYC 212-688-6121 to the trade only)



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Fine Print Turkish portrait c. 1750 *(above)*, and other antique works on paper from London's Lucy B. Campbell at Trevor Potts, NYC (212) 737-0909.



Table Grapes Platinum Lustre service plate from Tiffany & Co. (800) 526-0649.



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notes



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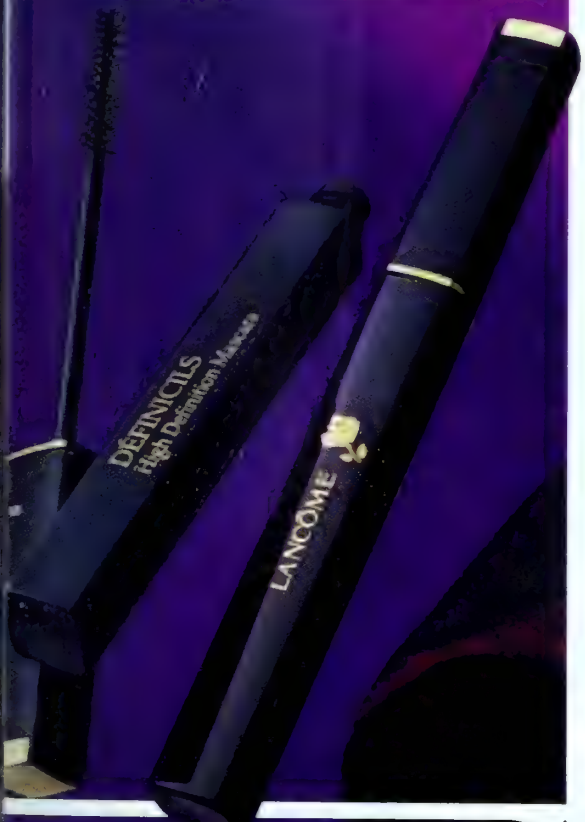
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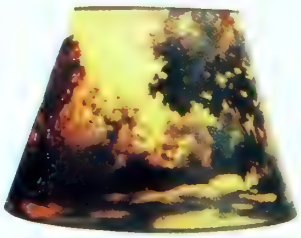
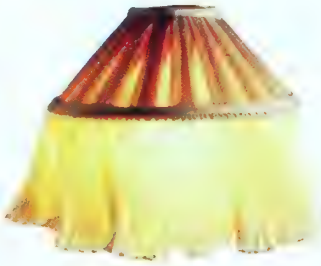
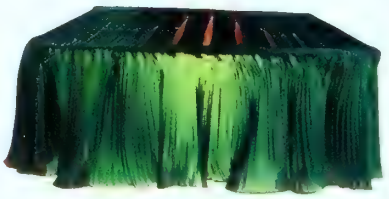
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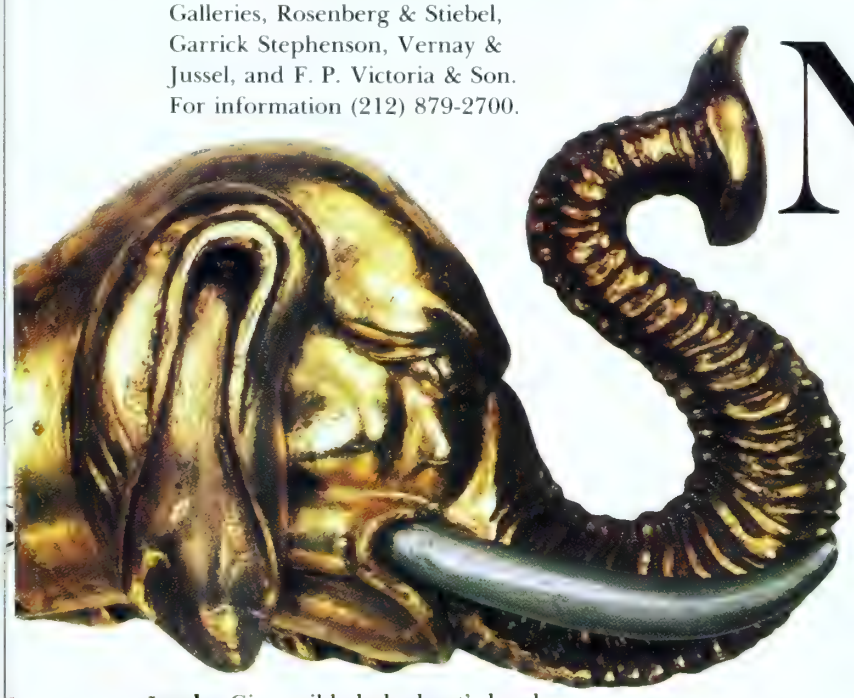
Showtime The Frick Collection will be the beneficiary of "Celebrating Art and Antiques in New York: Eleven Treasures Revealed," Jan. 16–25, a joint undertaking by Didier Aaron, Chinese Porcelain Co., Colnaghi, Dalva Brothers, Richard Feigen, J. J. Lally & Co., Newhouse Galleries, Rosenberg & Stiebel, Garrick Stephenson, Vernay & Jussel, and F. P. Victoria & Son. For information (212) 879-2700.





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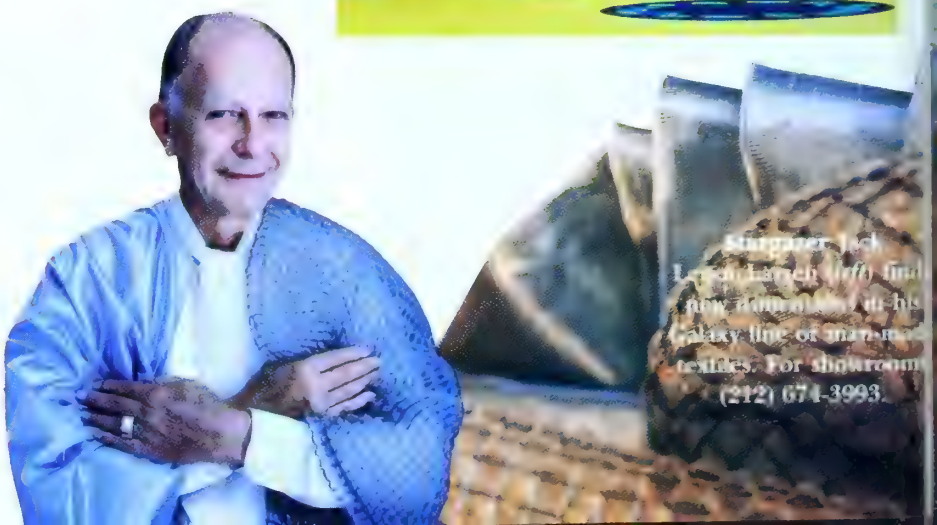
Jumbo Giant gilded elephant's head finial (*above*) at George Smith, 73 Spring St., NYC (212) 226-4747.

At Your Service For the jet set the Hotel Metropolis (*below*) opens this spring at 25 Mason St., San Francisco. For information (800) 553-1900.





Future Reference Look forward and back (*above*) with *Green Architecture* (Bulfinch, $40) and *Yesterday's Houses of Tomorrow* (Preservation Press, $29.95).



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The city's landmarks—old and new —testify to the power of design

BY HERBERT MUSCHAMP

Columbus, the multiculturalists insist, did not discover the New World. And it's historically as well as politically correct that Native Americans had pitched their tents upon the continent centuries before European explorers stumbled onto it. But so what? Columbus discovered something far more important than a land mass. He discovered the spirit of exploration—the courage to sail into the unknown. He discovered that the horizon is not a brink to be feared but a frontier to be crossed. That's the achievement honored by the colossal statue of Columbus high over Barcelona's harbor.

Today people are traveling to this port city to see the exploring spirit at work in the fields of architecture and design. This summer will throw a spotlight on the stadiums and other architecturally distinguished sports facilities created for the Olympic Games, but a commitment to renewal has been pulsing through every quarter of the city for much of the past decade. New parks, new street scapes, the renovation of historic landmarks, the rediscovery of the waterfront—all offer stunning evidence of what can be accomplished when a city pu premium on design. What a shock, in these days of ac erating urban decrepitude, to discover a place wh people still think cities have a future and are actively gaged in building it.

In Barcelona the tur of a new industrial park, above, echo th fantastic towers and domes of Anton Gaudí's 1905 Batlló house, above left.

Design is not the whole story in Barcelona, of cour The post-Franco climate of political and artistic freedo the revival of the Catalan language, economic investm from abroad, massive immigration, the opportunit generated by the Olympics are all major forces behi the city's rejuvenation. But for once a city's governm has allowed its architects a major role in urban affa They've responded with proof that the shape of an ent city can be as dynamic as any form of art.

Barcelona is hardly a new city, nor is this the first oc sion even in modern times that a burst of inspired bui ing has followed a period of cultural oppression. In t early eighteenth century Barcelona fatally miscalculat its allegiance in the War of the Spanish Succession a was demoted from the status of a sovereign state to th of a provincial town. The city's medieval walls became, effect, its prison; for a century and a half a royal decr prohibited development outside the walls.

What a shock it is these days to discover a place w

When the ban was finally lifted in 859, the result was the *eixample*—lit- rally "expansion," though "explo- on" would more accurately convey he transformation that followed. To egin this undertaking, the Old Vorld borrowed from the New, dopting a grid system of perpendic- lar streets common in America's in- ustrial towns. But Barcelona's rchitects transformed the grid into n urbanism as distinctive as the lash terraces of London, the Hauss- ann boulevards of Paris. For the ixample ushered in the "age of mo- ernisme," the highly wrought orna- ental style that largely shaped the arcelona we see today.

Modernisme arose from a mix of ntradictory impulses: regionalist ride in Catalan culture pulled gainst the desire to emulate ad- anced ideas in design elsewhere in urope. Efforts to draw upon the ity's Gothic heritage collided with ild rebelliousness against tradition. he result was a flamboyant synthe- s of medieval archaism, a Moorish air for pattern, the flowing line haracteristic of French art nouveau, nd an exuberance that is sui generis. ntoni Gaudí's surrealist extrava- anzas are the period's best-known orks; his unfinished church of the agrada Familia has become the city's nofficial symbol. But Gaudí's con- mporaries Josep Puig i Cadafalch nd Lluís Domènech i Montaner ere scarcely less adept at demon- trating that architecture need not ke a second place to any art in bold nagination. Looking up at the fan-

Mies's Barcelona Pavilion stands again.



tastic roofline of a building by Gaudí or Puig i Cadafalch, we may be tempted to wonder how they coaxed their patrons into building these things. The answer is that they didn't have to do much persuading. Though the style had its detractors, for its advocates modernisme was more than a style. It was a cause, a way of life that inspired a passion as intense as that aroused by the Bauhaus some years later.

Like the modernistas, today's designers are profoundly conscious of their rich regional heritage. And they are even more aware than their predecessors that design is an international language. That is why projects by Arata Isozaki, Norman Foster, and Frank Gehry have arisen alongside buildings by native talents such as Federico Correa, Oscar Tusquets, and Ricardo Bofill. That is also why enormous symbolic importance was attached to the 1986 reconstruction of the Barcelona Pavilion, the masterpiece designed by Ludwig Mies van der Rohe for the 1929 International Exposition. It is deeply moving to enter this minimal enclosure of marble and glass, the seed crystal to which the skylines of so many modern cities can be traced. What is remarkable is not only the building's legendary beauty—for once, a building is as stunning as its photographs—but the fact that it has been brought back intact from the legendary realm. The original pavilion stood for only six months; to see it now is like encountering the Grail. And like a grail, the reconstruction urges us onward, saying we *can* pick up again where we left off.

The pavilion also makes the polemical point that the leading architects in Barcelona today consider themselves modernists, but for them modernism is not a matter of style. It is a spirit of adventure. Let's see what it would be like to make a railroad overpass into a work of modern art. Let's find out whether it's possible to turn the median strip along a depressing stretch of arterial roadway into a linear park. (It is.) Let's get every architect's pipe dream off those

le still think cities have a future

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drawing boards and give it a whirl in the streets.

Distinctly unmodern is the architects' under standing that the city is an organic entity, not blank slate for utopian fantasies about how peopl should live. Yes, Barcelona has its blockbuste buildings, its equivalents of the Grands Projets of Paris Richard Meier's Museu d'Art Contempori de Barcelona Gae Aulenti's interior renovation of the Palau Nacional the new sports pavilions, and, most impressive of all Olympic Village, which will bequeath to the city a new neighborhood on the waterfront. But the impression

Architects here understand that the city is an organic entity





The city's urban fabric encompasses a medieval street, above left, the bustling Ramblas, above right, gracious façades, right, a modernista street light, top right, and a state-of-the-art bridge, top left.





Amenities old and new. Above: Parc del Clot. Above right: Parc de la Pegasso. Right: Palau de la Música. Below: Tàpies's *Nuvol i Cadira*. Below right: Beverly Pepper's *Fallen Sky*.







that linger are those made by rather petits projets: the wild tumble of steel cable that Antoni Tàpies fashioned into a sculpture for the roof of the museum dedicated to his work; the repaving of Plaça Real, a serene neoclassical square located just off the Ramblas, Barcelona's bustling rialto; the handsome enclosure Tusquets made to en large Domènech i Montaner's stunning modernista Pa lau de la Música Catalana; the live palm trees planted to complement folk artists' painted palm trees, which brought life to a vacant tenement lot for years.

These projects exhibit the comprehensive overview of urban planning without sinking into the deadly uniformity it usually imposes The approach is one that Gothic builders would have appreciated: the goa is not only to create perfect works of art but also to engage communities in the process of their creation. Barcelona's brilliant success in this regard was tellingly illustrated during my visit last summer, which happened to coincide with a mayoral election. Each candidate had designated a consulting architect to advise on new urban projects. Just before election day, interviews with each of the architects appeared in the major newspaper. On the front page. Clearly, design is not only new here, it is news.



Has Barcelona gone over the top with design? Isn't there something potentially suffocating about a designer city? I've heard some Americans complain that they feel deprived of something "authentic" now that every tapas bar in town has adopted the same design motif of old and new, juxtaposing a sleek modern wall against a rough stone surface. And even trendy locals have grown bored with hypersleek designer bars. But to get a feeling for the substance behind the style, you have to leave the city's fashionable areas and head for the working-class districts, an easy trip on the excellent subway system and one well worth several detours. For it is here, in the new espais urban, that Barcelona's renewal shows its socially idealistic heart.

The architecture in these neighrhoods is the sort that gave maineam modernism a bad name: big, lated, shoddily constructed hous- blocks designed with little provi- n for street life or outdoor recrea- n. But—oddly, in an environment oblivious to context—the design- of new urban spaces have tried to rk within the existing framework her than fight against it. Instead sending in the bulldozers to start er from scratch, the city's planners ured these zones of desolation for aces to insert landscaping, recreonal facilities, and other amenities. mmissions were awarded to difrent teams of architects, designers, d artists, many of them young actitioners trained by Oriol Bohis, then the commissioner for urnism and still the leading figure hind the current design boom. his approach has ensured enorous diversity, both in the size of the ojects and in their design.

Parc del Clot, designed by Dani eixes and Vicenç Miranda, is typical. Situated in a district of old industrial buildings and modern apartment blocks, the park occupies the site of an abandoned railway roundhouse. Freixes and Miranda built upon the history of the site without resorting to pat postmodern formulas. Remnants of the old roundhouse have been incorporated into the new landscape, its battered brick arches refashioned into lyrical arcades and pergolas, including a richly romantic setting for sculpture by Bryan Hunt. Along one stretch of partly demolished wall a cascade of water tumbles into a reflecting pool. Elsewhere are secluded spots for relaxation and open fields for games.

Not all of Barcelona's public spaces are so successful, and there's considerable disagreement about which work and which don't. The Plaça dels Països Catalans, for example, has been a focus of controversy since its completion in 1983. Located between a train station parking lot and a bleak intersection of avenues lined with dull modern monoliths, the plaza was designed not to soften the site but to reinforce its harshness. The space is dominated by a flat translucent canopy raised high on stark metal columns, a structure with all the charm of an airplane hangar abandoned to high winds. On my first visit I gave the plaza a thumbs-down; surely this was a classic example of the arrogance that compels architects to sacrifice human needs to the dramatic visual statement. But later that evening I was haunted by this "statement," and on a return visit I found I'd become a staunch enthusiast. Albert Viaplana and Helio Piñón, the designers, have succeeded in turning an urban wasteland into architectural poetry on the order of *The Wasteland*. I wouldn't want every park to look like this. But in a city where new parks seem to grow on trees, why should all of them look like enchanted forests? And if some of them turn out to be duds, that's the risk of exploration. Why venture over the horizon if you already know what you will find? ▲

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Tina Beebe presents in watercolor, left, part of the palette found in a California artichoke.

Shades of Tomorrow

Color consultants on both coasts scope out the spectrum of things to come

BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC

It took only a brief conversation with color consultants Donald Kaufman and Taffy Dahl in New York and Tina Beebe in Los Angeles to realize that predicting the specific colors of tomorrow is as fruitless as it is intriguing.

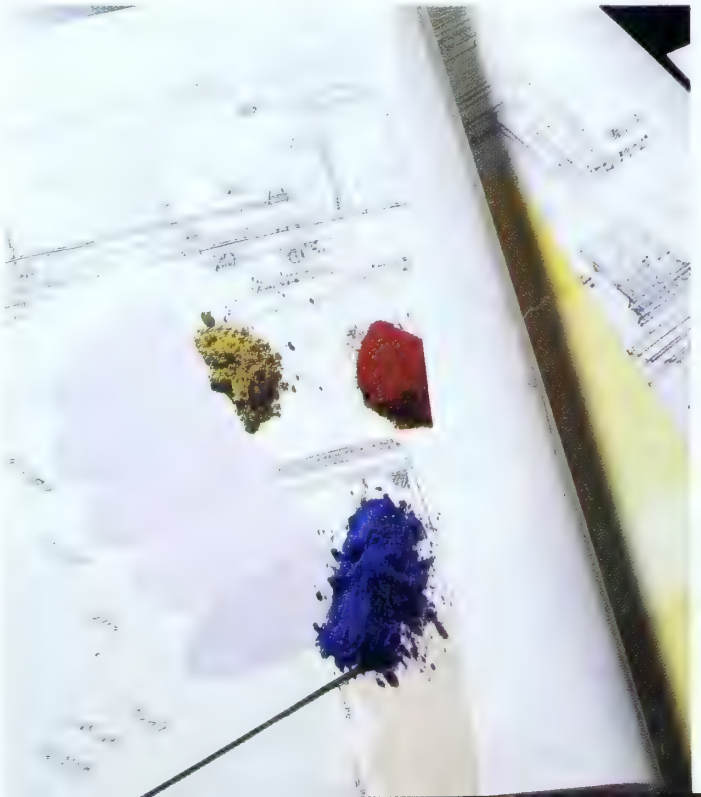
Once a color-field painter, Kaufman could now be tagged a color precisionist, having developed with Dahl formulas for more than 40,000 colors in his fifteen years as a consultant to architects and designers. So it follows that he considers technology as important as the dictates of fashion in determining color's future. He speculates that paint industry chemists may find a way in their own product to achieve the effect of the special coatings now used in the automobile and cosmetics industries. Or as the micro end of computer technology heads off into the decorative arts ozone, wallcoverings may become programmable surfaces capable of changing color instantly, thus eliminating painted walls altogether.

What Kaufman knows absolutely is that technology will have to put environmental safety ahead of special effects. "We've already seen a drastic drop in the quality of artificial light sources due to energy concerns," he explains. "And color is really light." With polluting oil-based paint following dangerous lead-based paint down the path to obsolescence and latex paint not adequately filling the gap, Kaufman is looking to science to ensure that the "gorgeous colors found in lead paints" of yesterday are not lost to the next generation.

Meanwhile, he and Dahl in their forthcoming book, *Color: Natural Palettes for Painted Rooms* (Clarkson Potter), demonstrate that even an amateur can produce a luminous and complex neutral shade by incorporating pigments from across the spectrum. "Blue," they advise, "the pigment most often missing from the warm neutrals many people choose."

Like her New York counterpart, Beebe knows about proportioning pigments to arrive at a certain color. Beyond that, her approach is anything but formulaic. She cuts open an artichoke to demonstrate the range of colors found in a natural object most people would simply label green. Her travel souvenirs are likely to be leaves, stones, and bags of dirt for color references. "Just as there is no such thing as a bad plant in nature, there is no bad color," she asserts. "It's all how you use it." In her office in Santa Monica, so-called ugly colors no client would ever agree to—poison green, hot curry, and swamp green—have metamorphosed into stimulating earthy shades.

Beebe sees a reaction against the pastel shades, often used in unfortunate combinations, that dominated the eighties. "The more color Michael Graves used," she says, "the subtler my palette grew." She believes that in the future "people will use fewer colors more thoughtfully. In Italy you see the same shades—sienas, ochers, greens—over and over, sometimes with a wash, sometimes rubbed in. They have a sense of time and connectedness to them." Perhaps it's time to revive harvest gold and avocado green. ▲



Donald Kaufman and Taffy Dahl take a technical approach, right, to color. Details see Resources.



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Good Vibrations

In London and Paris, two visionary women look ahead

BY PRINCE MICHAEL OF GREECE

There are—don't you agree?—buildings that kill. There are houses that give cancer, houses that bring ruin." Yaguel Didier, queen of clairvoyance in France, pauses, then shares this story of one of her clients: "I saw only good things, but contrary to what I had foretold, all he had was trouble—in his career, in his finances. Finally, I told him, 'But it is your house. *It* is bringing this ruin.' From the very moment he decided to move he found work again."

The notion that a house can have an ambiance that is baneful or beneficent dates back to pagan antiquity when architecture and decoration reflected a whole system of ideas about soil and underground water; the orientation of buildings, rooms, furniture; the auras of different objects and colors. Since then, Christianity and rationalism relegated these principles to the level of superstition. But, whether by tradition or instinct, astrologers and clairvoyants are in touch with these ideas and apply them at home. Visits to two well-known parapsychologists show that the results can be deeply comforting.

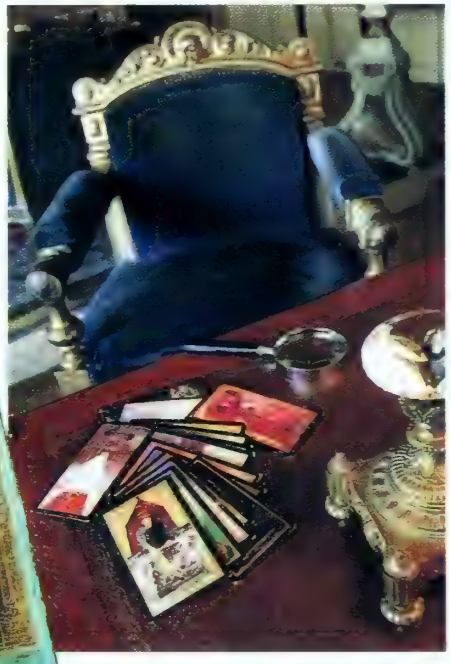
The first, the elegant and wise Yaguel Didier, exercises her gifts on behalf of a clientele that ranges from artists and actors to politicians and businessmen. She and her husband, an editor with a passion for auctions and flea markets, have a handsome apartment in Paris's seventh arrondissement filled with family pieces and treasures from the salesrooms at Drouot.

The second is Shelley von Strunckel, a rising star among astrologers and since early October the inheritor of one corner of Patric Walker's domain: a daily horoscope column syndicated in newspapers worldwide. Born and raised in Hollywood, she was in the fashion business "before I got into something sane," she says with a smile. Today many of her private clients are entrepreneurs. Von Strunckel keeps an apartment in New York but lives most of the year with her barrister husband in a maisonette in London, off Sloane Square.

Both Didier's and von Strunckel's apartments are flooded with sunlight. After several moves, Didier says, "I knew immediately this was the right place because of the light." One end of the room where she works is composed entirely of windows. Von Strunckel's study, too, has a large window, from which the curtains are pulled back. "To work you need light," she explains. "It keeps people's anxieties from accumulating in the room. And because sunlight is made up of all the colors of the spectrum, it cleanses my crystals."

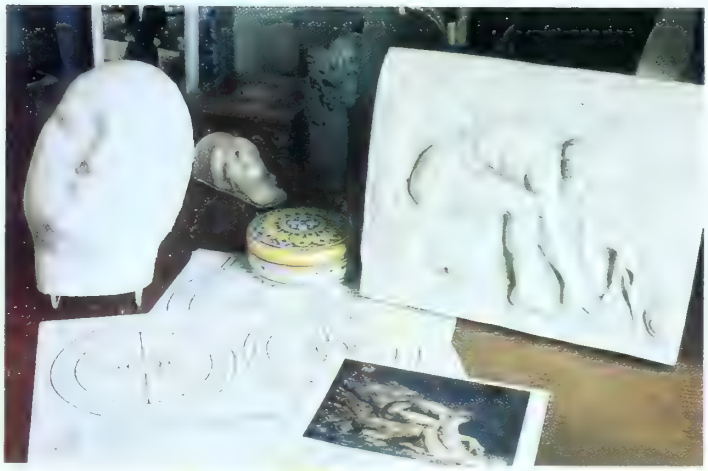
Von Strunckel's window is often open. "The room

Paris clairvoyant Yaguel Didier, above, sits at her 18th-century desk, right, to read tarot cards, below, designed by Marina Karella. Bottom right: Antique Indian lamp.









Astrologer Shelley von Strunckel, bottom, sees clients in her London study. Left: On her desk, a head and a relief by Eduardo Paolozzi, based on an image by William Blake. Below left: Charts, she says, are "maps of someone's nature." Below: Her living room.

ills with sensitive feelings," she says. "If ou walk into a consulting room after a day f people being rather anxious, you are go- ng to feel anxious yourself. So literally hanging the air is important."

In Didier's consulting room the impres- ion of light is intensified by yellow walls: For two or three years I have worn yellow. use yellow or similar shades on my walls, n my curtains. These are bright colors that orrespond to something very important."

"Colors, of course, have vibrations," grees von Strunckel, whose living room is done in reamy tones; the only dark note is the green of the cur- ains, which were in the apartment when she moved in. We forget that colors are waves just like sounds. I heard bout a study which found that violent criminals calm down when you paint the walls around them shocking ink. And monastics usually wear black because it en- loses vibrations—it clothes the aura. Black acts as an in- ulator. I think good decorators know these things nstinctively and use the colors that will create the right ibrations for the people who live there."

Of course, both women are infinitely sensitive to vibra- ions. "The idea of even one of my rooms not having pos- tive vibrations would horrify me," says Didier. One ontributing factor, she continues, may be the nature of he ground on which the house is built. "There is nothing vorse than stagnant water, which, as everyone knows, an cause both psychological and physical ailments. Mov- ng water is somewhat better, but water is never very good." Von Strunckel says she is convinced that her apartment absorbed the positive energies of the previous occupants, "very nice people who lived a happy life."

For Didier the placement of furniture is crucial: "You must always have the head of the bed facing north and he foot toward the south." She confides that she initially positioned her consulting chair—a gilded Italian piece from the early nineteenth century—with its back to the window. "This made me feel as if I were being sucked out he window; I picked up all of the vibrations coming from the street. So I changed. I put my armchair with its back to a mirror—something you must always do so that s soon as someone opposite you sends bad waves in your direction the mirror automatically sends them back."

Plants, too, play a role. "This isn't just because of aes- hetics," explains Didier. "I couldn't remain working in a room without plants. I speak to them, I talk things over with them, they filter the air by absorbing negative ener- gy; they are part of my well-being. When I work, I look constantly at these two small plants that are there on my bookcase." Foliage plants, she cautions, are better than flowering ones: "They might be killed by bad energy."

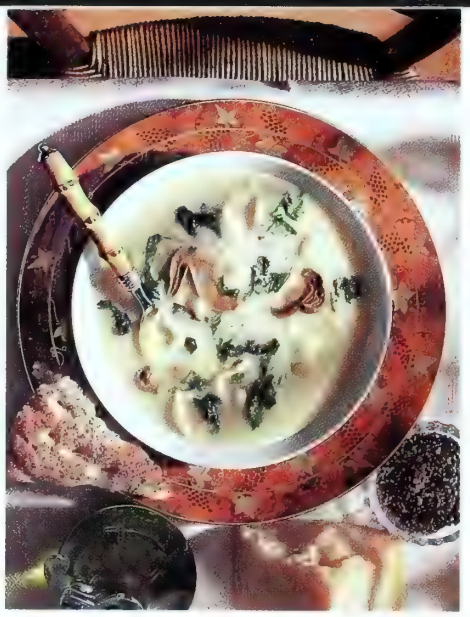
Von Strunckel, too, keeps a green plant, in her case a ficus tree, close to her desk, but she also favors vases of cut flowers: "I think flowers actually have some kind of vitamins in them. They're restorative." ▲





"Light keeps people's anxieties from accumulating in the room"

Diet for a Large Planet





Meals that are low on the food chain rate high as haute cuisine

BY LESLIE LAND

There have always been vegetarians among us, including such famous examples as Sylvester Graham, the whole wheat man, whose campaign for temperate eating began back in 1830. Still I think it's fair to say that the American bean and grain revolution has been a mighty slow comer, taking off in earnest only twenty years ago, when Frances Moore Lappé published *Diet for a Small Planet.*

Unfortunately, until we were well into the 1980s, earnestness was all. Eating low on the food chain, no matter how ecologically correct, tended to be pretty disastrous from the gastronomic point of view. In restaurants and home kitchens across th country, especially in universit towns, unyielding moral righteous ness combined with culinary ignc rance to confuse stolidity with virtue Fiber-obsessed nutritional extrem ism soon joined the party, repellin all but dietary fanatics, and as a resu most American food lovers misse out on a truth wel known to near ly everyone else meals based large ly on fresh vegeta bles, beans, an grains can be abso lutely delicious.

Cannellini, pasta, wild mushrooms, and greens, below left, make an elegant Revisionist Pasta Fazool, above left. China by Bernardaud; flatware by Buccellati. Details see Resources.

They can be infi nitely various too, as different as th cuisines of Morocco and Mexico, Ita ly and India, Greece and Indonesia All over the world, endless combina tions of velvety legumes and firn chewy grains are lightened with veg etables and herbs, and seasoned an sauced in ways that use meat, if it i used at all, for flavor rather than bulk

Of course, it's a far cry from ever the best burritos and similar simpl fare to Swiss chard dolmas filled wit an earthy mixture of wild rice an lentils and glazed with golden avgo lemono. My favorite bean and past stew, accented with smoky wil mushrooms and streaks of stir-frie bitter greens, has at most a cousinl resemblance to the semisolid past fazool my pal Bill grew up eating i the kitchen of his Sicilian grand mother. The sweet-hot peanut sauc that unifies kaleidoscopic gado-gad (Indonesian-style vegetables) is protein booster all right, but nobod eating this gorgeous main dish sala is likely to be thinking in those terms.

Different as they are, these mod ern freewheeling versions of classi dishes have important things in com mon besides a vegetable base. The have big flavor, first and foremost— the specter of stodge is best dispelled with strong seasoning and tasty em bellishments like wild mushrooms Parmesan, or apricots.

But just as crucially, they're not afraid of fat. Egg yolks in the lemon sauce for the dolmas, olive oil for the

sta—and the best burritos are like-
to be filled with lard-enriched re-
tos and garnished with avocado or
ur cream. To put it baldly, there is
first-class bean-and-grain without
e binding, emollient, plain old tast-
ess of fat. I'm not talking greasy—
aven forfend! These dishes are,
fact, pretty reasonable in per-
ntage of calories from fat. But
rget the tiny smidgeons recom-
ended in some new age recipes.
t-deprivatory health-nuthood will
n no more friends for a vegetable



wiss chard dolmas. Salt and peppers from Pierre Deux; cloth, Clarence House.

et than the old holiness did.

Finally, good beans take fore-
ought. Old-fashioned overnight
hydration followed by slow cook-
g in fresh water is what produces
e tastiest, most digestible beans.
he "well-drained canned" sort so
loved of the convenience-minded
n no more be substituted for the
al thing than margarine can re-
ace butter. As always, quality is key.
ttention to detail, fine ingredients,
nd a cosmopolitan frame of refer-
nce make meals that are low on the
od chain into haute cuisine.

REVISIONIST PASTA FAZOOL

½ pound dried cannellini, soaked overnight
1 medium onion
10 sprigs Italian parsley
1 stalk celery, coarsely broken
2 carrots, cut in chunks
¾ ounce dried porcini mushrooms
8 ounces small pasta
2 tablespoons dark green extra-virgin olive oil
12 leaves escarole, roughly shredded
6–8 inner leaves curly endive, roughly shredded
2–3 cloves garlic, minced
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
Parmesan

Drain beans. Peel onion, leaving it whole. In a large kettle combine beans, onion, parsley, celery, and carrots with 8 cups water. Bring to a simmer, partially cover, and cook until beans are very soft, 2–2½ hours. Meanwhile place mushrooms in a small heavy pan, cover with ¾ cup boiling water, and simmer gently, stirring often, until mushrooms are plump and water has evaporated. Set aside.

When beans are tender, remove vegetables and discard. Take out about 1 cup of beans, mash them, and reserve. Bring bean liquid to a boil, add pasta, and cook until tender, about 5 minutes. While pasta is cooking, heat oil in a wide skillet and sauté greens until just wilted. Stir in garlic and remove from heat. When pasta is cooked, lower heat and stir mashed beans into soup to thicken. The liquid should be no thicker than thin cream. Add a bit of boiling water if necessary. Taste and adjust salt.

Place a portion of mushrooms in the bottom of each bowl, ladle in the soup, and place greens on top. Serve accompanied by pepper, Parmesan, and additional extra-virgin olive oil. Serves 6.

SWISS CHARD DOLMAS

Dolmas
⅔ cup lentils
2 large onions, chopped
3 tablespoons butter
4 cloves garlic
1 heaping tablespoon minced marjoram or 1½ teaspoons dried
2 teaspoons thyme leaves or 1 teaspoon dried
1 teaspoon salt
1⅓ cups wild rice
18 large leaves of Swiss chard
1–2 tablespoons olive oil
Avgolemono sauce
2 eggs
3 egg yolks
⅓ cup lemon juice
1½ cups chicken broth
Salt
½ cup hazelnuts, toasted, skinned, and chopped (optional)

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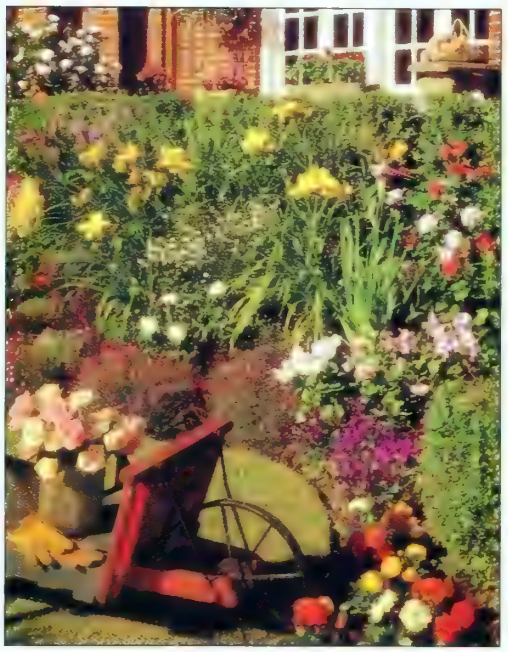
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Dolmas. Pick over lentils, rinse, and place in a saucepan. Add 1 cup boiling water, cover tightly, and simmer about 10 minutes until almost tender. Turn off heat and let sit, covered. Meanwhile sauté onion in butter over medium high heat until well colored. Mince 2 cloves garlic. Add garlic and seasonings to onion and sauté briefly. Rinse rice, add to onion mixture, and cook about 1 minute. Stir in 2⅓ cups boiling water and cook covered over low heat until rice is just tender. Drain lentils and mix with rice. Adjust seasonings.

Holding chard leaves by stems, dip them in boiling water until pliable. Remove stems, including the thick center rib at the bottom of the leaf, and cut stems into 1-inch pieces. Add olive oil to cover the bottom of a nonreactive pan big enough to hold dolmas in two layers. Arrange stem pieces in the pan.

Loosely roll about ⅓ cup bean mixture in each leaf, folding in sides, and set the rolls seam-side down on stem bed. (There will be extra filling.) Leaves should be close but not tight. Quarter remaining garlic cloves and tuck between leaves. Weigh down with a plate. Add 1 cup boiling water, cover tightly, and simmer 40 minutes. Add boiling water during cooking if necessary to prevent scorching.

Avgolemono sauce. Combine eggs and yolks, then beat in lemon juice. Heat the broth until hot but not boiling, then add to egg mixture in a thin stream, beating constantly. Cook, whisking energetically, in a nonreactive double boiler until thick. Do not allow mixture to boil. Salt to taste.

Put a bit of chopped stem on each plate. Place the dolmas on top and blanket with sauce. Sprinkle with chopped nuts if desired. Serves 6.

Gado-gado. Bowl by Ralph Lauren Home Collection.



GADO-GADO

- 10 cups mixed raw vegetables, such as cabbage, carrots, onions, fennel, eggplant, zucchini, summer squash, and bell pepper
- 2 cups snap beans
- Vegetable oil
- 1 medium onion, thinly shredded
- 3 cloves garlic, thinly sliced
- 1 dried chili pepper
- ½ pound freshly ground peanut butter
- Salt
- 1 tablespoon lime juice
- 1 tablespoon tamari
- 1 tablespoon dark brown sugar
- 14 ounces unsweetened coconut milk
- 2 cups bean sprouts
- 1 cucumber
- 1 large bunch spinach, coarsely torn
- 3 hard boiled eggs, halved (optional)
- Boiled rice

Prepare the vegetables up to several hours ahead. Shred cabbage, julienne or slice carrots, cut onions in eighths, julienne fennel, cube eggplant, slice zucchini and summer squash, and julienne bell peppers. Leave snap beans whole. Steam each, individually, until just tender and set aside.

To make the sauce, heat ⅓ inch vegetable oil in a skillet until almost smoking. Fry onion shreds until dark brown and crisp, then drain. Reduce heat and fry garlic slices until light gold and crisp, then drain. Remove stem from chili pepper, break pepper coarsely, and grind in processor with onion and garlic. Add peanut butter and grind again to mix, then add salt, lime juice, tamari, sugar, and coconut milk.

Transfer the mixture to a saucepan and rinse the processor with about ¼ cup water, then add water to sauce. Heat gently, stirring often. Add more water if necessary to get the texture of heavy cream.

Shortly before serving, heat oven to 375 degrees. Line cookie sheets with parchment paper, spread out the vegetables and the sprouts without mixing, and sprinkle lightly with water. Cover tightly with foil and bake 5 minutes or until thoroughly heated.

Score edges of cucumber with a fork and slice thinly. Spread out the spinach on a large platter. Arrange the hot vegetables on top, keeping different items separated. Garnish with cucumber slices and eggs and serve with sauce and boiled rice. Serves 6. ♠

There is no tasty bean- [illegible] nd-grain without fat



The latest electronic books give art a new immediacy.

Log-in Library

Computers expand the boundaries of the illustrated book

BY JILLIAN BURT

In the course of an afternoon I plucked at the strings of an African thumb piano housed at the Smithsonian, I took a convertible for a bracing spin around Vienna's Ringstrasse, I compared buildings on a fifteenth-century map of Florence with the way they look today, I surveyed all of the Louvre's paintings featuring four-poster beds—and I never budged from my desk chair.

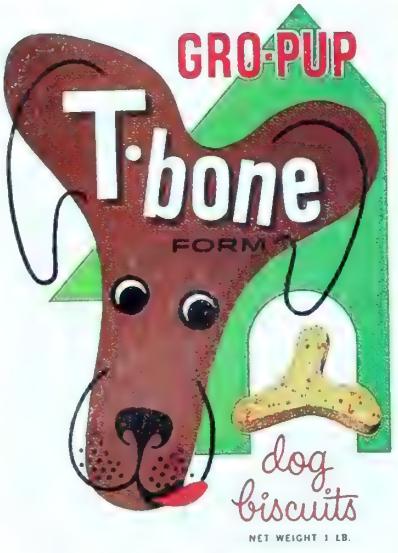
Computerized coffee table books offer far more than just a good read. Stored on laser discs and CD-ROMs—the same kind of compact discs that contain music—the latest generation of electronic publications enable text and photographs to mingle with sound and moving images. They also enable the reader to chart his or her own course by avoiding a prescribed order of pages, offering instead a vast number of possible pathways. Slide Philips's disc *Treasures of the Smithsonian* into a Philips interactive disc player, which attaches like a VCR to a television, and an index of options lights up the screen. The choices range from taking a self-directed architectural tour of the fourteen museums that make up the Smithsonian to browsing through a card catalogue of some two hundred exhibits available for viewing, including the African thumb piano, played by moving a cursor that acts like a pick. You can freeze frames, leap from one locale to the next with the press of a button, or access information almost endlessly.

If *Vienna: The Spirit of a City,* a laser disc published by the California company Voyager, were a traditional coffee table book, the table would have to fill a banquet hall. Created by Austrian filmmaker Titus Leber in conjunction with a team of technical wizards, the disc contains 15,000 still pictures, twenty minutes of motion footage, and extensive musical excerpts—all of which make it possible to move from a performance of the Vienna State Opera's *Macbeth* to an in-depth study of the opera building.

Electronic publishing has become big business and Sony, Microsoft, McGraw-Hill, Simon & Schuster, Time Life, and ABC are all preparing for a paper-free future. So far, the primary focus of computerized books has been on education and reference because of the extraordinary storage capacities of CDs, but companies like Philips and Voyager are fast ushering art, architecture, music, and travel books into new dimensions. Voyager has discs that explore every nuance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, that detail the evolution of châteaux along the Loire, that contain almost the entire holdings of the Louvre.

The drawback to this new species of books is the fact that there is no standardized playing equipment and to make use of what's out there requires a battery of machines. But more sophisticated computers are appearing daily, such as NeXT's new model, which offers unrivaled color reproduction, CD-quality sound, and a disc drive that projects video images. Meanwhile, Bill Gates's Interactive Home Systems is considering production of flat computer screens that can be framed on walls and display digitally reproduced works of art. And Sony's new Data Discman, not much bigger than a Walkman, is forging the way for books that are as dense in content as encyclopedias and as portable as paperbacks. ▲

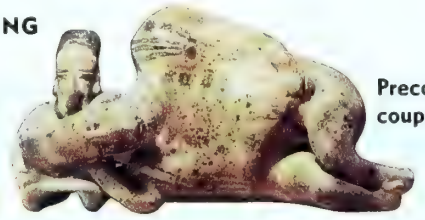




Dog food box, 1960: the next pet rock



Neck art by Memphis, 1990



Precolumbian couple, c. 250

The Must-Haves of the Millennium

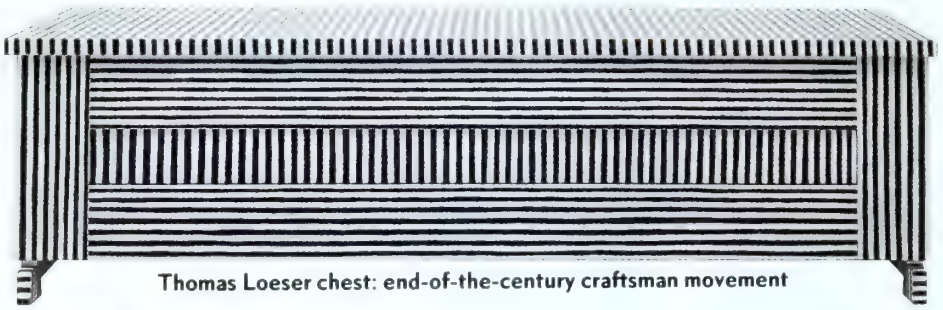
Tastemakers predict the trends of tomorrow



Venetian retro, 1966



Tomorrow's potpo



Thomas Loeser chest: end-of-the-century craftsman movement





William III: ripe for rediscovery

Robert Loughlin, *antiques finder, New York City.* Here are things that will start to look better and better: mason jars (clean practical storage); Witco's tiki furniture, used to great effect in Elvis's Jungle Room; American colonial-style furniture from the fifties; AMC Pacer cars (advanced futuristic design); and Rolodexes (computers will render them obsolete).

Wendy Wasserstein, *playwright, New York City.* We'll be longing for comfortable things made of flannel with elasticized waists and for soft antiques like pillows—and we'll have feathers instead of flowers and potpourri.

Scott Bruce, *collectibles maven, Cambridge.* Pet food packaging will give pet owners entree into collecting. Today's dog food box will be tomorrow's bone-anza.

Mrs. Henry Parish II, *decorator, New York City.* American arts and crafts designs will have a growing appeal.

Gene Siskel, *movie reviewer, Chicago.* Americans will move away from collecting objects to collecting more basic pleasures—bigger houses, longer vacations. Internationally, young generations, chafing under the omnipresence of American culture, will mine the history of their own nations, especially those along the Pacific rim. In short, jingoism abroad; don't-fence-me-in at home.

John Loring, *design director, New York City.* Nineteenth-century American masterpiece silver—particularly those extravagant trophies—will attract attention again. So will Venetian glass from the sixties and seventies.

Mario Villa, *designer, New Orleans.* New art forms such as laser art, electrical-particle art, and computer art will have their day along with handmade furniture from what's going to be known as the "end-of-the-century craftsman movement."

Isaac Mizrahi, *fashion designer, New York City.* Posters an logos for things like Funny Face's Rootin' Tootin' Rasp berry will start to look remarkable.

Evan S. Connell, *novelist, Santa Fe.* As always, what I'll h collecting is Precolumbian art. Will everyone else follow I doubt it; it's an acquired taste, like green olives.

Steven Guarnaccia, *illustrator, New York City.* These ar some of the things I'm salting away in a drawer: plasti action figures like Killer Tomatoes, McDonald's Happ Meals Toys (my favorite is a Big Mac that transforms int a dinosaur), ties designed by Memphis, and nightclub in vitations that will stand for the eighties the way psyche delic posters stand for the sixties.

Paul Rudnick, *playwright and novelist, New York City.* Th bookshelf will be packed with such titles as *New Jersey Styl* and *Martha Stewart's Joy of Sex.* My favorite, *Recession Re vival,* spotlights the ultimate in early nineties chic: th back-up-the-van legacy of Conran's, Pottery Barn, and Ikea. The nostalgia-prone will yearn for particleboard breakfronts, chunky foam sofas, and lumpy stemware all of which require some assembly. It's a mood that say comfort, quality, and Dad didn't make partner.

John L. Marion, *auctioneer, New York City.* Serious collec tors will explore classic early nineteenth century furniture

Thomas Hine, *design critic, Philadelphia.* Collecting is al about choice, and with space at more and more of a pre mium as the years go by, one very sane choice will be t free yourself of your collections. ♠



Aboriginal spirit figure, 1990

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Fanciful shoe, below, from Ruben's Galeries Lafayette mural.



Isabel and Ruben Toledo, above.

LIVING WITH

style

BY WENDY GOODMAN

Isabel's jersey dress, top center inset, with a lightweight organdy and fiberfill apron, top left, and an overskirt, above left inset. Ruben's portable garden, top right, and covered wagon, c. 2001, below right. Details see Resources.

Ruben and Isabel Toledo romance the future

CUBAN-BORN ARTIST RUBEN TOLEDO AND his fashion designer wife, Isabel, are traditionalists tuned into tomorrow. Isabel, who has always created her own clothes, went into business in 1986 after her husband whisked a handful of her designs over to Bendel's. A satin-lined red denim suit with a jodhpur-style skirt and a burlap pantsuit with a matador jacket were purchased on the spot. Ruben's whimsical illustrations are sought after by such clients as Romeo Gigli, New York's Galeries Lafayette, and *Visionaire* magazine. And for the future? Looking forward to the "marriage of new technology and raw nature," he predicts a portable garden as the urban alternative to a country getaway. Isabel, who says she has a penchant for "practicality disguised as fantasy," anticipates a uniform that is innovative in shape and materials but has an old-world look. Two flights of fancy grounded in truth.




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1992



'hat will the houses and apartments of the future look like? This is the estion we set out to answer in our January issue, seeking out current exples of architecture and design that steer clear of trendiness and address derstandable human issues. Far from the totalitarian landscapes of *1984* and *Brave New World,* the future we envision is shaped by individuality and craftsmanship. As taste is disseminated on a mass level, the hand of the artist becomes ever more important; with this in mind, we offer a Los Angeles house where painter and sculptor Izhar Patkin served as project director. The closest these real-world interiors come to science fiction is the apartment by designer Michael Kalil, who drew on his space age sensibility, honed during projects at NASA, to domesticate silence and weightlessness. In architect John Young's London penthouse, the look is high tech, but the industrial elements are customized. As we face the next century, many of us are tightening our old on traditional values and creating family homes that display a reassuring degree of old-fashioned comfort, like the recycled village ost office recrafted by contemporary architects for Susan Calhoun and Charlie Moss. As a rallying cry for conscientious architectural restoration, we present a house in Connecticut that puts a 1990s spin on eighteenth-century furniture and decoration. Preserving American gardens also receives attention in our article on Frank Cabot, the founder of the Garden Conservancy. The strong role of tradition in many of these stories may mask the underlying modernity of their subjects, but it serves to emphasize that finding new uses for the past is the way of the future.



New York, above, nimalism expanded; London, below, ustrial detailing; Paris, above right, dernism revisited.



On Long Island a growing family, above, recycles an old village post office.

Nancy Novogrod

EDITOR IN CHIEF



and beyond...



Artful Collaboration

An inspired client, a progressive architect, and an avant-gar artist join forces to create an extraordinary house in L.A.

By Charles Gandee Photographs by Scott Frances

Berini, a copper-sheathed
d a Jonathan Borofsky
greet visitors to the Berini
pposite: In the living room
fireplace hood registers
Michael McDonough's
n with Frank Lloyd Wright.
rking-as-decorator Izhar
oked to the Middle East
h Africa for aesthetic
n. Details see Resources.





AN ORDERLY SEQUENCE OF DISTIN events tends to occur in the design a construction of a house: first the chitecture, then the decoration, th the art. In terms of aesthetic risk t ing, that sequence also tends to a here to an established hierarchy th calls for playing it safe on the chitecture—"Nothing wro with using Mount Vernon as a model"—being somewh more adventuresome with the decoration—"A Le Co busier chaise in ponyskin could be nice"—and, final cutting loose on the art—"Honey, you're right, Schn bel's broken plates would be fun in the dining room."

The question Marsha and Stephen Berini posed what happens when that sequence, those distinctio that hierarchy are ignored.

What happens is an exhilarating visual experience n all that dissimilar to that of Alice (as in Wonderlan who—Can it be sheer coincidence?—makes a cameo a pearance in the Berinis' living room on a billboard-si black rubber curtain painted by artist Izhar Patkin.

"I don't want to be constrained by convention," e plains Marsha Berini, who knows all about conventio Prior to moving to California to start a family with hu band Stephen, she, like Stephen, was a successful real e tate developer in New York. Although at the beginni of the project the couple were uncertain whether th 7,000-square-foot Los Angeles house would be for the or for sale, they nonetheless felt it worthwhile, as th say, "to push some existing boundaries of architecture

For that the Berinis called on Manhattan-based arch tect Michael McDonough, who had not only designe Marsha's loft in Greenwich Village but had also decora ed the couple's weekend house on Long Island and ren vated their beach house in Santa Barbara. "I lik Michael," says Marsha matter-of-factly. "He's free-spiri ed in a way I appreciate." McDonough, whose signatu is a certain glib edginess (he once proposed tying a hou together with rope), looked on the cross-country con mission as an opportunity to explore twentieth-centu California design. "What I wanted to do was include a most everything, from Mexican folk to seventies Se Ranch," recalls the architect, who will—if you ask—trac the aesthetic debt he racked up in designing the Beri house to an all-star lineup that includes Frank Lloy Wright, Rudolph Schindler, Richard Neutra, Bernar Maybeck, the brothers Greene, and an MGM set desig

Izhar Patkin's *Don Quijote Segunda Parte* stands behind a chais by Calvin Churchman in the living room, *left*. The gold lamé rag rug was made by one of Patkin's Amish contacts in Pennsylvania. *Opposite above:* In the dining room, Biedermeie chairs surround a custom table by L.A. decorator Barbara Barry. Elsa Rady created the blue and yellow wall piece. *Opposite below:* A pair of perforated-metal Shiro Kuramata chairs from Vitra Seating flank a lamp by London fashion designer Vivienne Westwood. Patkin's painted rubber curtain, *Maids of Honor*, was inspired by Velázquez's *Las Meninas*.







In the library, artist Nikki Moser hung a red brocade curtain from a gold rope to shield the TV in the bookcase. Above the Steinway, a painting by Ben Vautier; on the Steinway, Nicholas Africano's 1986 cast-bronze and glass *Actor*.



Cookie Monster meets Ninja Turtle in Nicholas's bedroom where a pop carpet by Roy Lichtenstein and a wall sculpture by Rodney Alan Greenblat argue the point that art isn't just for adults. The fifties blanket is from Territory, L.A.



A potentially dark basement media room is ushered into the light thanks to lemon yellow walls, lime green cabinets inset with metallic grilles, polka-dotted Hawaiian floor mats, and a pair of zebra-print Alvar Aalto chairs from ICF.

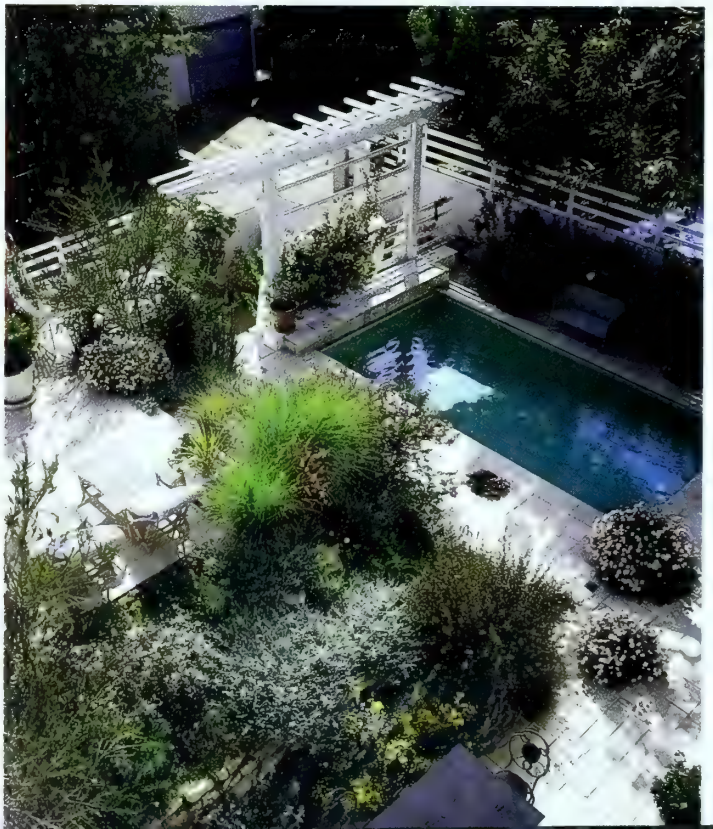


Four artists contributed to the guest bedroom. Calvin Churchman designed the ebonized-wood bed and side table, Nikki Moser fabricated the African batik bedspread, and Patkin painted the floor mats. The diptych is by Luciano Perna.



library, X marks
t where artist Kim
nnel did his ultra-
mural, where
ough introduced a
a-shaped window,
ere Patkin applied
er Romeo Gigli's
d velvet to cover
hair and Venturi
ulptor Eric Rhein's
luminates Nicholas
o's painting.

To ensure that the house not look like an Izhar Patkin installa



er whose name he can't recall. The result, which McDonough alternately refers to as modern, multicultural, and deconstructivist, is an architectural smorgasbord of buff stucco, strip windows, and flat roofs, surprisingly polite, all things considered, in its stylistic stance.

But if McDonough had his cadre of sources, so did Izhar Patkin, the Israeli-born Manhattan artist whom the Berinis enlisted to take charge of the interiors. "Izhar's aesthetic is very rich, very baroque," says Marsha. "He borrows from cultures—Middle Eastern, North African—that make no distinction between decorative and fine art." Which is what Marsha likes. In whirlwind visits to the West Coast, Patkin assumed responsibility for everything from curtains and carpets to furniture and fabrics. To ensure that the Berinis' house not look like a Patkin installation, he enlisted the assistance of a small army of confreres. Kim MacConnel painted walls, sofas, and floor mats. Calvin Churchman designed ebonized wood furniture. Vivienne Westwood supplied lamps modeled after her logo. Romeo Gigli was called on for

rtist enlisted the assistance of a small army of confreres

elvet. And an Amish source was tapped to make a rag ıg out of gold lamé. Although Patkin took to the furni- ıre marketplace with enthusiasm—buying pieces by ıch disparate talents as Arne Jacobsen and Shiro Kura- ıata—he also reused everything the Berinis had. Throwing things away is tacky," he says. At times his re- olve required a bit of ad hoc ingenuity, as in the case of ıe quite-a-bit-too-slick-for-what-we're-trying-to-do- ere halogen lamp that he wrapped in aluminum foil.

"A lot of environments are created by throwing money t them," offers Marsha. "This house is not about that. his house is about another kind of choice; it's about rev- ling in a luxury that doesn't have to do with money." ♠



On the exterior, *right* and *opposite below,* McDonough tips his at to Wright, Neutra, and Maybeck. In the garden, landscape rchitects Burton & Spitz tip theirs to contemporary concerns, ıch as drought. *Opposite above:* Patkin left his imprint in the ıaster bedroom with a perforated felt curtain and a halogen ımp covered in Reynolds Wrap. *Above:* Tinted concrete tiles ıpped with floral Malibu tiles line the master bathroom.





In the living room of their 1728 house the Sergeants re-interpreted the snake and egg motif in a sophisticated palette. The Flemish settee, Connecticut tea table, and Dutch tiles are 18th century. Details see Resources.

Revisionist History

Connecticut antiques dealers Gary and Darien Sergeant achieve authenticity without being bound by archaeology. By Brooke Hayward

Photographs by Oberto Gili Produced by Deborah Webster



The original Queen Anne sym
has been restored outside, *opp*
above, and inside, where one
two parlors is now the dining
opposite below. James Griffith
painted the fanciful mural, ins
by a medieval herbal. *Above:*
gilded Georgian mirror reflect
18th-century table from Philac



FOR THOSE OF US WHO LIVE IN he northwest corner of Connecticut, bit of serendipity appeared several ears ago in the guise of a shop oper- ted by a husband and wife team of nowledgeable antiquaires. This re- reshing state of affairs has brought ur household, among others, to he verge of bankruptcy, but never hind. Darien and Gary Sergeant re as charming as they are in- ormed—and together they have hore expertise in remodeling an- que houses and acquiring antique urniture than most of us could ac- uire in several lifetimes.

The Sergeants' shop in the village f New Preston offers the first clue to heir very particular style. Just out- ide their small street-level space—ight next door to their friend Timo- hy Mawson's haven for gardeners—staircase leads up to an airy two- tory room with white walls, dark eams, and French doors that open nto a balcony overlooking the East Aspetuck River. Inside, a stairway climbs to a small loft, its painted floor a faded blue black Byzantine sky with swirling gold stars. The furniture and objects are mainly eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American and European pieces, often of exceptional quality. The effect is one of remarkable sophistication.

"I buy from Maine to the Carolinas, driving, flying—whatever I have to do to get the goods," says Gary Sergeant, who has been an antiques dealer since he was twenty-three. "My personal passion is for early Queen Anne furniture, but it's unaffordable today for most people, so we buy across the board," he explains. "We have far more neoclassical than ever." For years Gary and Darien, also a veteran of the antiques circuit, dealt privately, building up a clientele. A two-fan carved Queen Anne highboy that arrived at their door from a house on Cape Cod at eight one recent evening was sold, sight unseen, by nine to a Washington, D.C., client who had spent three years looking for something like it. Says Sergeant, "I told him patience is everything in collecting."

Patience is also everything in restoring an eighteenth-century house from the ground up, as the Sergeants have been doing for most of the past decade. Built in 1728 by the Sanford family, well-known and apparently well-to-do early settlers, the classic center-chimney Connecticut house is one of the oldest buildings in Redding. Over the years, says Gary, it had been "federalized": the original Queen Anne entry was removed, walls were torn out, and paneling was thrown into closets. The foundation was in such bad condition that the floorboards in the back of the house were resting on dirt. "When Gary came here, I had done the structural work," says Darien, who moved in with her son, Seth, a few years before Gary came on the scene. "The house had already been jacked up, the sills had been replaced where they had to be, and the clapboards had been put on one end of the house."



Darien was well equipped for this undertaking with experience, if not money. A would-be architect—she made detailed drawings of lighthouses when she was three—she had gone into partnership with a restoration carpenter. "We started by taking down an eigh-



In the parlor, *left*, the painted Philadelphia table between the windows consorts with japanned English furniture, including a tea table and a c. 1765 George Prior clock. *Opposite:* The Sergeants installed period paneling, then had it finished in faux marble and stone patterns. Striped fabric on chairs from Manuel Canovas.

teenth-century house in Ansonia," she recalls. "We had three or four weeks to get it all down before the bulldozer was going to trash it." Eventually vertigo struck and she retired her work boots—"I had five dogs and three cats and a young son, and I couldn't leave them"—and exchanged her interest in the Ansonia house for building supplies for her own place in Redding.

Once the structure was sound, the Sergeants set out to restore the original Queen Anne symmetry: two matching parlors and equal numbers of windows on both sides of the front doors. They added a kitchen and a bathroom and converted the old long kitchen, or keeping room, into a living room. Although Gary says that they gradually moved away from "a Pilgrim's view, with everything authentic and original and perfect," they took pains to use period hinges, timbers, paneling, and architectural elements. They even used hand-forged rose-head nails for the exposed flooring, paneling, and exterior clapboard siding.

Gary did a lot of the physical work himself, with help from builders who specialize in old houses. But it was Darien who drove the complicated machinery of this project. She is passionate about details. Take the window frames, for example. "The sash was made at Maurer & Shephard Joiners in Glastonbury. The windows are twelve-over-eight, with muntins about an inch across."

"My thing is the eighteenth century," says Darien, "although through Gary I've learned to love nineteenth-century neoclassicism. My bedroom is early eighteenth century Dutch with a Hudson Valley kas," a cupboard originally used to store clothing and bedding. The walls are a masterpiece of grisaille painted by artist James Griffith, a friend of the Sergeants', in a palette that ranges from pure white to charcoal gray shot with mauve. The design, of course, is Darien's, a marriage of a motif from another eighteenth-century painted kas with trompe l'oeil pilasters in the seventeenth-century Swedish style.

Downstairs the paneled walls in one parlor are painted with flamboyant—yet true to the period—taupe swirls and striations of faux marble, with interior panels of a deep green faux fossilized stone. These patterns provide a perfect backdrop for a Chippendale sofa and japanned English furniture. In the other parlor, now a dining room with an eighteenth-century Philadelphia Quaker table and a period corner cupboard from a Connecticut estate, James Griffith created a playful mural inspired in part by a medieval Italian herbal. "I told him no people," Darien recalls. "I made him sand one person out. Animals," she asserts, "are better." The Sergeants have had the dining room painted four times; finally, Gary says, the room sparkles as it should when they eat by candlelight.

One bit of painting they did themselves. In the long kitchen they found a bit of faded red paneling with a snake and egg motif in black. "We couldn't live with black and red," says Gary, so they re-created the pattern in a grayish purple or taupe paneling. "It's not black and red," Gary admits, "but it's the proper decoration for the house and it looks great." It's also a perfect example of how the Sergeants have remained true to the house's origins yet achieved a fresh modern look.

Now they are addressing their garden. Gary has just planted some espaliered apple trees, and who knows what's next? "In the eighteenth century," he points out, "trees were often planted in pairs. Sometimes they flanked the center of the entryway and were called marriage trees. We lost one of ours to the hurricane a couple of years ago; it fell right on the house. So we had to start all over again with the roof."

The inside is almost finished, he says. "We really just have some incidental alcoves." He pauses. "Of course, there's a whole attic." ▲



The decorative painting is new, but true to the spirit of the period



walls of the
n, Darien chose
1 from an 18th-
kas, or painted
d, from the
Valley, anchored
pe l'oeil 17th-
Swedish pilasters.
1-century Flemish
table and Swedish
mplement the
pencil-post bed,
in linens Darien
ith tablecloths
local shop.



hey moved away from what Gary Sergeant calls "a Pilgrim's view"

What's Next?

HG asks six designers

In the year 2000 will furniture come coated in Teflon? Will technology turn antiques into fossils? Will the rooms we live in be as multifunctional as space pods? Some prescient designers unveil examples of their work they predict will have staying power well into the next millennium—and their expectations and explanations suggest that what's to come looks just like home.

ROSE TARLOW

MARK HAMPTON

JED JOHNSON

WILLIAM DIAMOND
ANTHONY BARATTA

FRANKLIN SALASKY

Los Angeles house
igned for herself,
arlow transcends
correctness in
an idiosyncratic
h. She uses a
the-century French
link a guest bed
ith a sitting room.
ee Resources.



TIMELESS . . . TRANQUIL . . . RESTRAINED . . .





The wave of the future will be to do away with decorator rooms—nothing contrived, connived, or too perfect. People will forget about re-creating English and French looks and relax into their own good taste.

—**ROSE TARLOW**



Tarlow calls her rooms "backdrops for objects I adore." A guest bedroom houses 17th-century English library chairs, *top*, and, *above*, an 18th-century French bed that folds up into a settee.

CLASSICAL . . . COMFORTABLE . . . FUNCTIONAL .

Manhattan couple
ten to music and their
ildren study in their
ampton-created media
om, *below*, featuring
1785 Réveillon wall
nels and an array of
holstered surfaces. *Far*
ght: Tole topiary and
Russian chair, c. 1810,
a stenciled floor.





he older we get the more faith we have
design from the past, in richly executed
bjects of great refinement and comfort.
finimalism is for the very young.

—**MARK HAMPTON**





We'll recommit to doing things the slow hard good way. People who do fine work wind up loving their lives, not rushing to have a beer and forget what lousy work they do.

—JED JOHNSON



Johnson revived a late
century dining room,
with handwoven silk
stenciling, and gilding
quality equal to that o
original oak mantel, f

AMERICAN . . . HANDCRAFTED . . . NOSTALGIC . .

amond and Baratta's
intessentially American
chen, in Manhattan,
ove and *far right*, has
ided rugs, a quilt-
tterned floor, colonial-
pired custom cabinets,
d a center island that
creetly accommodates
nicrowave oven.





he future is about rooms that are warm
nd honest, about plaids and checks
nd kitchens with gingham wallpaper
nd soup on the stove.

—**ANTHONY BARATTA AND WILLIAM DIAMOND**





In his New York studio apartment, *opposite*, architect Salasky paint-stained the floor and used visual tricks, such as the placement of a mirror at ceiling level, to enlarge the space. Mary Bright produced stylized swag curtains and the velvet bedspread, *above*, and Elliott Levine painted the fabric that lines a wall outside the tiny library, *left*. *Below:* A refinished Paul Laszlo sideboard and a Verner Panton chair.





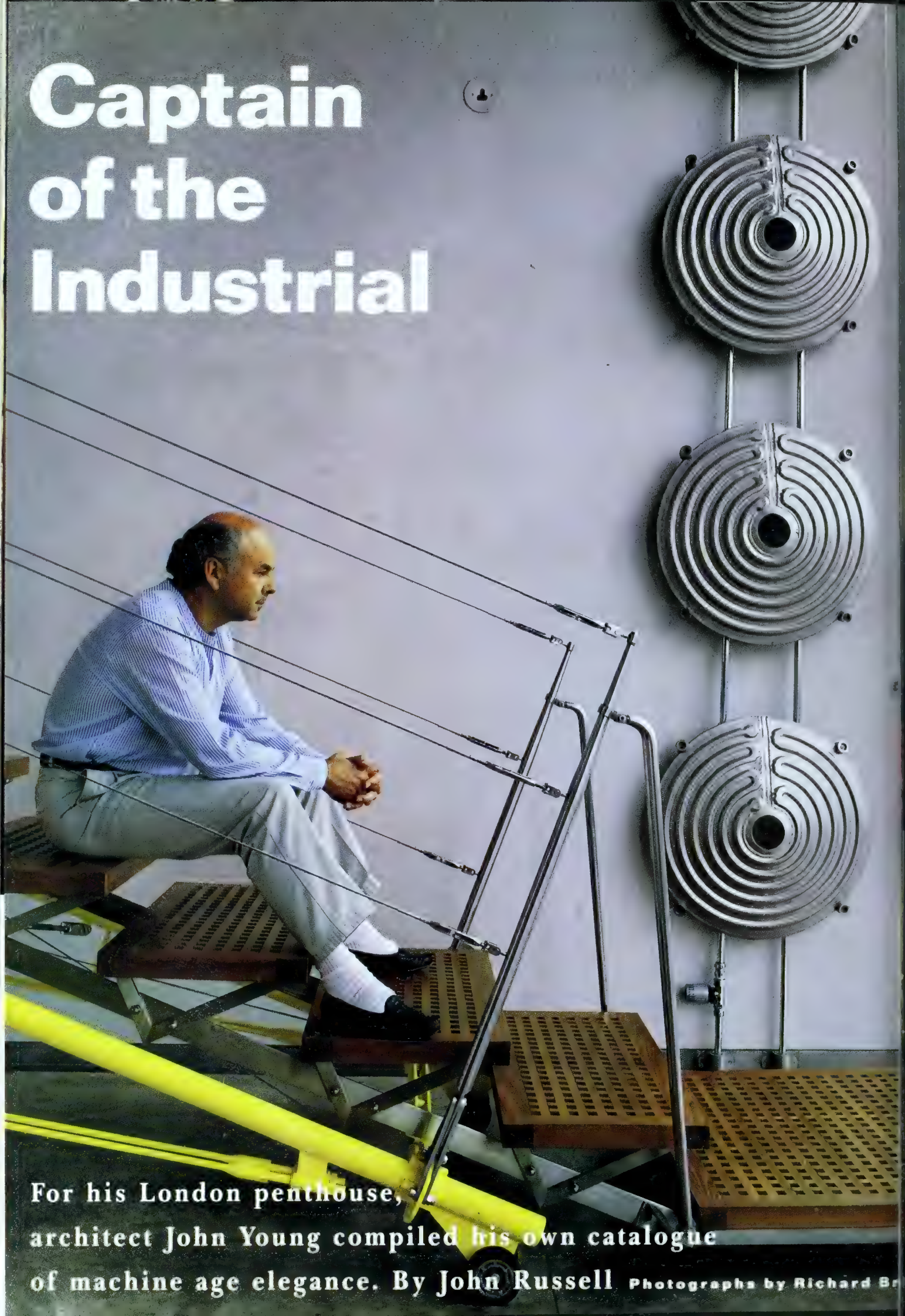
The arts and crafts are flourishing again and a new class of artisans is about to emerge who will revitalize the alliance between the designer and the craftsman.

—**FRANKLIN SALASKY**

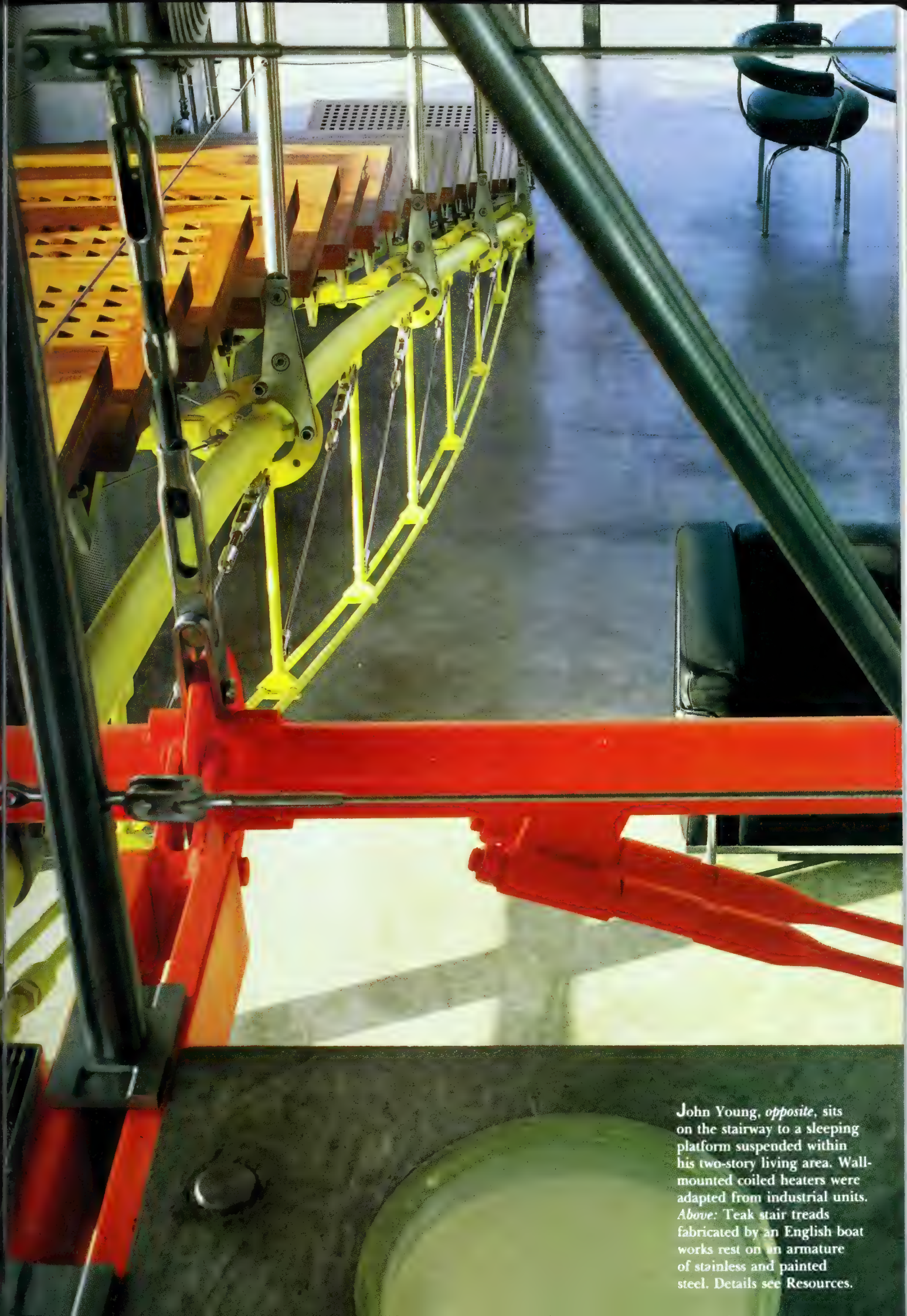
CULTIVATED . . . QUIRKY . . . COMPLEX . . .



Captain of the Industrial



For his London penthouse, architect John Young compiled his own catalogue of machine age elegance. By John Russell Photographs by Richard Br



John Young, *opposite*, sits on the stairway to a sleeping platform suspended within his two-story living area. Wall-mounted coiled heaters were adapted from industrial units. *Above:* Teak stair treads fabricated by an English boat works rest on an armature of stainless and painted steel. Details see Resources.

THE PENTHOUSE APARTMENT of the architect John Young on the north bank of the Thames in Hammersmith, in west London, is like nothing that was ever built before. There are plenty of other penthouses in London, and some of them are quite spectacular. Since the city's Docklands were thrown open for residential use, some of those aeries stand high above the water and can be seen for miles around, like John Young's. The peculiarity of his penthouse, which he shares with his wife, the fashion designer Marianne Just, and their three-year-old daughter, is that down to its last detail it is a triumph of the will.

The Young apartment has, in fact, an obsessional quality. Everything in it is the way it had to be, no matter how disparate the components or how far-flung their sources. As a director of the Richard Rogers Partnership and a key figure—"I'm the one who gets things built"—in projects such as the new headquarters of Lloyd's of London, the new Reuters building in the Docklands, and in much else besides, John Young has traveled the world in search of suppliers who will provide nothing but perfection.

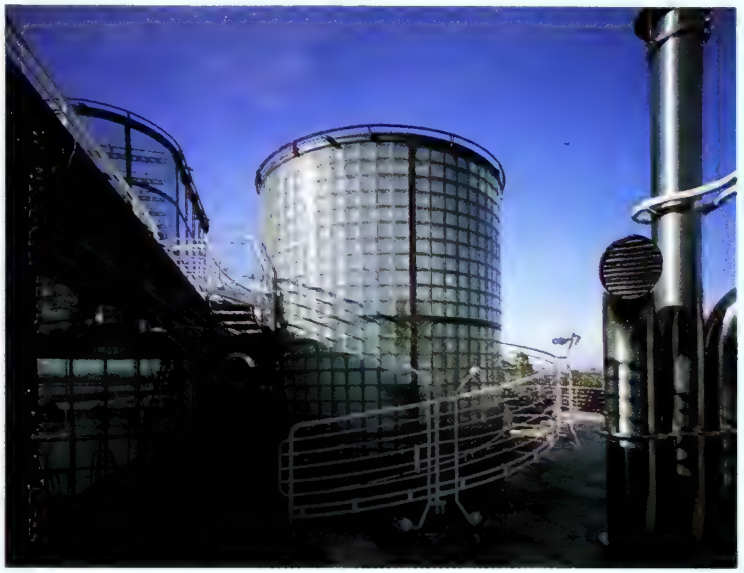
Over the years he has made list upon list of firms of that sort. Many of them are British firms that are quite small but work to the highest possible standard. Small boat-building firms are a constant source of inspiration to Young and when he needs to move the stainless-steel cupboards that hold his personal belongings, he does it by turning the wheels of racing yachts. At the lightest touch, hefty chains go into action and the mobile storage units get on their way.

In Young's penthouse the machine-patterned stainless steel, the waxed granolithic floors, the teak decks and stair treads, the underfloor heaters, the flue terminals, the finned tube pipework, and the motorized internal blinds all come from different firms, none of them enormous, all over the British Isles. It was not from one firm, but from thre that the shower controls, the show curtains, and the shower heads we ordered. Few of us have stood u der, or even heard of the brine sho er at Carskiey House on Kintyre western Scotland, but it too played part in the design.

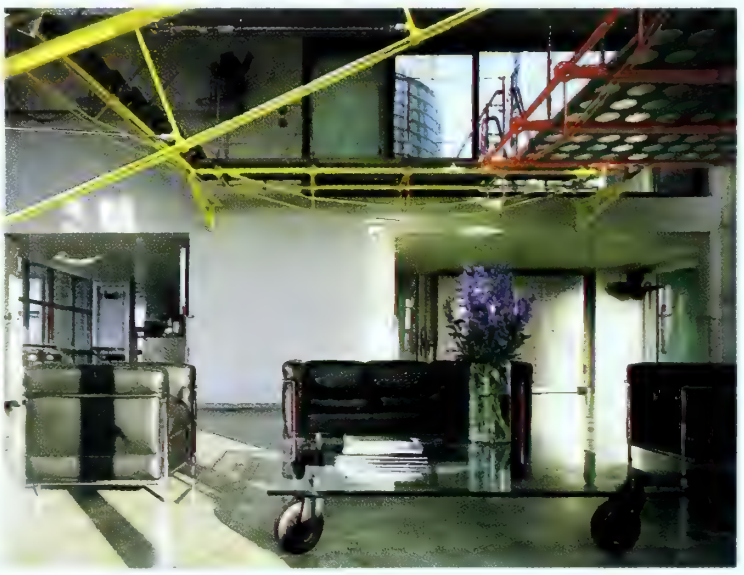
If I go on to say that in Young bathroom the cedarwood hot t comes from Kojiya in J pan, the laboratory fauce are made in Denmark, t wooden stools are Port guese, the bidet is adapte from a Swedish design f a vandalproof toilet, an the washbasin is standar issue for enlightene American surgeons, it w be clear that the phrase triumph of the will" h not been used lightly.

John Young does n turn primarily to fan firms that have been business since the industr al revolution was hot new In the words of archite tural critic Deyan Sudj Young "scans the technic catalogues and haunts th by-pass workshops tha weld steel subframes an cast glass bricks . . . [an the scruffy little shed around Bristol that supp the aerospace industry Just occasionally he wi settle for preindustri products. The giganti earthenware jars th stand on the roof and pr tect Marianne Just fro Peeping Toms come fro the Meon Valley in Hamp shire. But fundamentall this apartment is distinctl of our own day.

John Young also pick ideas out of the air. It was from chance sighting of a stainless-ste truck in Japan that he got the idea fo the stainless-steel moiré effect th sets both the storage units and th entire kitchen ashimmer with ligh The industrial Platecoil heaters-



Boat builders are a source of inspiration to Young—yacht wheels steer his mobile closets



River light reflects off stainless-steel cabinets and a granolithic floor in the kitchen, *opposite*. In the background is Marianne Just's workroom. *Top:* Glass bricks encircle the rooftop bathroom tower. *Above:* In the living area, a Le Corbusier sofa and chairs from Atelier International face a Gae Aulenti table.





Down to its last detail the penthouse is a triumph of the

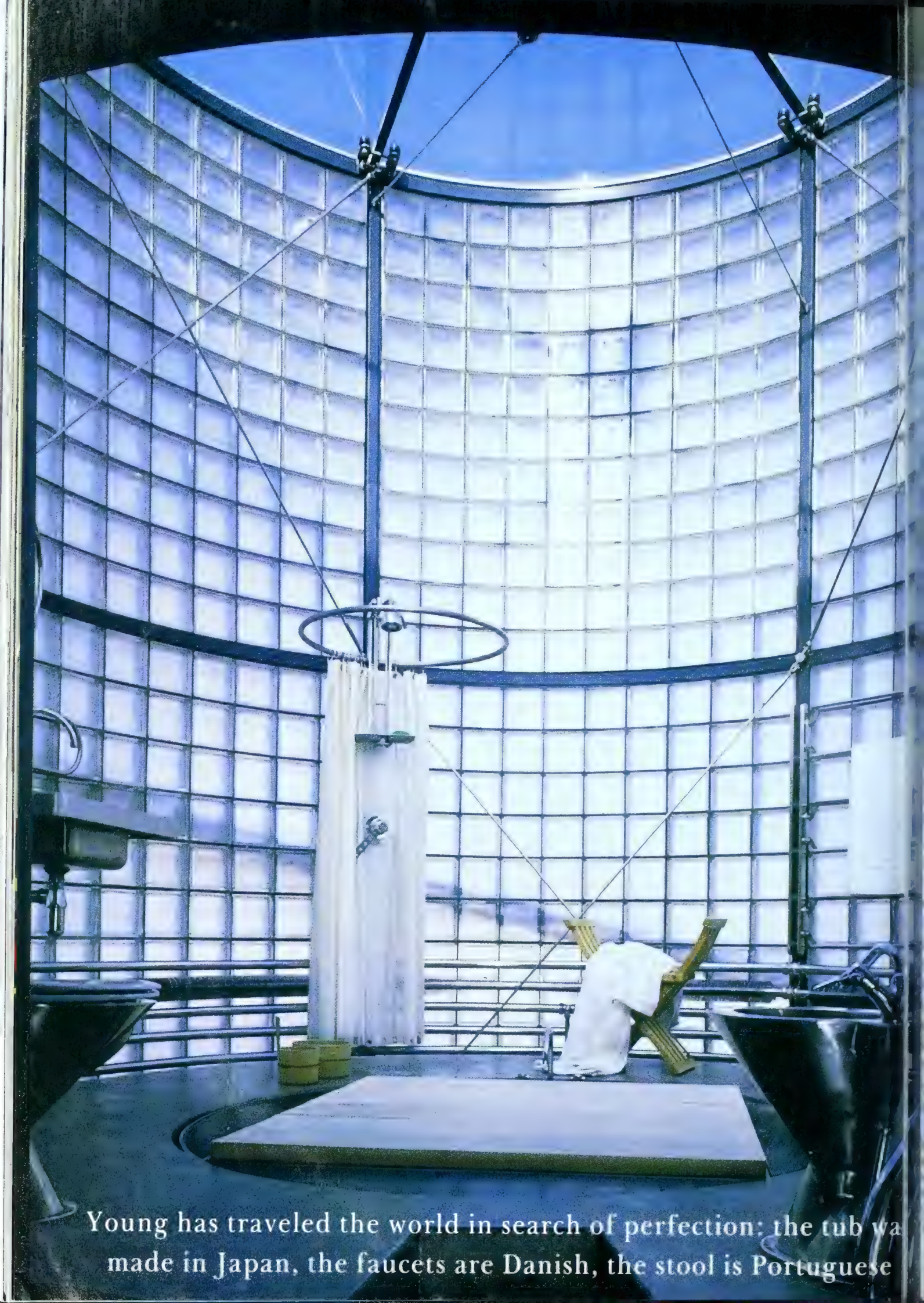
like Japanese shields, flat on the wall—that keep the Thames-side damp away were made to order by a firm in Wichita Falls, Texas. The spiral ramp to the bathroom tower at the top of the apartment was prompted by one on an oil tank Young had seen in Lovell, Wyoming. A gasholder in Rotherhithe, London, and a water tower in Fresno, California, left their mark upon him. So did the nacelle of a 1920s American airship, the widow's walk on an eighteenth-century sea captain's house in Massachusetts, and a kitchen blind from a firm in Germany.

The site of the penthouse was also fundamental to its design. It was in



1986 that Young bought two apartments at the top of the block of flats that he and his partners had built for a speculative developer, only a few yards from their own offices. He combined the two flats and connected the upper level to the roof, from which he now commands 360-degree views. Young loves views, and the bigger they are the more he likes them. His takes in the Thames, the adjacent reservoirs, and the now dis-

Hung from the ceiling on stainless-steel rods, the concrete sleeping platform, *left,* overlooks the dining area and the Thames. Glass discs inset in the floor echo the curves of a Ward Bennett table and Le Corbusier chairs. A teak gangway and more stairs lead to a glass-walled lookout. *Above:* Jutting above a row of prewar gables, the penthouse combines apartments on two stories of a block of flats designed by the Richard Rogers Partnership.



Young has traveled the world in search of perfection: the tub wa
made in Japan, the faucets are Danish, the stool is Portuguese

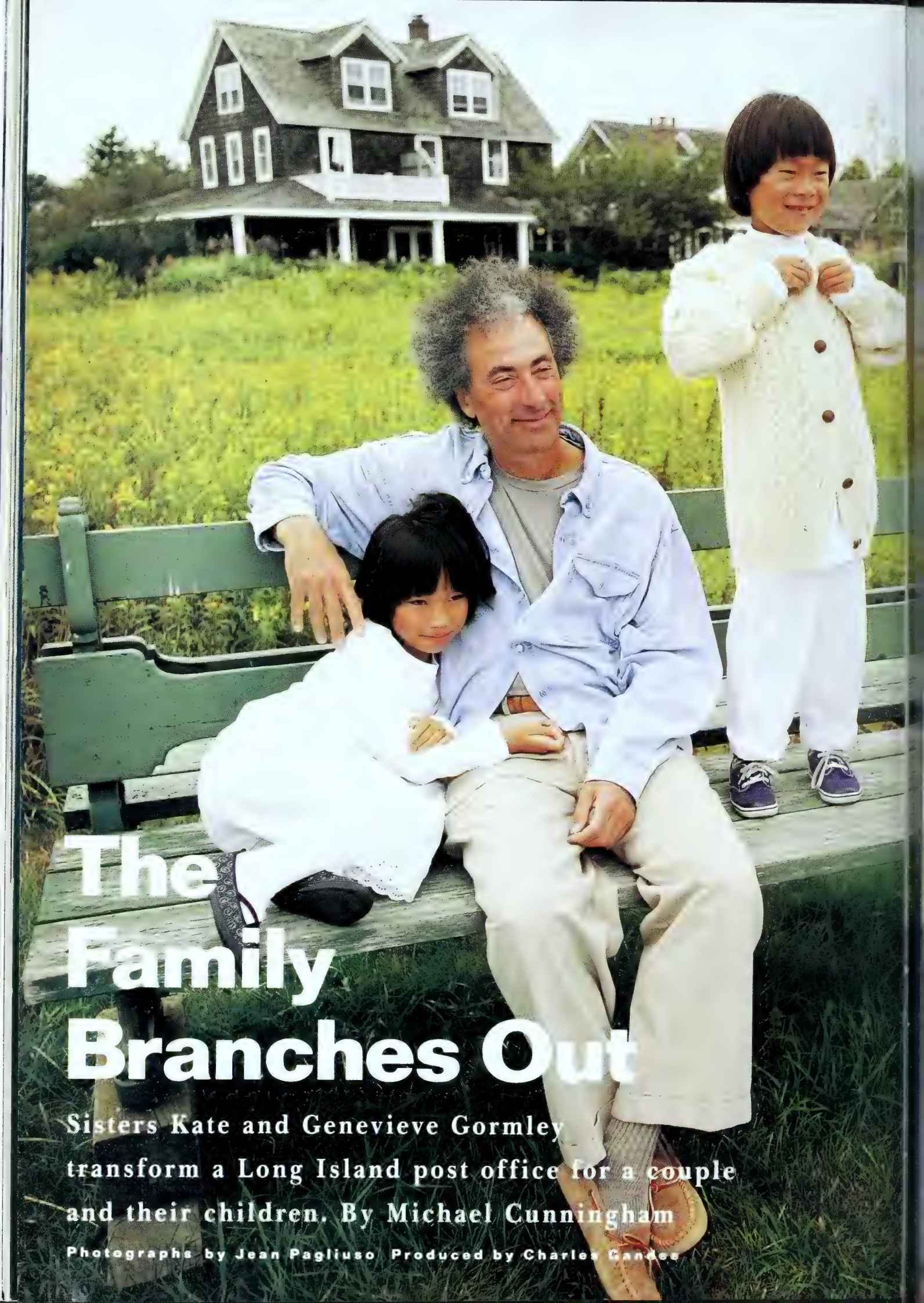
d Harrods Depository on the op-
site bank—"like an Indian
ace." Equally important to him
the sculling life and the bird life
the Thames. Oarsmen pull their
y up and downstream, much to
delight of Young, who is enough
a waterman to have wanted to
g a boat on davits above the river
ow his apartment. (The necessary
al approval remains hopelessly
gled in red tape.)

As for the bird life, it is one of his
jor delights. "When I was ten
rs old, I wanted to be the second
er Scott," he says, referring to the
glish birder, bird preserver, and
d painter, son of Captain Robert
tt, the Antarctic explorer. "There
s no money in ornithology. But
ht here I have seen about 50 of the
) species recorded around Ham-
rsmith. We have pintails, golden
, shovelers, wild ducks, wildfowl.
get cormorants and herons. Be-
en them, the Thames and the res-
oirs are a natural stopping-off
ce for migrating birds. I even saw
mall seal once. In the winter
nths we have flatfish—sea fish—
here. And since the water was
aned up, we have salmon again."

Turning back from the window
l taking a brisk look at the 3,200
uare feet of his domain, John
ung says, "This apartment is all
ut detail." As if I hadn't noticed.
is a place in which everything,
hout exception, is out on show.
is applies to the unbalustraded
eping area suspended from the
ling by stainless-steel rods, to the
xed and warmed surface of the
ating concrete floor, to the plaster
xed with marble dust and linseed
, and to the trumpet notes of
ght red and even brighter yellow
he double-height living area. And
en he says, "There is a key to it
—zero compromise," I have no
uble believing it. ▲



ainless-steel fixtures surround a
anese cedar hot tub in the bathroom, *osite*. Diagonal rods brace the glass
k cylinder against wind loads. *Right:* e of a pair of Eileen Gray mirrors entered above a surgical washbasin.



The Family Branches Out

Sisters Kate and Genevieve Gormley transform a Long Island post office for a couple and their children. By Michael Cunningham

Photographs by Jean Pagliuso Produced by Charles Gandee

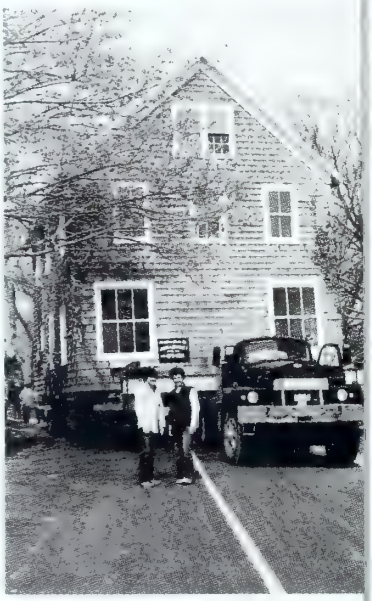




When Susan Calhoun and Charlie Moss had a derelict post office from Wainscott, Long Island, moved to a former potato field, they insisted on riding in it as it made the quarter-mile journey. The image is quintessential Calhoun and Moss: a kind-faced man with wild black hair and a fair woman with ferocious blue eyes standing at the prow of a prim shingled building in which they meant to shelter Moss's son, Rob, their as-yet unborn children, and a galaxy of friends. Since that day twelve years ago they've adopted Mary, now seven, and Sam, now six. They've changed the original building from a country post office to a modest weekend place to an ongoing project that may never be finished.

It's the house you wish you'd grown up in, the one with window seats and broad porches and hundreds of hiding places. Somehow it doesn't feel precious. The inhabitants are too quirky and forceful, and the ever-changing

A French park bench is a convenient perch for Charlie Moss, Susan Calhoun, and their children, Mary and Sam, *opposite*, outside their Long Island weekend



house. Since the couple moved the former post office, *top* and *above*, to their land a dozen years ago, it has grown, *below*, with their family. Details see Resources.



design is too intelligent.



Calhoun and Moss started with little more than the old post office—a plain wooden building erected around the turn of the century—and a field gone to seed. It didn't seem like much. But the field fronted a pond where wild geese lived in summer, and the post office had generous windows and pine plank floors. Calhoun and Moss planted trees and wild grasses. They left the scarred floors and, with the help of architect Tod Williams, added a porch and put dormers in the attic.

After Mary arrived, they brought in Kate Gormley, a young Harvard-trained architect who shared their affection for the original building's unassuming, matronly serenity. Gormley, who later enlisted her sister Genevieve, embarked with Moss and Calhoun on a series of additions: a playroom, more bedrooms, more porches, and an arbor. "I love these old houses that just got added on to," Kate Gormley says. "This is a farmer's house, not a merchant's house. It has this wonderful clumsiness. We've worked hard to keep it imperfect and innocent."

Imperfect and innocent it is, but at the same time it's inspired and beautifully—almost heartbreakingly—balanced. Picture your grandmother's farm married to a Zen garden. Every room is airy and high-ceilinged, scoured by light. A wooden swing set, designed by Kate Gormley, stands in the middle of a lawn with a Shaker simplicity that borders on the profound. The latest addition, yet another porch, holds a vast spare wooden table that could seat two dozen in a pinch.

"The house keeps changing," Kate Gormley says, "be-



Simple antiques, *right,* from a French tilt-top table and a deep-skirted Windsor chair to a bean pot and a carpenter's level, coexist happily with the living room's original bead and board walls. *Below:* The dining room links the old house with the new playroom. *Above:* Sam rings the bell for lunch.



Picture your grandmother's farm married to a Zen garden








MARY


FAIRY TALES



use the family keeps changing. Tables get bigger, ecks get bigger. Susan can't bear stasis. Charlie always ys, 'Why can't we keep it the way it is?' Then we do it, nd he loves it."

Kate and her two children have a weekend house near-, and she and Genevieve keep up a running dialogue ith Moss and Calhoun about the next project. Asked if he has any qualms about working in such a traditional rm, Kate Gormley says, "The need to be new is wonerful. But there's something about that primal house at interests me." She cites Louis Kahn's assertion that a rick wants to be an arch. "I ask wood what it wants to ," she says, "and it wants to be a gable."

The house she's built with Moss and Calhoun, though aditional, is slightly eccentric and utrly personal. It's full of mismatched hairs and tables, most bought on hims, some showing evidence of a alf-dozen coats of paint. Sofas are oft and deep. Although Moss and alhoun have paintings and sculpures, their favorite decorative device ppears to be photographs of family embers and friends.

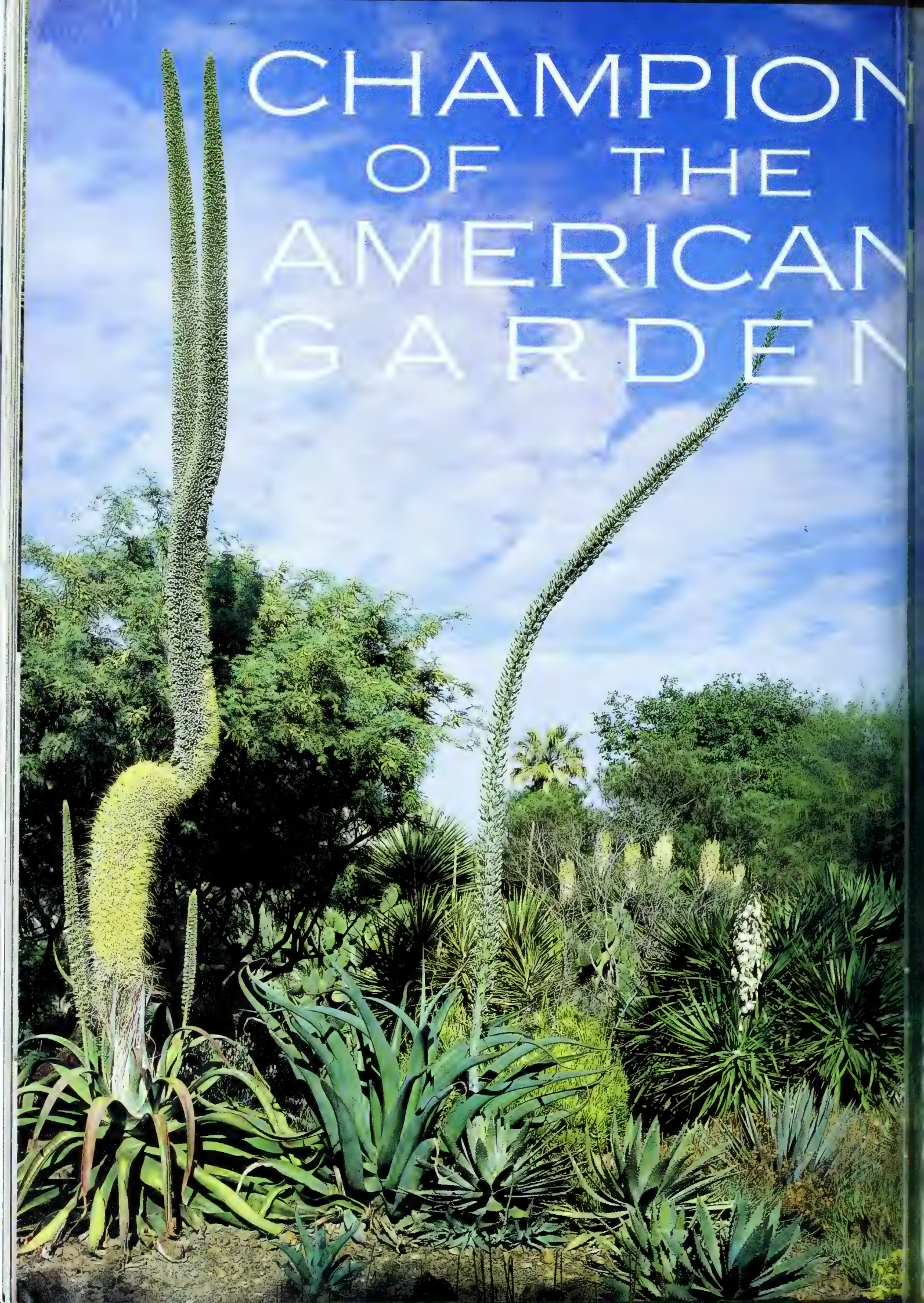
Like any home, this one can't be appreciated independently of the lives ved within. Moss and Calhoun keep a llection of hand-carved walking sticks near the door, and before a walk on the grounds, guests are given their choice. At meals everyone's place is marked by a smooth stone, with his or her name painted on it. As guests come and go, the stones bearing their names accumulate in a bowl on the sideboard. At season's end the stones are put back outside under the cryptomeria trees, with the understanding that next spring a new crop of named stones will begin to accumulate.

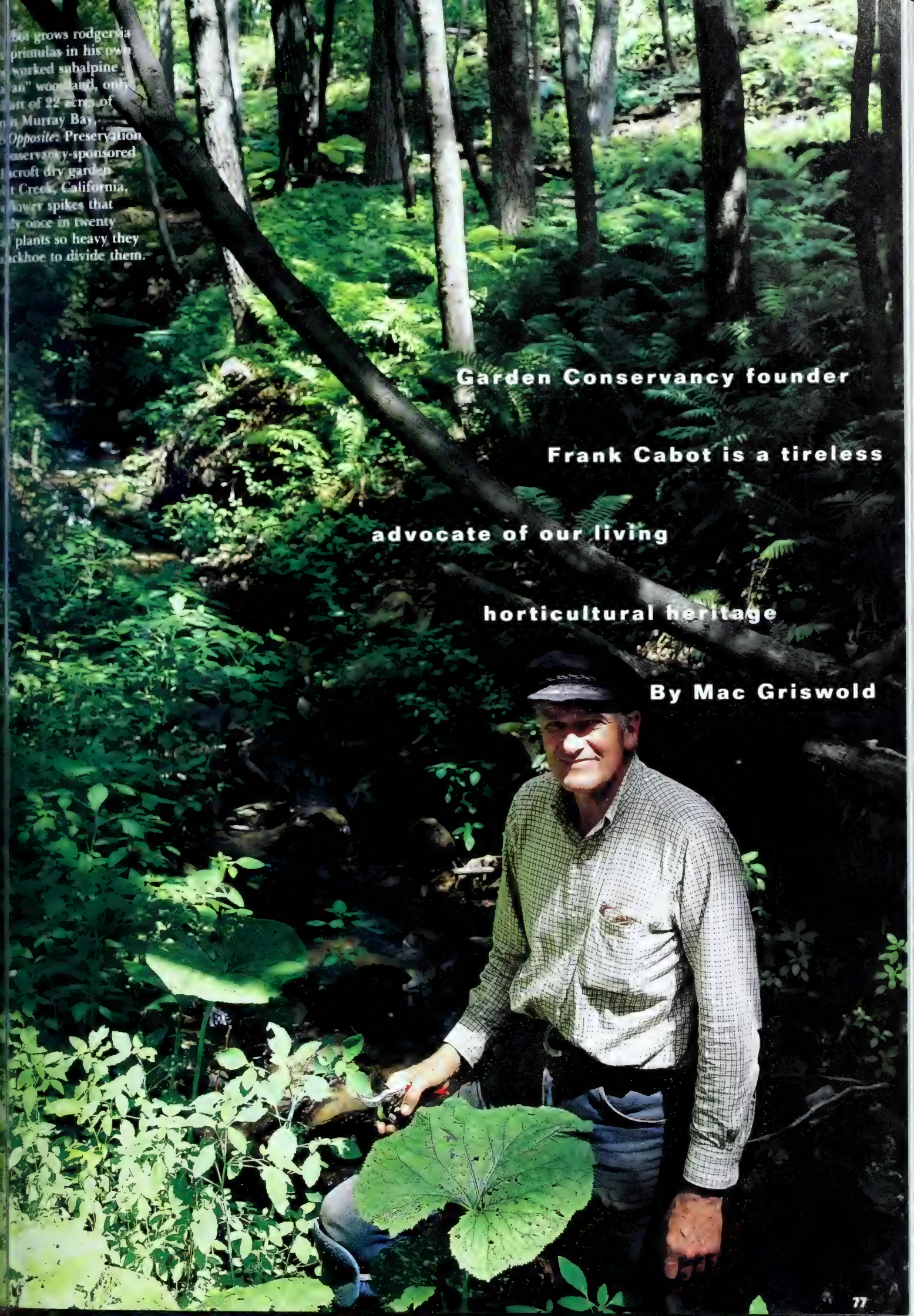
Conventional wisdom tells us we court tragedy when we try to create deeply rooted futures for ourselves out of whole cloth. Look at Jay Gatsby. Look at Charles Foster Kane. But Calhoun and Moss—with the Gormley sisters' help—appear to be pulling it off. Their house has a calm, stoic majesty, and it's not hard to imagine it still standing, still unfinished, in the year 2091. It's not hard to imagine Mary's and Sam's grandchildren reading on one of the porches. By then the house will be surrounded by hundreds of stones bearing the names of the people who've been, at least temporarily, sheltered there. ▲



The bedroom, *above*, looks out on a pond. *Opposite, clockwise from above left:* Mary, Susan, and Sam; antique fixtures; Charlie and the children wrapped in an Hermès throw; the playroom, by Kate Gormley. *Left:* Genevieve and Kate Gormley.

"We've worked hard to keep the house imperfect and innocent"


CHAMPION
OF THE
AMERICAN
GARDEN



...but grows rodgersia, primulas in his own ...worked subalpine ...an" woodland, only ...art of 22 acres of ...n Murray Bay.

Opposite: Preservation ...conservancy-sponsored ...croft dry garden ...t Creek, California, ...lower spikes that ...y once in twenty ... plants so heavy they ...ckhoe to divide them.

Garden Conservancy founder Frank Cabot is a tireless advocate of our living horticultural heritage

By Mac Griswold



THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION preserves old mechanical apple peelers as part of the precious record of American ingenuity; the National Register of Historic Places safeguards birth sites and battlefields as well as buildings of architectural merit; in the Midwest, wilderness conservationists have finally put some of the last tall grass prairies off-limits to the plow. But until 1988 the preservation of great American gardens was horribly haphazard. It's true that garden archaeology and an interest in what had really been planted has melted the ice cap of public park thinking at the gardens surrounding some historic houses like Mount Vernon and Monticello. A few places, like H. F. du Pont's Winterthur in Delaware, have been protected by endowments or by very active local support—and by the indelible personalities of their creators. The recent resurgence of gardening breathed life into a few others, such as the Conservatory Garden in Central Park. Many more have gone the way of the bulldozer or died of not-so-benign neglect.

Americans have always been uneasy about their great gardens; their beauty has always been suspect as undemocratic. Since the days of Thoreau, gardens have also been considered less pure, less meaningful, than what we have so reverently called "nature," meaning wilderness. A change in thinking has occurred with the nineties. Mediated nature, which includes the art and craft of gardens, has new meaning, thanks in part to the writings of Tony Hiss and Michael Pollan.

Frank Cabot, founder of the Garden Conservancy, first witnessed the wanton destruction of a garden in the 1950s. After his grandmother died, her nineteenth-century garden





the family's summer place in Mur-
y Bay, Canada, was plowed up "to
ve money." Always brimming with
owers and people, it had been a ha-
n of raised beds, old apple trees
ith whitewashed trunks, and even a
ushroom house. Cabot is a man of
erwhelming enthusiasms—when
s wife, Anne, wanted a pony trap,
e bought most of Quebec City's
orse-drawn calèches, seventeen in
l, which were being withdrawn
om service. Small wonder that he
w has two superb gardens of his
wn, one in Murray Bay, not far
om the site of his grandmother's

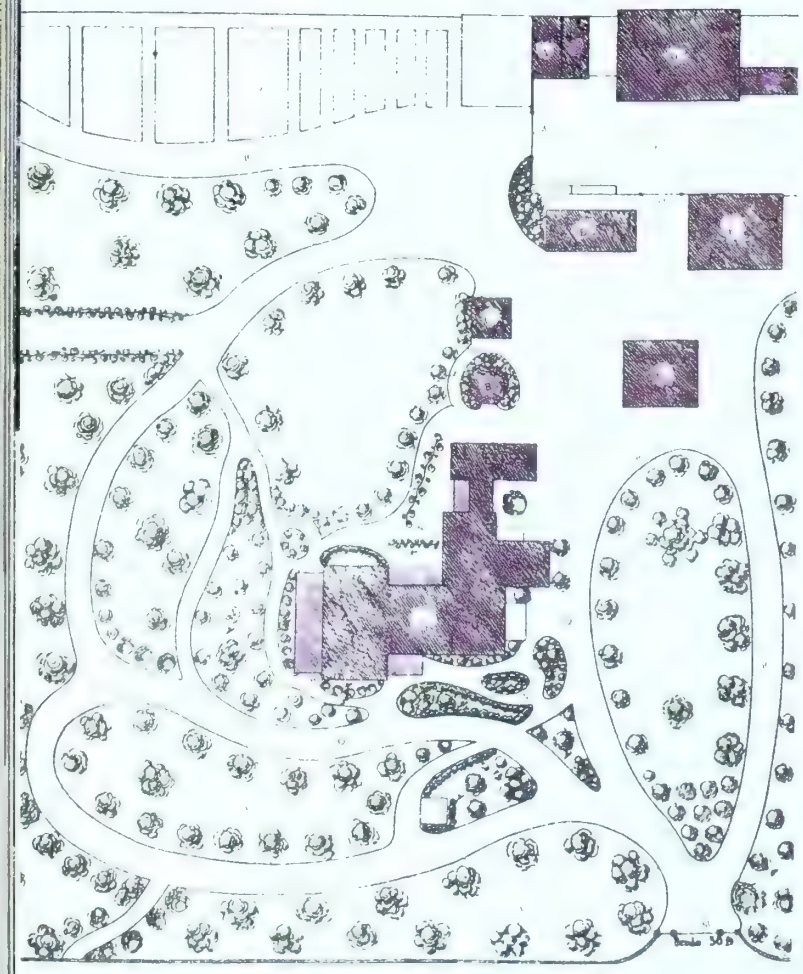
uth Bancroft's agaves, *opposite above*,
monstrate what xerophytic plants could
ean to California's water-poor gardens.
posite below: Cabot with Bancroft.
ove: Cabot's garden in Cold Spring,
ew York. *Right:* Yellow ligularia and
ange zinnias are part of an effort to
e the entire color spectrum arranged in
ds by hue. English gardener Caroline
urgess has a free hand to experiment
th effects of American heat and light.







Transcendent gardens, Cabot feels, are always the passionate creations of individuals



The turn-of-the-century John Hay estate in Newbury, New Hampshire, *above left,* is the Conservancy's third project. *Above right:* In the 1920s Clarence Hay's son contemplated steps designed by Prentice Sanger. *Opposite above:* Paths and plantings melt into fields and forests at Cabot's Murray Bay garden. *Opposite below:* Interest in garden plants has taken Cabot as far as Sichuan, China, where he collected seed in 1988. *Left:* The Conservancy is working with the Hermitage in Ho-Ho-Kus, New Jersey, on a previously unexecuted 1851 landscape plan.



Ganna Walska's Lotusland in Santa Barbara, California, *right,* seen here in the 1950s, will open next year, thanks partly to Conservancy advocacy.

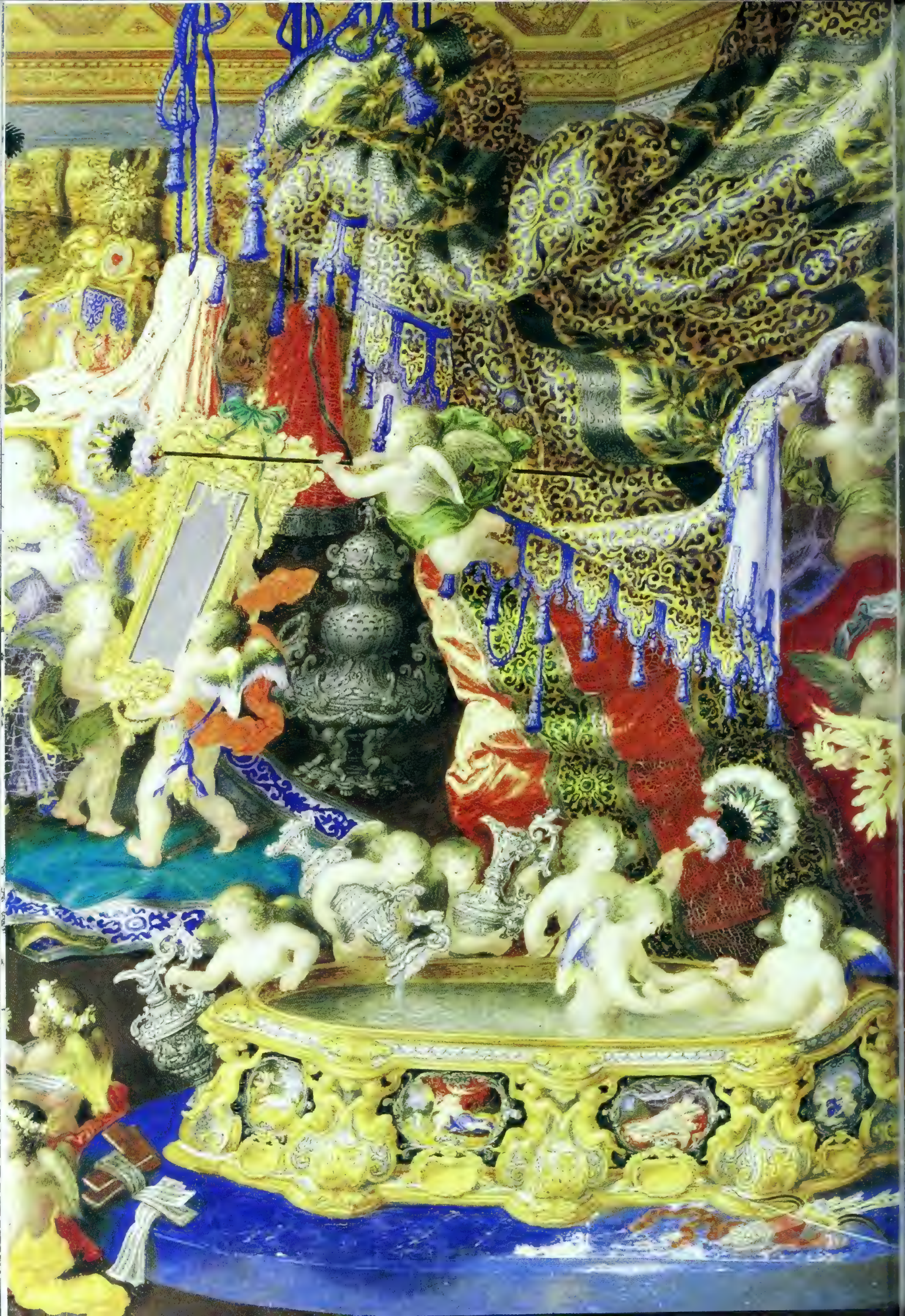
garden, and one in Cold Spring New York. Both gardens are st evolving in surprising ways aft thirty years. If any American know what gardening can really mean terms of passionate involvement an what the far-reaching implications "preservation" are, it's Cabot.

Like most great gardeners, he is tireless garden visitor, and in 198 on the advice of English gardene and writer Penelope Hobhouse, h found himself contemplating Rut Bancroft's four acres of cacti, succu lents, and California native species Walnut Creek near San Francisc Every American interested in ga dening has wistfully gazed at ga dens abroad and understood the are considered part of a nation's cu tural patrimony. Eighty-year-ol Ruth Bancroft was concerned tha there seemed no way to plan for he beautiful garden's long-term futur Cabot stewed; Anne Cabot aske him a question: "If a Nature Conse vancy can thrive in this country, wh not a Garden Conservancy?"

"Having the idea and some lette head" is what made the Garden Cor servancy exist, says Cabot modestl as if it has *(Continued on page 11*







Decades of Decadence

Nineties nostalgia and a sense of fleeting time lead to exquisite excess as each century creates its own fin de siècle aesthetic

By Stephen Calloway

NE OF THE ODDEST THINGS ABOUT CIVILIZATIONS IS at the cleverer they get the more they feel themselves be on the brink of decline and disaster. As we read ocalyptic reports of urban decay, the collapse of law d order, and the decadence of modern life, it is worth membering that history does offer one great consola- n: we have been here before. The barbarians have, so speak, always been at the gates. Every civilization car- s within it the seeds of its own destruction. But where we get this haunting sense of the end of civilization as know it, especially as we approach the end of a centu- ? What is it about living through the nineties that ickens our sensibilities and puts phrases like "the end an era" upon our lips?

In English we speak, quite optimistically, of the "turn the century," but the French *fin de siècle* may come arer to evoking the mood of the times. The need to eu- gize a shared past before facing the unknown future is enturies-old obsession, ritual- d in New Year's Eve toasts as ll as in epic poems. Even omer's contemporaries seem to ve lamented the lost nobility of their forefathers and feared that things were falling apart. Citizens of the Roman Empire looked back with melancholy nostalgia to the republic and beyond, to Athens in the days of Pericles. Collectors sought out the works of the best Greek sculptors as embodiments of a perfection they feared could never be attained again. Of course, the decline and fall of Rome did not take place overnight. There was a long twilight before the Dark Ages, and the art and architecture of the late empire has its own distinctive heaviness and opulence. But the rank charms of this period found no favor with neoclassical connoisseurs until well into another heavy and overblown era, the nineteenth century.

Given the curious cycles of fashion, it is surely not too fanciful to look back and to see a distinct "nineties" character developing over the centuries. By the 1590s, for example, the pure forms of the Renaissance had given way throughout Europe to the gloriously inventive but perverse games of first mannerist and then early baroque architects and designers. Contemporary painters and sculptors created oddly elongated languorous figures, while poets and writers became ever more precious. The seventeenth century was a period of almost unprecedented strife in

AROQUE FINALE Cherubs mic the extravagant ways of late th century. Versailles, *opposite*, in detail from a painted French fan.



How do we get this haunting sense of the end of civilizatio

Europe, but by the 1690s, in court circles at least, ostentatious luxury in dress and furnishings had become the order of the day. Upholstery weighed down by silver and gold bullion fringe and tassels was a prized sign of wealth and status. At Versailles, one of Louis XIV's mistresses was portrayed bathing in a gilded tub filled from crystal and ormolu ewers. Such splendor was not always matched by refinement of manners, however. Periwigged grandees at court could be seen wiping the food from their lips on their lace cuffs and publicly urinating into silver flower tubs.

Although observance of social niceties became far more widespread during the eighteenth century, and the Enlightenment produced an Age of Reason, the finale of the century was nonetheless extreme. The spirit of revolution in Europe that first sparked in France in 1789 made the 1790s a decade of impossible ideals and dark deeds of political pragmatism. The ancien régime gave way to a parvenu society almost certainly as decadent as that which was swept away. Popular prints of the day reveal the bizarre excesses to which fashion in decoration and dress were carried. Exotic schemes for rooms mingling Pompeian grotesques with lavish drapery and leopard-skin carpets were all the rage. The artfully disheveled wild-haired dandies of the day, the incroyables, were unable to turn their heads because of great collars and cravats worn up and over the chin; their female counterparts, the merveilleuses, appeared in all seasons in revealing slips of dampened muslin intended to evoke the costume of the ancient world.

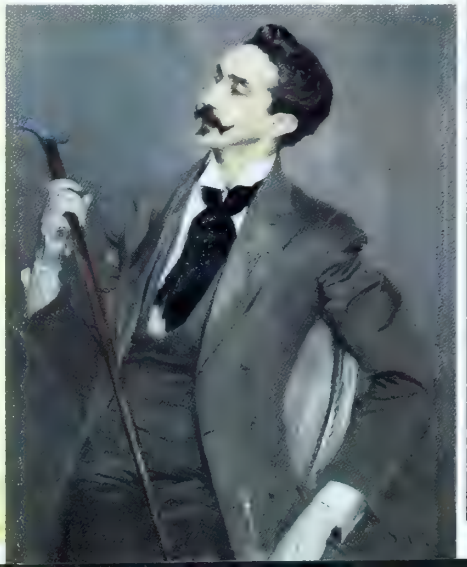
By the end of the nineteenth century, decadence was once more in vogue; the true fin de siècle had arrived, its seemingly novel ideas recalling the attitudes and styles of previous decadent er at the ends of other centuries. Paintings such as Thom Couture's *The Romans of the Decadence,* a sensation at t Paris Salon of 1847, had started a fashion among artis and writers for scenes steeped in the imagined luxuri and depravities of antiquity. Jacques-Louis David's ea nest depictions of Roman virtue that had appealed French revolutionaries were no longer wanted. Instea the public clamored for the vices of Nero and Heliogab lus (respectably bordered in gilt frames) and searche for reflections of contemporary morality in lurid tales the Byzantine court or images of Sappho, Cleopatra, S lome, or other storied femmes fatales.

SITTING OUT THE CENTURY Nineties-style attenuation, *above from left,* in a chai in the style of Dan Marot, c. 1690, an pièces by Sheraton c. 1795; Charles Rennie Mackintosh 1897; and Bonetti and Garouste 199 Details see Resour

NINETIES DANDIES *Below from left:* Nicholas Hilliard's *Young Man among Roses,* c. 1590; an incroyable of the 1790s; *Comte Robert de Montesquiou* by Boldini, 1897; self-portrait by McDermott and McGough, 1991.













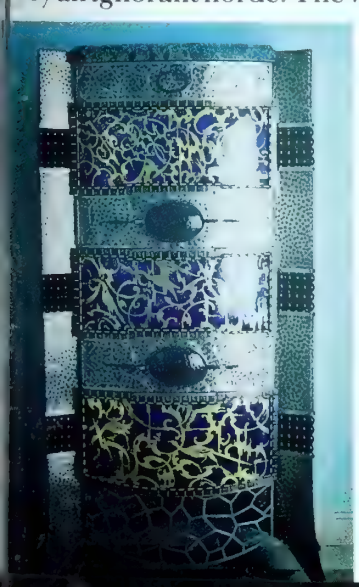
NOSTALGIA FOR A GOLDEN AGE
Neo-Pompeian decoration, *left*, from a German handbook of the 1790s. *Right:* The gilded 1990s, in John Badum's New York apartment decorated by Tim Goslin. Chair by André Dubreuil.

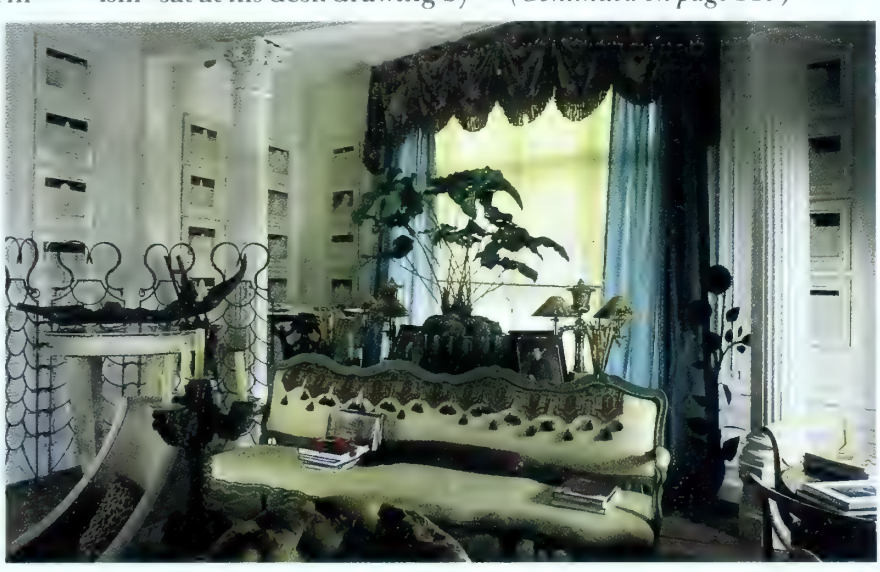
This often ridiculous *Last Days of Pompeii*–style kitsch is only one side of the coin. The more serious aspect involved writers, artists, and designers who cast themselves as decadents in a self-conscious rejection of the vulgarities of late nineteenth century industrial and commercialized culture. All avidly read *À Rebours* (Against the Grain) by Joris-Karl Huysmans, the 1884 novel Oscar Wilde called the "Breviary of the Decadence." Following the lead of the book's exquisite antihero, the duc Jean Floressas des Esseintes, they made a cult of extreme sensibility. They delighted in the pursuit of the obscure in art and literature, and they liked to proclaim their interests, real or merely feigned, in "strange sins" in order to épater les bourgeois. The bourgeois were of course, at that time, delightfully easy to shock.

These leaders of the new fashion espoused the philosophy of art for art's sake, first preached in England by aesthetes of the previous decade such as Wilde. With an eye to his position as a tastemaker, Wilde had taken great pains to create a rarefied atmosphere in his Tite Street house in Chelsea, then London's bohemian quarter. Designed for him in 1884 by the avant-garde architect E. W. Godwin, it featured such novel effects as a dining room entirely in ivory lacquer. But these decorations were short-lived, for in 1895 Wilde found the barbarians at his own gate. The sale of his household goods hastily organized after his trial resembled the looting of an ancient city by an ignorant horde. The writer never saw his furniture and most of his books again.

Godwin had also built one of the most successful and famous of all studio houses for the painter James Abbott McNeill Whistler, just across the street from Wilde's. In decorative schemes for this and other houses Whistler applied paint in subtle washes of aesthetic-style colors—sage greens, lilacs, and sharp yellows—and arranged the blue and white china he had begun collecting in the 1860s, when it was valued by only a few rival connoisseurs like Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Whistler's ideas on the framing and hanging of oil paintings and etchings were no less idiosyncratic than his penchant for oriental-inspired furniture. By the end of the century his style of decoration had become a cult. He himself had become the friend, or more often the sparring partner, of the brightest wits in the art world, among them that strange dandified youth Aubrey Beardsley, whose all-too-brief career flashed through the nineties like a rocket across the sky in one of Whistler's paintings of fireworks.

When Beardsley moved into an otherwise unremarkable row house in stuffy Pimlico, he set about realizing one of the fictional rooms described in *À Rebours*. It had sulfurous orange walls and the woodwork was finished in the deep dark blue of night. On the walls he hung rows of erotic Japanese prints and his growing collection of rare Italian engravings. Here, where daylight rarely penetrated the heavy blinds, the "Fra Angelico of Satanism" sat at his desk drawing by *(Continued on page 119)*



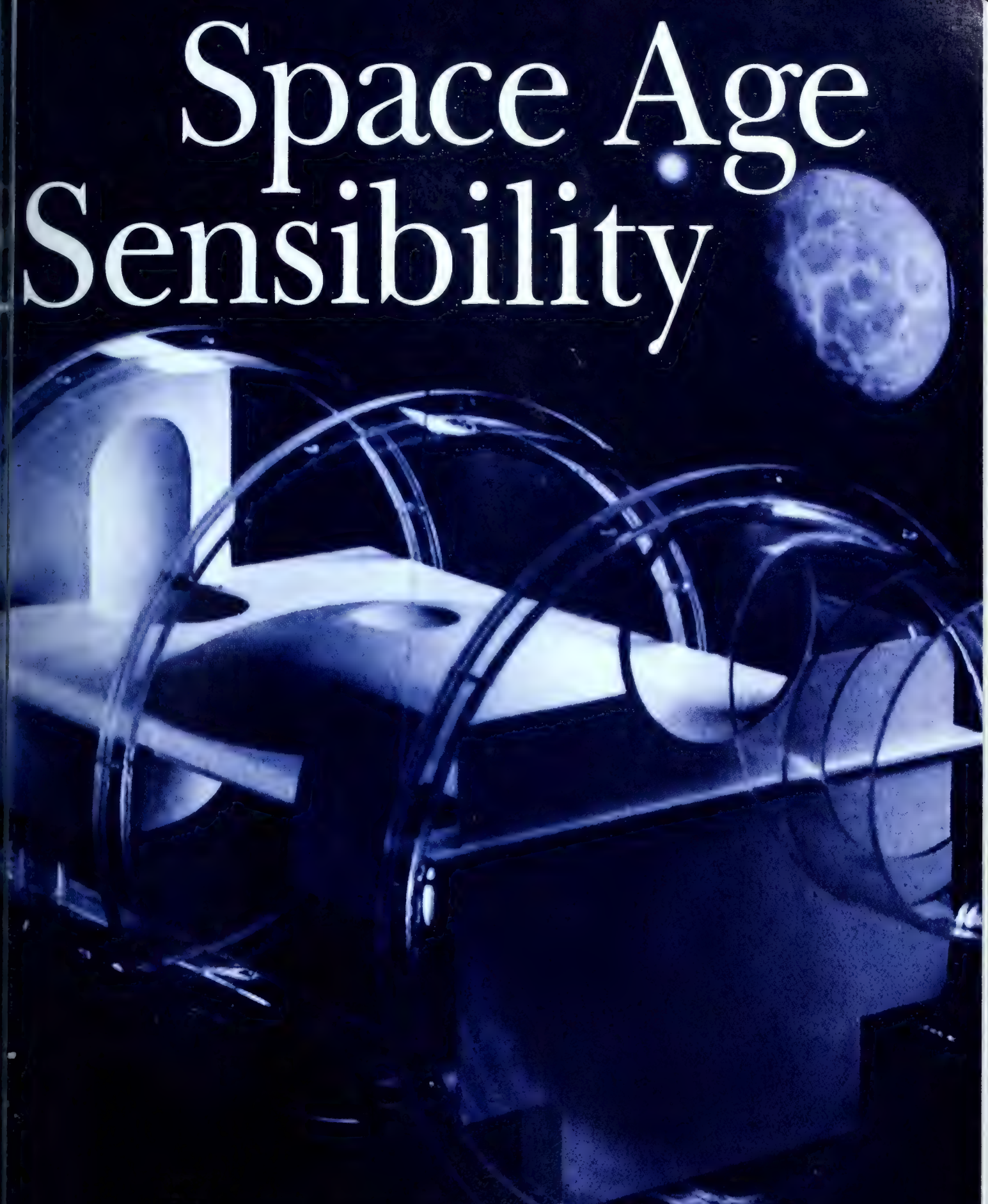


FIN DE SIÈCLE REFINEMENT
Jean-Louis Riccardi has decorated his Paris apartment, *right,* in a present-day turn-of-the-century manner. *Left:* A Dubreuil chest in iron, copper, enamel, and marble evokes the opulence of an earlier era.



Michael Kalil look
beyond convention
in his space habita
NASA, *opposite*, an
earthbound project
including the cereb
living room of a M
apartment, *left*, on
he worked for ten
Details see Resour

Space Age Sensibility



WHETHER DESIGNING A CHAIR OR A NASA SPACE MODULE, MICHAEL KALIL STEERED HIS COURSE WITH EXQUISITE PRECISION

BY PILAR VILADAS **Photographs by Michael Mundy**

HE WAS NOT LIKE ANYONE ELSE. SHORT and round, with close-cropped hair and a gray beard, Michael Kalil looked like a cross between Santa Claus and a Buddhist monk. He could design the most luxurious, beautifully detailed sofa you've ever seen, but he was equally at home imagining the interiors of a space habitat for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. A paradox? Yes and no. Michael designed things that seemed to have nothing to do with one another, but to him they were all connected. His space habitat looked nothing at all like the results of other designers working for NASA, people who did this sort of thing full-time. They made conventional rooms with floors and walls and kitchen cabinets. Not Michael. The way he explained it, in outer space there is no gravity, so what use was there for floor and ceiling, top and bottom? Instead he created a single wavy plane to form a continuum of space, punctuated by openings between the working and sleeping areas.

His earthbound projects—and there are only a handful because he worked slowly and meticulously—are similarly unconventional. Examples of austere luxury, they are formally minimalist yet comforting in their solidity, light, proportion, and detail. He knew what human beings need to be happy in a space, and that is what he gave them—nothing more or less. A self-described "space engineer" who was literate in music, weaving, and sculpture as well as design, Michael died last summer at the age of forty-seven, weeks after HG photographed this Manhattan apartment. This ten-year work in progress (for which Michael Kriegh and Dale Goncher served as design team) illustrates more fully than any of his other built work his uncanny knack for celebrating both the cerebral and the sensual.

The apartment's design is governed by a strict proportional system—accurate to within a quarter inch—but when you look at the ebony panels used in the floor and for three pivoting screens in the living room, all you can say is, "Ooooh." In one bathroom a chromed towel bar over the sink is bent into a curve derived from Michael's NASA project. But when you turn a knob and water pours out of the bar, you are reduced to a delighted, "Aaaah." Michael worked out and talked out his designs endlessly, but the finished products leave you speechless.

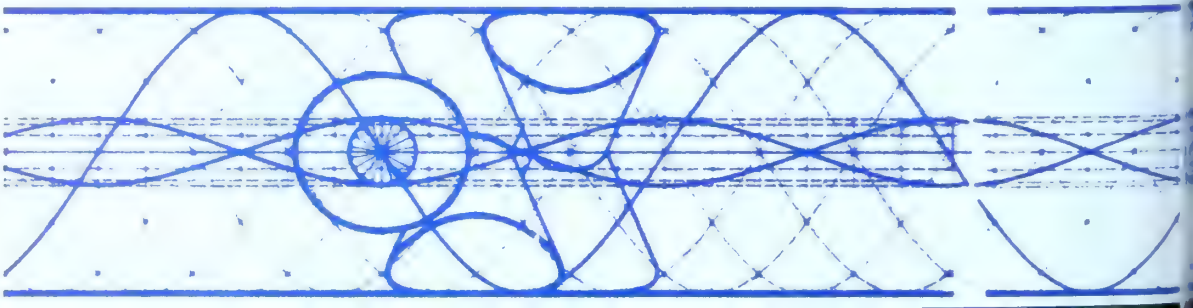


This apartment didn't have particularly good bone but after Michael got (not quite) through with it, it be came a paragon of luxe, calme et volupté. He accom plished this mostly with light and the expertise of Pete Barna, a New York–based lighting designer. Michae thought that light should appear to be coming in fro somewhere else, that you shouldn't see its source. So ligh shines mysteriously from a box-shaped recess in a livin room wall, bounces off a little mirror in another wall, an creates a square of illumination on a dining room wal Light beams up through the dining table from a co cealed lamp in the table's co umn base. It even, at certai times of the year, creates rainbow in the stairway to th tower meditation room whe sunlight (and there is plent of it) hits a prism in the cei ing. Needless to say, Kalil' rooms are not filled wit clever little lamps.

Nor are they filled wit much else. The living roo contains a sofa and thre chairs, all covered in charcoa suede. They were meant t seem like big stones in a fiel of moss—a large rug of a co or so lush that the wor "green" only begins to de scribe it. There is a wool and silk square, with a deep pil tufted into the wool carpet and set at an angle near th entrance to the spiral stair that leads to the tower roo Michael meant the square to be a stepping-stone fro one room to the next, but then much of his work wa about metaphor. He once said, "I want people to look at window as sun, air, and view, not as glass and metal; n to think of a roof as tile, but as rain and snow."

Michael also wanted people to think of bathrooms a water. In his bathrooms, water comes from magical, un expected places—the aforementioned towel bar or, i the master bathroom, from a faucet in a stepped wall o tile and polished stainless steel. He was proud of his tile bathrooms, which he usually managed to design so pre cisely that not a single tile had to be cut to fit. He also di wonderful things with Corian, a synthetic materia whose potential is still underexploited in the desig world. He fashioned a troughlike sink out of Corian; h turned it into a bathtub and formed bars of it into an in genious faucet that doubles as a soap holder. Michae

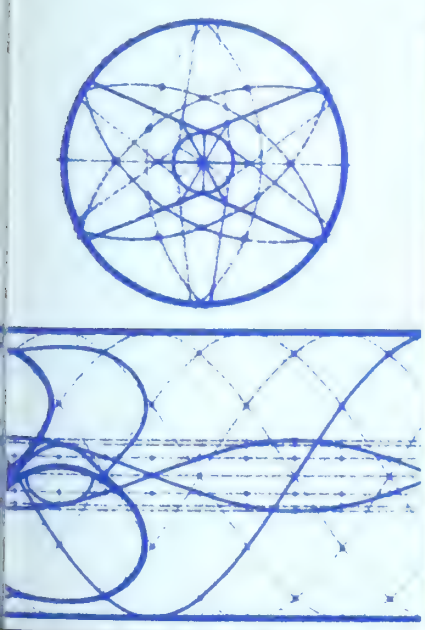
A wavy line from a NASA study, *right,* reappears in the tower room window, *opposite below. Above:* The lustrous ebony pivoting screens and floor panels in the living room embody a strict proportional system.



n Kalil's rooms the light shines
ysteriously from a niche
r is refracted by a prism; you
an rarely see its source

had no prejudices where material was concerned. Whether they were natural or man-made, he zeroed in on their essential qualities, always rendering them elegant—but never forbidding.

But it is in the apartment's tower room that his talent for the transcendent really hits you—quietly, of course. A tall room with big windows, it is furnished with a pair of long upholstered benches and a lot of light. A niche in one corner glows with light from a concealed source. A window has a folding screen of wood slats through which the afternoon sun casts a dramatic pattern of bars on the wall. Elegant but unpretentious, the room is Michael Kalil at his best. It is the room that he was proudest of, and he never saw it finished. But if we can learn the lessons embodied in this room, that's what counts. ♠





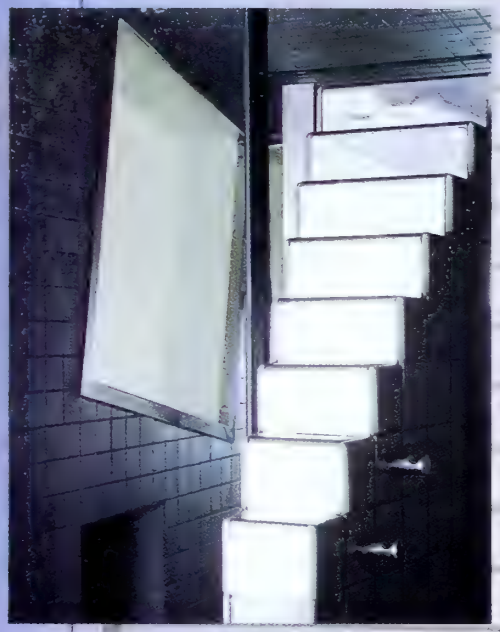
A mysterious beam of light issues from the dining room table, *above*, which is surrounded by Kalil's adaptations of a chair designed by Philippe Starck.



The austere living room is ornamented solely by removable ebony grilles that fit into the floor to conceal speakers and a box for firewood. The fireplace itself is a void in the wall, above the narrowest of shelves. Kalil designed the sofa and chairs to sit like rocks on moss—a deep green wool and silk custom carpet by V'Soske. The spiral stair leads to the tower room.



His projects are minimalist yet comforting in their solidity





The tower room i
a radiant expressi
of Kalil's talent fo
the transcendent

The plaster walls and handwoven upholstery fabric in the tower room glow in the late afternoon sun. *Above left* and *above right:* Light from the bedroom streams into the master bath through a square window set at an angle. A stepped wall of tile and polished stainless steel contains faucets for the shower and the stainless-steel tub, a physical therapy model. *Above center:* In the second bathroom a soap holder of Corian becomes a work of art.



REEL PROJECTIONS



Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe (1940)

When moviemakers ima

is (1927)







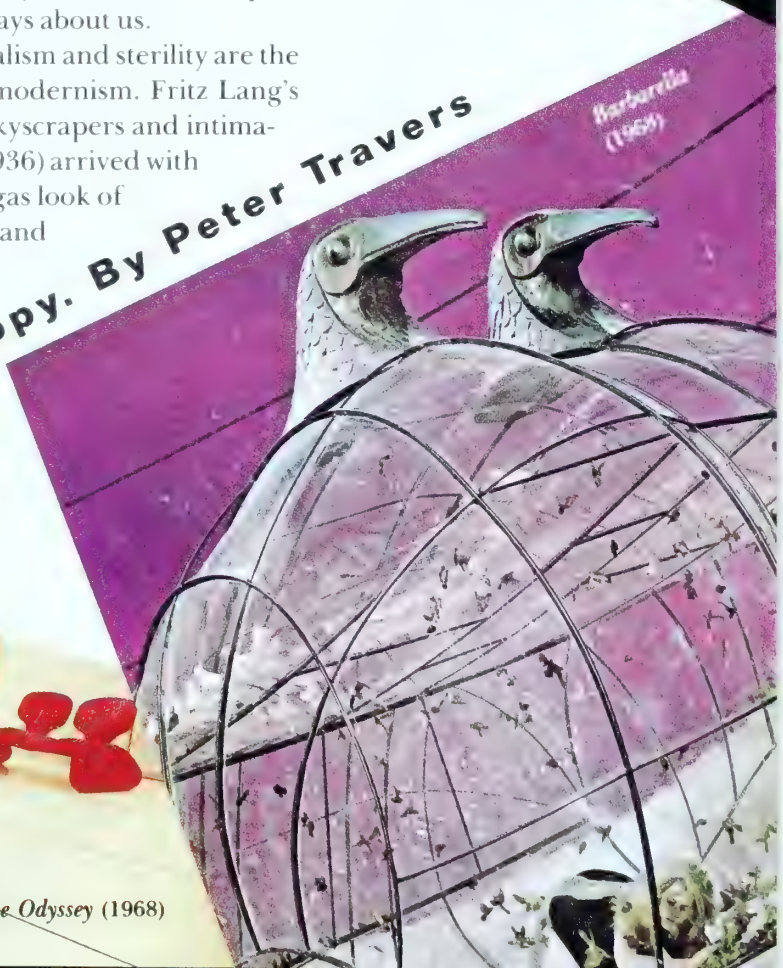
NOW THAT WE'RE NO LONGER SLOUCHING TOWARD THE TWENTY-FIRST century—sprinting is nearer the mark—it's only natural to take an avid interest in the prospects for life at home, at work, and at play in the new millennium. And since we can't predict the future, movies provide the closest thing to a crystal ball. Hollywood is famous for obsessing about what's up next. Even fore movies could talk, they gave visionary talents the chance to imagine the future. Of urse, the quality of these films varies considerably. Pop trash like *Flash Gordon Conquers e Universe* (1940) is no match for *2001: A Space Odyssey* (1968) at catching the soul of the w world. But movie fantasies achieve an astonishing consistency when it comes to predicting what that new world will look like. And what that look says about us.

The news isn't cheery. If Hollywood is to be believed, minimalism and sterility are the tchwords for a style that might best be termed menacing modernism. Fritz Lang's ent classic *Metropolis* (1927) set the tone with its forbidding skyscrapers and intimaons of a robot society run by machines. Next, *Things to Come* (1936) arrived with script by H. G. Wells. It's easy to laugh off the prefab Las Vegas look of e film's edifices with their artificial sunlight, big-screen TVs, and ass elevators—the actors' togas complete the Caesars Palace uch—but the dehumanization still runs deep. So es the threat of annihilation. Either we're nstructing rocket ships to flee to other anets, as in Rudolph Maté's *When*

uture, the ending is rarely happy. By Peter Travers



2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)



World's Collide (1951) and Edward Bernds's *World Without End* (1956), or we're rebuilding from the ruins, as in Ridley Scott's post-apocalyptic *Blade Runner* (1982). Match up the cold skylines of these movies with the rat's maze of offices in Jacques Tati's *Playtime* (1968) and the fear of being employed in an urban mecca during the twenty-first century hits like an ulcer's first ping.

Homelife is hardly more felicitous. Houses resemble blindingly white and tidy pillboxes with interiors that reflect a mechanized efficiency utterly devoid of personality. Woody Allen takes satirical aim at these phenomena in *Sleeper* (1973). He plays a seventies health store owner who wakes from a two-hundred-year cryonic nap to learn that the latest word in nutrition is deep fat, cream pies, and hot fudge. Chased by police, who want to simplify his brain, he disguises himself as a robot and works for ditzy Diane Keaton who lives in one of these ultramodern monstrosities. There's no decent art in Keaton's living room, just a huge TV screen—a staple of most futuristic movies. There's no library either: books are as rare as overstuffed chairs, lace curtains, and oriental rugs. François Truffaut's *Fahrenheit 451* (1966), which envisioned a world where all books are burned and individual thought and style are scrupulously suppressed, obviously had its impact. Allen has his most ruinous run-in with an electronic kitchen that has little use for the human element.



***Mon Oncle* (1958)**

In *Mon Oncle* (1958), the incomparably funny Jacques Tati also does battle with a computerized kitchen regularly sprayed for germs even though nothing in it is touched by human hands. Visiting his sister and brother-in-law's symmetrical nightmare of a house, Tati tries to make peace with a string chair not intended for the human form. Bedrooms in these movies are equally utilitarian and totally devoid of romantic atmosphere. The ubiquitous white headboards, white sheets, and harsh lighting are enough to kill any fugitive amorous stirrings. Sex is now provided quickly and hygienically by machines like the orgasmatron in *Sleeper* or the kinkier device in which Jane Fonda finds herself trapped in *Barbarella* (1968). Nature is similarly devoid of color and variety. Gardens and fresh flowers are practically nonexistent. In *Mon Oncle* the trees have been treated so the leaves never shed. In *Sleeper* what few vegetables still grow are giant mutants. Food is particularly unappealing: it's either weird synthetic chicken as in David Lynch's horrific *Eraserhead* (1978) or globs of gray mush like the kind found in *2001*.

With white seeming to be the only shade on the decor tor's palette, life on earth gets awfully monotonous. B it's a small price to pay when you consider the altern tives. In *Forbidden Planet* (1956), loosely based on Shak speare's *The Tempest*, a mad scientist and his daught both show a regrettable fondness for green, which e tends from the walls to the furniture and clothing on t planet they have colonized. Not just any green, min you, but a bilious shade of avocado that turned up a lot fifties movies and in fifties households. With any luck won't be contending with that color again.

It's difficult to pinpoint where people go for fu though they can get there faster since cars can fly. As f back as *Just Imagine* (1930), motorists were zippin around art deco skyscrapers. But the traffic gets just clogged in the sky as it does on the freeways. Moon trav is popular, if grindingly slow, as shown to great effect *2001*. It requires staying Hilton space stations th look like white tombs r lieved only by red spid chairs that mark the da ger to come. The o overt joke in Kubrick film involves a travel reading instructions o how to use the toilet wh cruising in zero gravity.

Fashion also takes nosedive. From the loo of the *Star Wars* epi (1977, 1980, 1983), pol ester double-knit makes comeback and turns into a nation of movie ushers. But plastic surgery does lose its allure. In Terry Gilliam's *Brazil* (1985), a doct stretches a woman's jowls like Silly Putty and pins them her neck to demonstrate how smooth her face can be.

Technology is king in the future, leaving humanity the fritz. Video phones proliferate in Wim Wender just released *Until the End of the World*, so we can see ea other while we talk. Sadly, it hasn't helped us listen mo intently. Though William Hurt plays a man trying to pr serve his father's invention—a machine that can vide tape dreams—the film is really about what one charact calls the "disease of images," which has undermin words and feelings in the modern world.

It's no accident that cinema fantasy emphasizes t menace of what's ahead. The best of these films are ca tionary fables; they show us what could be if we're n careful. Maybe a loveless universe gets the decor it d serves. Watching several of these movies consecutive can leave you feeling as reformed as Scrooge after a vis from the ghost of Christmas future. Swearing off tec nology, you'll want to wallow in clutter and in the beau of a sumptuous fabric, a spring garden, or an antiq porcelain teacup. ♠



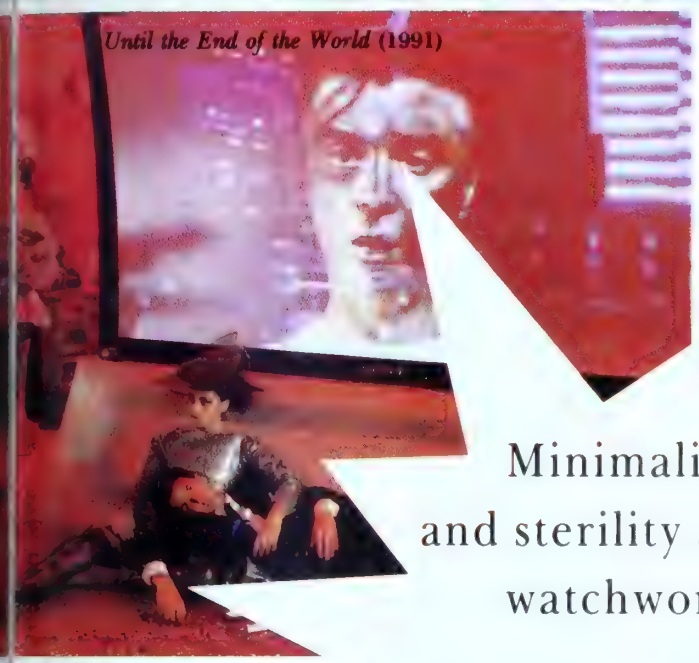
Mon Oncle (1958)



Brazil (1985)



Things to Come (1936)



Until the End of the World (1991)



Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe (1940)

Minimalism and sterility are the watchwords



Sleeper (1973)



Forbidden Planet (1956)



World Without End (1956)



Things to Come (1936)



Just Imagine (1930)



In the loft shared by purist Joseph Lembo, seated, and flea market maven Robert Warner, *opposite*, an apple picker's ladder, *above*, and a mirror define a corner, while a variety of chairs surround a mobile table by Andrée Putman for Écart. Details see Resources.

Minimalism Moves On

A designer and an artist put everything in its proper place

By Heather Smith MacIsaac

Photographs by Todd Eberle





IT HAS HAPPENED MORE THAN ONCE that designer Joseph Lembo has been driven out of places by clutter, so dedicated is he to minimalism. As an adolescent member of an average family in Queens Village, New York, he made his first commitment to spareness when he redid his bedroom in Homasote and sisal with white plastic furniture. "Crowded closets were a real turnoff for me," reveals Lembo, who then, as now, limited his wardrobe to a "few clothes that were repetitive." By the time he met artist Robert Warner in 1984, Lembo had graduated to gray industrial carpet, a mattress covered in perforated vinyl on a platform, and, as a small concession to comfort, two lawn chairs, but he admits that he



"still had no idea what collecting was about."

Warner, on the other hand, was as immersed in collecting as Lembo was detached. He grew up sifting through thrift shops and attending auctions with his parents; hunting and gathering are his lifeblood. His artful constructions in boxes, with a nod to Joseph Cornell, are a direct outgrowth of a childhood spent arranging objects, often supplied by his father, a tool and die maker. "The repetition of things was always particularly important to me," Warner says. "I'd have not one but three or four radios lined up on a shelf."

Where Warner added, Lembo took away. Theoretically, their relationship was doomed; in fact, it barely survived life in a 400-square-foot studio apartment. "At that stage, I thought adding a single flower bordered on overkill," recalls Lembo. "And Robert would come home from the flea market with six full shopping bags." Eight years later, having settled down in Greenwich Village loft three times th size of the studio, they are still hashin out their aesthetic differences. Bu the interior ultimately works becaus the two men, along with Lembo partner at Lembo Bohn Design Ass ciates, Laura Bohn, like the sam things—if not in the same quantitie —and agreed on the architectur fundamentals that needed to b added and subtracted.

During the renovate-and-flip da of late eighties real estate, Lembo an Bohn decided to go against the ma ket's demand for rooms and design space as open and flexible as possibl That meant removing a drop ceilin over the kitchen, reconfiguring sto age, reorienting the entry to elimina a tunnel effect, keeping the bedroom open to the livi room so that both spaces could benefit from northei and eastern exposures, and, where walls were neede stopping them short of the ceiling. A curved wall divide in half by a shallow vertical reveal now screens off the la oratory-like kitchen. Another wall, this one capped wi molding, serves as a backdrop for the bed on one si and a closet on the other. The walk-in/walk-out closet h its pluses—"It's so pleasant to look out at trees and s when you're getting dressed," says Lembo—and its mi uses—"The right wood hanger has to be used or I risk co fronting Joseph Dearest," jokes Warner.

Yet another wall, at the opposite end of the loft, enclos the designated area for Warner's many boxes of miscel ny. "I moved in thinking I would edit down, but I couldn' he confesses. "So before long I had to get a studio." T supplies he does keep at home are stored in cupboar Lembo designed with doors of me screening nailed to rough-cut ced frames. "It was my way," explains t designer, "for Robert to display h things but have them veiled."

Like the structure of the interior, t decorating is ordered yet adaptabl The bedroom, with views of the Chr



Northern light fills the space when the linen curtain dividing bedroom and livi areas, *above left,* is pulled back. In a departure for Lembo, pillows on the sof flaunt rich fabrics from Clarence House Jack Lenor Larsen, Brunschwig, and Le Jofa. *Left:* Warner's storage area and th kitchen are tucked behind pale aqua an gray walls that stop short of the ceiling. *Opposite:* A hand-toned blueprint by Don Freeman and a milking stool from Saint Barts flank a club chair by Lembo Bohn upholstered in a Donghia mohair.





"I used to think adding a single flower bordered on overkill," Lembo recalls. "It was time for a change"



ler and Empire State buildings, a fireplace surrounded b an antique doorframe, and a linen curtain that can b pulled across to enclose the space, is an evocative oas within the loft. To either side of the Fortuny-upholstere headboard are nightstands of opposite character—spindly piece of Philadelphia porch furniture and a squ nineteenth-century Chinese pine table lit by a stone ur cum lamp from Vicenza. A deep window ledge of taup laminate and cedar keeps a candlestick or two above, bla kets and linens below, in good order. Hanging opposite t bed is a late eighteenth century portrait of a governor West Virginia bought at the auction of Andy Warhol's co lection because Lembo was crazy about the brown shade the subject's waistcoat.

A six-foot-square mirror—"the largest we could fit in th elevator," says Lembo—rests on the floor in the dinin area, reflecting an antique Swedish armoire, a contemp rary steel and glass table on wheels by Andrée Putman, a wood chairs of various sizes and vintages, all of the san deep brown hue. Upholstered pieces by Lembo Bohn—generous chocolate-colored leather sofa, a square cemen colored ottoman, and two man-size but graceful club chai in taupe mohair—gather on a sisal rug that defines th living area.

Most would view the palette as neutral. For the re strained Lembo—"He's out painting the town taupe Warner is apt to say—it represents a real branching out." was time for a change," Lembo admits. "I'm looking nc to enhance bare-bones design." A few years ago dec inspired club chairs and the colorful silks, velvets, an damasks on the sofa pillows and the headboard of the b would never have appeared in a Lembo Bohn interic The freestanding walls that are so successful at bridgi the scale gap between Lembo's big bare spaces an Warner's little busy boxes have become the perfect ca vases for experiments with color. Like a mood ring, th bedroom/closet wall has already gone from yellow to wh to dark violet to chartreuse.

But there are some things that will never change. Lemb prefers to spend his Sunday mornings sleeping on pur white linens—colored sheets give him headaches—wh Warner religiously hits his favorite Manhattan flea mark at five thirty, in time to pick through the best stuff befo meeting his breakfast club, a group of other hard-co junkers. "I thought by osmosis Joseph would like havi more things around," the artist says with a sigh. But aft three years of decorating their own place, what feels emp to Warner still feels full to Lembo; he just can't shake th minimalist credo that getting rid of stuff is the healthy, n ural thing to do. ♠

A Fortuny-covered headboard, *opposite*, designed by Lembo Bohn is set off by a chartreuse wall that separates the bedroo from the closet. The bedside lamp is a 17th-century stone urn that Lembo and Warner shipped home from Vicenza. *Above left:* On the other side of the bed a table that Warner found at a favorite flea market holds two of his pieces. *Left:* Book-cases and drawers run the length of the freestanding closet.











FERTILE GROUND

Three artists map out their own aesthetic landscapes. By Jim L





CE IT WAS POSSIBLE TO THINK OF NATURE AS d's surrogate, either stern and fearsome or eet and loving, but in any case authoritative. It s the great object of which we were the sub- ts, and art about nature began by acknowledg- g as much. But the world has since become our rd, an ecological entity that we're charged with otecting from ourselves. Like middle-aged n and women suddenly called upon to care for ir aging parents, we now seem to be faced with e task of nurturing our nurturer, and neither blime nor picturesque visions seem sufficient our responsibilities. So land art now cooper-

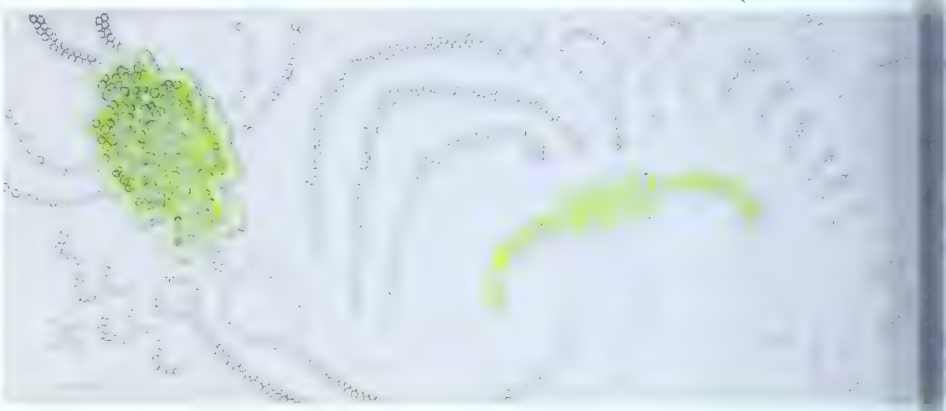
Janis Hall, *top right,* sculpts the land with bulldozers. *Top left:* Serial photographs of *Mnemonic River* in Massachusetts show her use of contours and plantings to heighten awareness of light, shadows, wind, and other transitory phenomena. *Above: Waterland* in Connecticut is a microcosm of regional terrain.

ates with nature, and its purpose is to make the landscape not just more beautiful but better, stronger, more comprehensible.

The very idea of nature as a medium is rooted in the earthworks movement of the sixties and early seventies, in Michael Heizer's desert drawings and excavations and Robert Smithson's stone walkways and planted mirrors. Smithson's writings in particular, with their call for an art that engages a site outside of galleries and living rooms, helped artists enlarge the boundaries of their practice by giving them a foothold in the world. But nature as a specifically political and environmental problem to be confronted wasn't his first concern, and the debate about the right purpose of art made for the earth has gone on—somewhat underground during the more citified eighties, but with renewed force in the past few years. The result is an explosion of hybrid work with wildly different and sometimes contradictory intentions and directions.

In one corner, for example, there is Janis Hall, whose work tends toward the metaphorical. Hall began her career as a sculptor; after graduating from Mount Holyoke with a major in visual art, she served as an apprentice to Isamu Noguchi. Architecture school was next—first at Cambridge, then at Harvard—but Hall kept returning to the problems of sculpture, and when she started to make her mark in the mid eighties, it was as a kind of land artist, creating environments that idealize and abstract elemental forces. As such, she is among the more traditional of the environmental artists practicing today, one of the few whose work plays closest to the forms of landscape design—though the concept of a garden is hardly her starting point. "I think of myself as an artist who happened to go to architecture school and then fell in love with the land," she says. "I end up working in the interstices of the two."

On an estate in southern Massachusetts she has created *Mnemonic River* by bulldozing a lawn into soft rippling hillocks—complete with islands of wildflowers and grasses—that seem to flow into a nearby waterway. As the sun's position changes, shadows roll across the terrain, turning the whole into an elegant, almost cinematic meditation on light, land, wind, and water. For *Waterland,* a former gravel pit in the Housatonic Valley of Connecticut, Hall sculpted a ten-acre site into a pattern of ridges and remnants of old hedgerows. Both pieces have the effect of compressing the broadly distributed features of the area in which they're built, until they can be compassed in a glance. Hall sees the experience as almost mystically revealing: "When the sun is alive, the elements are engaged—and you're actively engaged as well. You're connected, and you're able to transcend it."



For all her metaphysical yearnings, Hall's technique is on a continuum with landscape architecture as it's understood in professional schools and trade magazines. A less conventional territory has been staked out by Alan Sonfist, and the result is predictably disconcerting to the professions it crosses. "Local landscapers generally start out in opposition to my work," he says, "but in time they come around."

His strategy is to replant primeval landscapes in the midst of urban and suburban development. It's a kind of reverse earthwork: Sonfist belongs to the same generation as Heizer and Smithson, but he finds the prospect of taking culture out into nature appalling. "I would never go into the desert," he has said, "a footprint stays there twenty years." Instead he gives cities back a piece of their natural past, of the landscape and ro formations that lie beneath them a behind them in time. Strolle through lower Manhattan may ha happened upon one such hole in t city's history, a fenced-in plot of la on LaGuardia Place near New Yo University, overgrown with oak beeches, and wildflowers and sculp ed in imitation of the ground und lations that the Dutch settle discovered and described when th first arrived on the island.

"I grew up in the South Bron where the original forest was d stroyed," Sonfist says. "And thought, we have to reestablish connection to the historical natur world." Such connections are n easily made: the artist spent fo years on a fellowship at MIT in t early seventies ironing out his pr gram, and the research that goes in each piece is considerable. Prehist ic conditions are uncovered by stud ing climatic changes and pla migration patterns, by reading t firsthand accounts of early settle and, Sonfist admits, by a certa amount of guesswork.

That information serves as the ra material for his designs: in Par marshlands and mixed forests la out in the shape of city landmarks the Louvre, the Palais de Chaill Notre-Dame—along a ten-mile str reclaimed from a defunct highw system; on a private estate outsi Florence, nested circles of plantin that echo the yearly cycles and h torical changes in the local lan scape, including olive trees, Tusc stone, Greek laurel, an herb garde and, in the center, a virgin forest; Boca Raton, *(Continued on page 12*





Alan Sonfist, *left. Far left: Time Landscape of Indianapolis* re-creates primeval conditions. Sidewalk represents the White River. *Below: Circles of Time,* near Florence, embodies the history of the Tuscan landscape. *Below left:* Sonfist's project for the outskirts of Paris re-creates historic marshes and forests that underlay the city's monuments (Notre-Dame at right). Hedges retrace Napoleonic battle lines.



Sonfist gives cities back the landscapes that lie behind them in time; Chin asks, "How do you sculpt an ecosystem?"









Mel Chin, *far left,* beside a geopolitical artwork from 1989. *Above:* Chin tends *Revival Field* on the site of a hazardous waste dump outside Saint Paul, Minnesota. Dwarf corn, bladder campion, and other plants extract heavy metals from the soil. *Left:* Model for the installation.



Light floods the dining room, *right*, of an 1880 house, *opposite*, transformed by Jacques Grange. Antique stone tiles, parchment-style walls, and curtains of embroidered Manuel Canovas fabric and flame taffeta set off a Francis Jourdain table. Details see Resources.

Modernism à la Mode

Jacques Grange finds a new twist on the French style of the thirties

By Françoise Labro

Photographs by François Halard

WHEN YOU GET TO THE gate, don't stop at the concierge's," Jacques Grange advised. "You'll find the house easily by yourself: it's yellow, the yellow of Russian palaces." Speaking, as is his habit, at an incredible pace, Grange had briefly described his latest project—"one of the two or three things I like best of everything I've done till now"—in one of the enclosed residential communities known in Paris as villas. Built in the suburbs during the nineteenth century, these enclaves are now islands of green and quiet in the city.

The secluded yellow house, neither mansion nor town house, bears a slight resemblance to Vallée-aux-Loups, the house where Chateaubriand once lived—nothing ostentatious, but with a certain elegance. "When we came back from the



United States after three years in Boston," says the owner, "we wanted a real house—a place that was easy to live in, where our three daughters and our friends could feel at home. When we saw this for the first time, the house was a wreck, but we bought it for the location, the garden, and the charm of its exterior. All the architects and decorators we saw told us, 'What a mess! It's in terrible shape.' So we decided to consult with someone of real stature, and we thought of Jacques Grange."

A brief tour of the house—a graceful 1880 structure and a smaller building from the 1970s—impressed the renowned decorator. "Instead of pointing out all its defects, Jacques was able to see its good points: site, charm, proportions," the young

woman continues. "He gave us a sketch of the two main parts of the building redesigned and linked by a conservatory. He solved the problem of balancing the exterior volumes, and we were immediately won over."

Grange acted as architect as well as decorator. He designed a winter garden to link the two units, added a floor to the main wing to house the children, and worked out an entirely new floor plan to suit the family's everyday life. Today nothing remains of the original interior except the staircase and the tile floor of the entrance hall. "I was able to empty the house like a well, to reshape and enlarge it," he says. "It was a joy."

The question of style did not arise immediately. The couple, young and open-minded, were not sure what they wanted, but they knew what they didn't want. Grange, for his part, began by suggesting what he calls "something obvious"—the kind of reinterpretation of the past for which he is so well known. "I brought out some rough sketches that were very nineteenth century—very much in the tradition of Madeleine Castaing," he recalls, referring to the doyenne of Paris decorators in the 1950s. "Right away the owner told me, 'No, that's not what I want.' Then I proposed what is really my own taste." Grange, who had just completed Yves Saint Laurent's dacha in Normandy, wanted to work with wood again, but this time treated as simply as possible. So he proposed using blond fluted wood in the bathroom, along with terra-cotta and unpolished stone. This time the clients' response was enthusiastic.

The aesthetic on which Grange and the couple agreed owes much to Jean-Michel Frank in its elegance, its



Grange's passion for Jean-Michel Frank is reflected in the living room's fir walls, plaster fireplace, Frank-inspired carpet, c. 1940, and his versions of a Frank sofa and upholstered chairs. Unadorned contemporary pieces, among them two off-white terra-cotta tables by Eugène Brunelle and limewood stools by Christian Liaigre, amplify the tone of purity and restraint. A Jean-Michel Basquiat canvas hangs over the sofa.





The new wint
links dining a
rooms. The c
is 18th centur
Écart chairs a
of 1929 origi
Opposite: The
was inspired b
owners' visit t
house at Give





Grange says the house reaffirms the basics of his own style: "simple things, light, space"



simplicity, and its reliance on sump tuous materials beautifully handle Light woods play a prominent rol specially finished fir on the livin room walls; carved oak molding from a bookcase made by Armand Albert Rateau for couturière Jeann Lanvin; tinted and polished oa floors. Antique paving stones wer cleaned, recut, and sandpapered be fore being installed in the kitche the winter garden, and the dinin room, where they play off against ex quisite parchment-style walls.

The owners brought only on family piece with them; everythin else was purchased for the ne house within old walls that Grang created for them. It is a lively mix art deco classics and up-to-the-mi ute pieces by young French desig ers; a straw marquetry commode b Frank and an oak dining table b Francis Jourdain, one of th founders of the Union des Artist Modernes, mingle with contemp rary vases and lamps by Marci Berro and furniture by the likes Olivier Gagnère and Christia Liaigre. The artworks range fro Chana Orloff sculptures from th 1920s to Gaston Chaissac piec from the 1960s and a large 1984 ca vas by Jean-Michel Basquiat.

"The truth is," says Grange, don't like the Napoleon III style. only like the poetic nineteenth centu ry of Castaing. For me this hou represents the culmination of a pe sonal evolution. It's an affirmation what is truly my style, the basics which I laid down in my house in Pa is—simple things, light, space." Grange's embrace of these essentia may well be the seeds of a new dire tion for French decoration. ♠

In the entrance hall, *above left,* 19th-century busts rest on an antique table, and a porphyry amphora, *left,* fills an alcove next to a plaster mirror and a stool by Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray, both from Galerie Pierre Passebon. The stairway and tile floor are the only remaining elements of the original interior. *Opposite:* Bennison linen on the walls envelops the bedroom in rose while a neo-Gothic chair gives the dressing room a crisp linear accent.



American Garden

(Continued from page 80) been easy to decide exactly what kinds of gardens to sponsor, or exactly how to do it, or to create a groundswell of interest in the rarefied heights of ornamental gardening. Refusing to generalize, Cabot remains firmly indefinite about what makes a great garden, as opposed to merely a good one. "A great garden has a numinous quality," he says, "the sum of the activities and decisions of the person gardening." Transcendent gardens, Cabot feels, are always the passionate creations of individuals. The Conservancy has a screening committee of horticultural and design experts, chaired by Marco Polo Stufano of Wave Hill. They determine whether a garden has that numinous quality and if it is feasible to sustain that individual's creative spirit and passion when he or she is no longer around.

Part of Cabot's mission is to posit gardens as works of art. Although it's a cliché to think of gardens as pictures or sculpture, they are obstinately not just that. Because growth, soil, climate, and light can be controlled but never dictated, gardens are more like ballet or opera. Complex, composite, and ephemeral, they have a life of their own despite the best and most powerful intentions of their makers. This strange independence is part of what makes the long-term preservation of gardens valid and exciting. The work of the Conservancy is like mounting a new production of Massine or Lully—and just as difficult.

Cabot and his confreres—who include many of the most lustrous names in American gardening today as well as such specialists as William T. Hutton, one of the nation's foremost land conservation tax lawyers—have moved swiftly in just three years. The infant Conservancy, formally organized in 1989, began with Ruth Bancroft's dry garden as its first full-scale experiment, which will operate under a conservation easement that assures its future as a public garden. Plans for a horticultural library and reception center are under way, as well as for a trial ground to test the drought-resistant plants increasingly important to California gardening. An advisory committee has been gathered which understands that the spirit of Ruth Bancroft's unique venture is as fragile and quirky as any of its spiny denizens.

Effecting the transition between private and public ownership is perhaps the most important feature of the Conservancy's work, since the gap, no matter how brief, is a dangerous one. Into it fall the tender plants that are often the top note of the garden's individual song. Even more at risk is the sense of the creator's informed eye, the eye that guides the pruning shears, that registers a better place to put a plant, or seizes on a new treasure in a catalogue.

Not all of the Conservancy's projects are as encompassing as the Bancroft garden. "Sometimes our job is just to find the person who really knows what he's doing," says Cabot in speaking about another garden at the Hay estate in Newbury, New Hampshire, where landscape architect and Conservancy screening committee member G. K. Fenderson is now advising. Like the Bancroft garden, which stands on land first cultivated by Ruth Bancroft's husband's grandfather, Hubert Howe Bancroft, great chronicler of America's westward expansion, the Hay garden reaches back into American history. John Milton Hay (1838–1905) was Abraham Lincoln's private secretary throughout the Civil War. When his son and daughter-in-law, Clarence and Alice, inherited his rural retreat, they made elaborate gardens typical of the Gilded Age. Although the outlines had been preserved for the public by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service since Alice Hay's death in 1987, many of the more labor-intensive plantings had been let go. Fenderson knows his plants, especially alpines, and a superb rock garden needs refurbishing. "Conserving a garden doesn't always mean sustaining the pitch of an outstanding artist's work," says Cabot. "The Hay garden is so New England—no nonsense, not too fancy."

Impressively high marks from the Conservancy's screening committee for Lotusland, Ganna Walska's teeming fantasy in Santa Barbara, California, helped confirm the garden's decision to go public. The Hermitage, a newly restored Gothic revival house in Ho-Ho-Kus, New Jersey, wanted to know how to deal with architect William Ranlett's unexecuted 1851 pl for the garden, so Cabot's group h planned a symposium that will ta place in March to bring together lar scape architects, plantsmen, and h toric preservation experts. Paint Robert Dash, whose Sagaponack, N York, garden should rank as a natio treasure, has approached the Cons vancy about how to pass it on to t public sector. Assessing the signi cance of a garden aesthetically and terms of its regional importance, ga ing the community support which u mately will allow each project to fly its own, planning access roads a parking, making the blueprint f long-term management, inspiri great gardeners to get trainees so th it's possible to transmit what their e and hands alone can express—all the are missions for the Conservancy.

That this organization exists mea for the first time there is a national a vocate voice for gardens and garde ing, a clearinghouse for gard expertise, and a chance to mesh gard conservation with historic-preser tion and landscape efforts, feder state, and private. All of the garde will inspire novice gardeners as well expert horticulturists. Even the esote ic Bancroft garden poses the questio why not grow cacti in a dry climate i stead of hybrid teas? Already there a two thousand members in forty-eig states and a newsletter about garde to visit and current projects. Becau Conservancy members include son of the most serious and talented ga deners in the country, a series of op days in their private Edens has been great success and will be expanded.

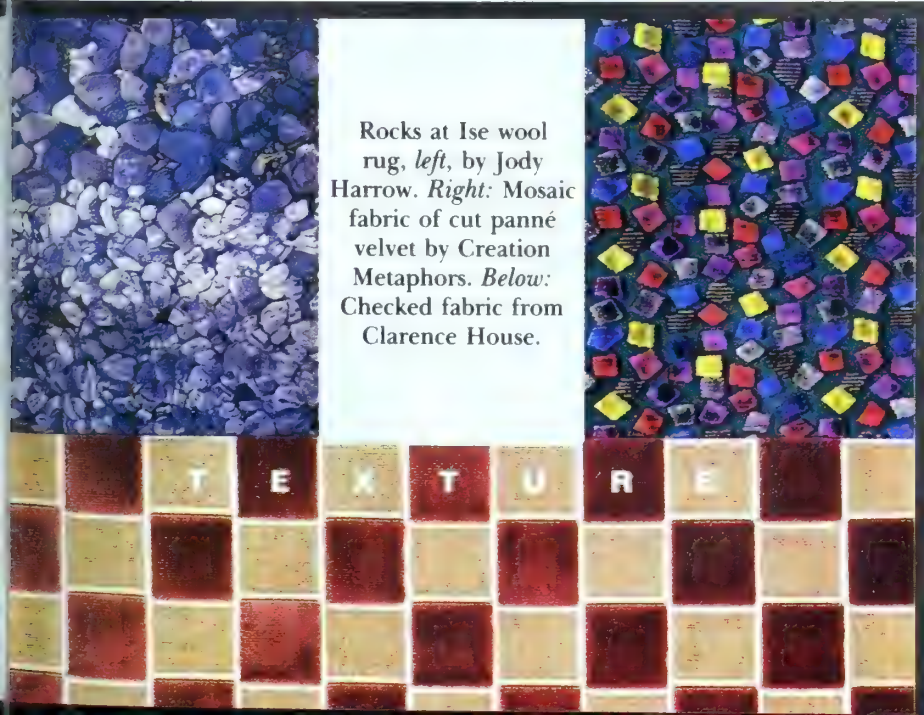
"Why are people interested in th now?" muses Cabot. "It's more than nostalgia trip or an extension of histo ic preservation. It has something to c with the deterioration of the quality life and the closing in of open space but more so with where we ourselv are going today, that we are focusi inward, not outward." Like a garde the Conservancy idea is simple; li gardening, carrying it out is hard wor obsessive, complicated, and satisfyin Uneasy as we are with our standing human beings these days, gardens pr served for more than private pleasu offer us a sense of ourselves as nurtu ers instead of destroyers. ♠

great ideas

HG takes stock of forward-looking shapes and materials, from furniture with sexy silhouettes to tiles made out of recycled shampoo bottles



S-curves form a steel floor lamp with paper shade, *left*, curl up into a velvet ottoman, *right*, both by Goodman/Charlton at Modern Living, L.A., and frame the headboard of a maple bed, *far right*, from Dialogica, NYC. *Top left* and *top right:* Me Tarzan and You Jane chairs by William Sawaya for Sawaya & Moroni. *Center:* Detail from Mathieu and Ray's Lucrèce wallpaper for Donghia. Details see Resources.



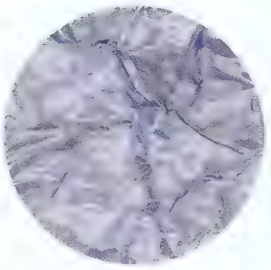
Rocks at Ise wool rug, *left*, by Jody Harrow. *Right:* Mosaic fabric of cut panné velvet by Creation Metaphors. *Below:* Checked fabric from Clarence House.



Antonio Citterio updates the tea cart for Kartell: rolling trolleys, Filippo, *above left*, and Gastone, *above right*, collapse flat for storage.

great ideas







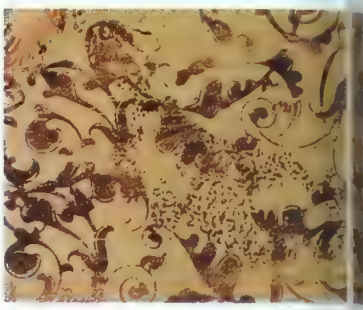
Trouvailles's silver-leaf bench, *far left*, after an Elsie de Wolfe design for a Newport "cottage." *Left:* Wire Skeleton chair by the New York design firm Godley-Schwan. *Above center:* Flexible stainless-steel mesh by Hawver Interior Materials. *Above left:* Herringbone vinyl wallcovering from Innovations. *Above right:* Groves Brothers' Fortun style cotton at Christopher Norman, NYC.



METALLICS







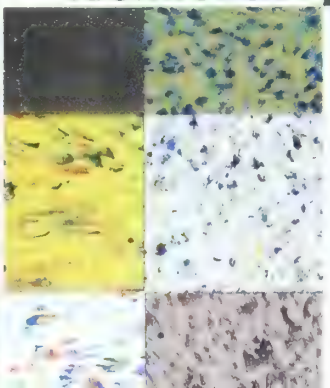
Silk damask from Clarence House, *left. Above:* Jay Spectre's gold-leaf cocktail table for Century Furniture.

Copper-leafed silk, *above*, by Upper So Studio. *Left:* The Urbanus Company's steel table with chec board top of bronze gold, gun metal, an verdigris finishes, a John Boone, NYC.





TECHNOLOGY



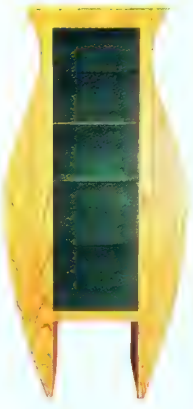
A table by Leo Blackman, *above left*, is cut from sheets of recycled shampoo bottles and other scrap plastics from S & S Contract Furniture, Marquand, which also makes tiles, *left. Above:* Rubberized silk by Nigel Atkinson.



Dan Friedman's cabinet, *above*, with backlit photograph, at Neotu, NYC.

NATURE







Anduze cotton, *abo* by Pierre Frey at Fonthill. *Left:* Nich Simile's ash-veneere chest. *Far left:* Rob Lewis wicker lamps with steel legs at Modern Age, NYC.

ecades of Decadence

ontinued from page 85) candlelight. It a quintessential nineties image. Perps the echoing decadence of successive centuries' nineties is really st a figment of the hypersensitive ind. Yet there are common visual its, too, of which the most distinct is endency toward the attenuation of rms. Everything from the human gure in portraits to the glazing bars windows seems to become lean-, more mannered. It is only a short p from the languid lovelorn fop in cholas Hilliard's late sixteenth cenry *Young Man among Roses* or the etched-out saints of El Greco to the splike figures of 1790s fashion ates; while in the 1890s artists as different as Sargent, Boldini, and many of e French symbolists indulged in simi- elongation in their quest for the ultimate elegance. Turning to the work of architects and furniture designers, one can perceive an affinity between, say, the high-back chairs created by Daniel Marot in the 1690s, the tall slender forms that appealed to Charles Rennie Mackintosh in the 1890s, and the spare shapes of today in the work of Bonetti and Garouste, André Dubreuil, and Tom Dixon.

Are we in the 1990s running true to form and sliding into decadence, or will the end of this decade—not just the end of a century but of a millennium—have a special character all its own? There are certainly signs of the former. Young designers in New York, London, and Paris creating their own apocalyptic look combine it with tongue-in-cheek baroque. A contemporary duc des Esseintes would not find fellow devotees of decadence in opium den–like antiques shops stuffed with old brocades but in smart galleries, such as the aptly named En Attendant les Barbares, where chic Parisians buy neoprimitive objets by clever urban designers. In interiors on both sides of the Atlantic the English country-house look is at last giving way to more imaginative forms of "pleasing decay." All the same, excessive nostalgia is a lingering problem. A whole generation of architects and designers who play endlessly with the modernism of the twenties and thirties have been deluded into thinking they are actually being modern themselves.

Even if, in classic nineties fashion, we are redefining our concepts of decadence, where are our supersubtle connoisseurs, our wits and dandies—and where are our creators of masterpieces? We have not yet seen, as in the days of Caligula, a horse made into a consul, but in architecture and decoration we may just be fiddling while Rome burns. ▲

esources

SIGN
ge 24 Donald Kaufman and Taffy Dahl, at Don- Kaufman Color, 410 West 13 St., New York, NY 014; (212) 243-2766 by appt (custom work only)

OD
ge 28 Arbre de Vignes porcelain, by AMR/Berrdaud, for stores (201) 507-1550. Bamboo oon, at Buccellati, NYC (212) 308-2900. Chair, at rre Deux, for stores (800) 874-3773. **29** Loupe Orme plate, by AMR/Bernardaud (see above) wter salt/pepper, at Pierre Deux (see above) rquis de Pierre cotton, to the trade at Clarence use, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, nia, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Ster-silver fork, by Puiforcat, for stores (212) 684-60. **30** Handblown footed bowl, by Ralph Lauren me Collection, for stores (212) 642-8700

YLE
ge 34 Dress, apron, and overskirt, to order from bel Toledo, NYC (212) 563-4960

RTFUL COLLABORATION
ges 38–45 Architecture, by Michael McDongh, Architect, 131 Spring St., New York, NY 012; (212) 431-3723. Landscape architecture, Burton & Spitz, Santa Monica (310) 828-6373. ar Patkin artwork, at Holly Solomon Gallery, NYC 2) 757-7777. **38** Chaise, to order from Calvin urchman, NYC (212) 686-5386. Pillow on aise, to order from Nikki Moser, NYC (212) 468-17. Tables, similar at Secondhand Rose, NYC 2) 431-7673. **41** Custom table, to order from rbara Barry, Los Angeles (310) 276-9977. How gh the Moon chairs, by Shiro Kuramata, to order m Vitra Seating, for showrooms (800) 336-9780 b neon lamp, to order from Vivienne Westwood, ndon fax (71) 284-1527. Metal table, similar at condhand Rose (see above). **42** Curtain, to or- from Nikki Moser (see above). Striped/polka-t/solid nylon carpet, by Roy Lichtenstein for rwerk's Dialog Collection, for stores (516) 767-10. 1950s Western blanket, similar at Territory, s Angeles (213) 937-4006. Alvar Aalto chairs th zebra print, to the trade at International Contract Furnishings, for showrooms (914) 365-2500 Bed, table, to order from Calvin Churchman (see above). Batik bedspread, to order from Nikki Moser (see above) **43** Mural, by Kim MacConnel, represented by Holly Solomon Gallery, NYC (212) 757-7777. Lamp, to order from Eric Rhein, NYC (212) 995-8326. **44** Knotted pillow, embroidered pillow, bedspread, to order from Nikki Moser (see above). **45** 1920s Malibu tiles, similar at Territory (see above). Belle Epoque sink, at A.F. Supply, for stores (800) 366-2284, in NY (212) 243-5400 ext 31. Vanity, benches, similar at Panache Antiques, Los Angeles (213) 653-9436. Side 1 cabinet, by Shiro Kuramata for Cappellini, to order from Maxfield, Los Angeles; for other stores (212) 366-5346

REVISIONIST HISTORY
Pages 46–53 Selected antiques, from Sergeant Antiques, Main St., New Preston, CT 06777; (203) 868-9948. **48–53** Decorative painting, designed by Darien Sergeant, executed by James Griffith, Clarendon Springs (802) 438-5394 **48–49** Reproduction Queen Anne chairs, similar to custom-order from Irion, Paoli (215) 644-7516 **50–51** Decorative painting of faux stone center panels, designed by Darien Sergeant, executed by Paul Gannon, New Preston (203) 938-9366. Michelle viscose/cotton (#4274-03), to the trade at Manuel Canovas, for showrooms (212) 752-9588

WHAT'S NEXT?
Pages 55–56 Antique and contemporary furniture, at Rose Tarlow–Melrose House, 8454 Melrose Pl., Los Angeles, CA 90069; for other showrooms (213) 653-2122 **57** Réveillon panels, similar at H. M. Luther Antiques, NYC (212) 505-1485. Custom gold-leaf panel frames, similar to order from J. Pocker & Son, NYC (212) 838-5488 Moiré Rose chintz on sofa and armchair, to the trade at Lee Jofa, for showrooms (201) 438-8444. Linovert Texture linen (#98192-1) on sofa, to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 980-3888. Ninon Taffetas cotton/silk for curtains, Nadia Silk Texture cotton/silk on chaise, Vaison Brocaded Stripe silk/cotton on sofa pillows and chair, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878. Mantel, c. 1810, similar at Hodsoll, London (71) 730-3370 Chaise, similar at John Allsopp Antiques, London (71) 730-9347. Painted finishes, designed by Mark Hampton, executed by Elisa Stancil, Sonoma (707) 935-0818, Parsippany (201) 428-8777. Custom faux inlay floor border, designed by Mark Hampton, painted by Franklin Tartaglione and Dave King of Dynaflow Studios, Brooklyn (718) 834-0382 **58** Jed Johnson & Assocs., 211 West 61 St., New York, NY 10023, (212) 489-7840 Custom stenciling and gold leafing, designed by Jed Johnson, executed by Leo Sans Decorative & Ornamental Painting, Vernon (203) 872-4785. 17th-century Persian carpet, similar at Dildarian, NYC (212) 288-4948 Horsehair on chairs, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 29) **59** William Diamond Design, 270 Lafayette St , New York, NY 10012; (212) 966-8892. Handcrafted rugs, designed by William Diamond Design, similar to order from Art Underfoot Custom Collection, Dept. 1/92, 12 Godfrey Rd Upper Montclair, NJ 07043; (201) 744-4171 catalogue $10. Custom floor stenciling, designed by William Diamond Design, executed by David Cohn, NYC (212) 741-3548. Custom cabinetry and millwork, designed by William Diamond Design, fabricated and installed by Beech Assocs., NYC (212) 876-6554. Cotton lace (#Q8205) to the trade at Decorators Walk, for showrooms (516) 249-3100. Lights, similar at Urban Archaeology, NYC (212) 431-6969. Custom handmade Windsor chair, similar to order from Mario Rodriguez, Brooklyn (718) 387-6655. **60–61** Bentley LaRosa Salasky, Architects & Decorators, 160 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010; (212) 255-7827. General contracting, by Massartre, Brooklyn (718) 499-8296. Coleville wallpaper to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 29). Custom bedspread, curtains, designed by Franklin Salasky and Mary Bright, fabrication to the trade by Mary Bright Originals, NYC (212) 677-1970. **60** Luxury Velvet (#T33849) for spread, by J. H. Thorp, to the trade at Decorators Walk (see above) One-of-a-kind hand-gilded cotton, still life painting, both by Elliott Levine, to the trade to order at John Boone, NYC (212) 758-0012. **61** One-of-a-kind Turkish rug, similar to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Gregory Alonso, Cleveland; Dean-Warren, Phoenix. Veneer handmade cotton for curtains, to the trade from Tyler Graphic, for showrooms (212) 924-6693. Baby Ball lounge chair, by Bentley LaRosa Salasky for Brickel, to the


The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. 1991



THE SPORTING SCENE
Homeric Tales
Roger Angell
May 27, 1991 Page 68

Homers will do that to you. Even when one goes out in mid-game, it stops the story. Nothing *ensues*, for the connective tissue of the game—the men on base, the defensive deployments, the pitcher's struggles, the count, the score—has been snipped, and all our attention falls upon the hero.



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Resources

trade at Brickel Assocs., for showrooms (212) 688-2233. One-of-a-kind screen, table cotton, both by Elliott Levine, to the trade to order at John Boone (see above)

CAPTAIN OF THE INDUSTRIAL

Page 64 Le Corbusier three-seat sofa (#LC-2), lounge chairs (#LC-2), to the trade at Atelier International, NYC, Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles Tavolino con Ruote coffee table, by Gae Aulenti for Fontana Arte, at Modern Age, NYC; Luminaire, Chicago, Coral Gables; Diva, Los Angeles **66** Le Corbusier chairs (#LC-7), to the trade at Atelier International (see above). **69** Eileen Gray Satellite mirror, c. 1920, $4,000, by Ecart International, at Pucci International, NYC (212) 219-0142

THE FAMILY BRANCHES OUT

Pages 70–75 Architecture, by Kate Gormley, Architect, and Genevieve Gormley, Designer, 45 East End Ave., New York, NY 10028; (212) 517-4121. Landscaping, by Frank Arabito, Hobe Sound (407) 287-3781. Garden maintenance, by Joe Warren, East Hampton (516) 267-7617 **70** Bench, similar at Balasses House Antiques, Amagansett (516) 267-3032. **72** Picnic table, benches, to order from Kate Gormley (see above). Sculpture above mantel, by Christopher Hewat, at Victoria Munroe Gallery, NYC (212) 226-0040. **73** Cocktail table, similar at Balasses House (see above). Mirror, floor lamp, similar to the trade at Arthur E. Smith, NYC (212) 838-8050. Bookcase, to order from Kate Gormley (see above). **74** Soap dish/cup holder, similar at Richard Camp Antiques, Wainscott (516) 537-0330. Cashmere/wool throw, from Hermès, for stores (800) 441-4488. Sofa, to the trade from John Cianciolo, NYC (212) 751-8428. Table, chairs, cupboard, to order from Kate Gormley (see above). **75** Desk, clock, similar at Balasses House (see above). Chair, similar at English Country Antiques, Bridgehampton (516) 537-0606

DECADES OF DECADENCE

Page 84 Argyle chair, by Mackintosh, $2,130, to the trade at Atelier International (see above for pg 64). Chaise Barbare, by Bonetti and Garouste, $2,000, at Neotu Gallery, NYC; Galerie Néotu, Paris. **85** Gold room, decorated by Tim Goslin, NYC (212) 777-6404. Sunflower wallpaper, by Tim Goslin, for dealers (212) 777-6404. Paris apartment, decorated by Jean-Louis Riccardi, Paris (1) 47-27-07-76. André Dubreuil chest, Fr300,000, similar at Galerie Mougin, Paris (1) 40-20-08-33

SPACE AGE SENSIBILITY

Pages 86–93 Architecture, by Michael Kriegh, R.A., NYC (212) 473-3918. Architectural consultation, by Dale R. Goncher, Architect, NYC (212) 794-9556. **89** Café Costes chairs (without upholstery adaptation by Kalil), by Philippe Starck, at Driade, NYC (212) 888-5375 **90–91** Custom carpet, similar to the trade to order from V'Soske, for showrooms (800) 847-4277. **92** Corian, by Du Pont Corian, for dealers (800) 426-7426 **92–93** Custom handwoven chenille on banquette, linen/cotton rib runner, similar to order from Sam Kasten, Stockbridge (413) 298-5502. Custom banquette, designed by Michael Kalil and Michael Kriegh, design collaboration and fabrication by Jan Girard, similar to order from Michael Kriegh (see above)

MINIMALISM MOVES ON

Pages 98–103 Design and upholstery, by Joseph Lembo and Laura Bohn of Lembo Bohn Design Assocs., 1 Gansevoort St., New York, NY 10014; (212) 645-3636. General contracting, by Bohn/Fiore, NYC (212) 736-4063. Curtain, shade, upholstery production, by Flam Assocs., NYC (212) 665-3140. Custom cabinetry, woodwork, by L.S.Z Custom Woodwork, Long Island City (718) 784-4331 **98–99** Mobile table, by Andrée Putman, to order from Écart, Paris (1) 42-78-88-35. Armchair, similar at Pure Mädderlake, NYC (212) 941-7770 Crystal bowl, at Steuben, for stores (212) 752-1441 Maurer's Flischi lamp with perga shade, at Light/Inc, NYC (212) 838-1130. Constructions on mantel, by Robert Warner, NYC (212) 645-3071. Oberlin eyeglasses, by Robert Warner for Morgenthal-Frederics Opticians, for stores (212) 838-3090. **100** Glazed Chintz, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 29). Peking silk/polyester/cotton, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, for showrooms (212) 674-3993. Raphael silk damask, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878. Taffeta, to the trade at Lee Jofa, for showrooms (201) 438-8444. Sy sofa, to order from Lembo Bohn (see above). Leather on sofa, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen (see above). **101** Mari chair, ottoman, to order from Lembo Bohn (see above). Mohair on chair, to the trade at Donghia Furniture/Textiles, for showrooms (800) 366-4442 Adamo Basket cotton on ottoman, to the trade at Glant Textiles, for showrooms (206) 725-4444. **102** Mazzarino cotton on headboard, at Fortuny, NYC, for showrooms (212) 753-7153. Constructions, by Robert Warner (see above). **103** Isadora linen on pillows, Laroche linen for bed, to the trade at Donghia (see above). Shams, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection, for stores (212) 642-8700

FERTILE GROUND

Pages 104–07 Janis Hall, 320 Central Park West, New York, NY 10025; (212) 496-0887 by appt. Alan Sonfist, Alliance for Environmental Art & Architecture, 205 Mulberry St., New York, NY 10012; (212) 431-9563 by appt. Mel Chin, 125 Rivington St. #5, New York, NY 10002.

MODERNISM À LA MODE

Pages 108–15 Jacques Grange, Didier Aaron et Cie, 118 rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré, 75008 Paris; (1) 47-42-47-34. **108–09** Limousine melton (#4135) (without embroidery), to the trade at Manuel Canovas, for showrooms (212) 752-9588 Jourdain table, similar at Galerie Eric Philippe, Paris (1) 42-33-28-26. Antique boxes, similar at Leda, Paris (1) 40-20-01-79. Topacio chairs, 1929, by Écart International, to the trade at Wicker Works, for showrooms (415) 626-6730. Antique pilasters, basket, 1940s André Arbus light fixtures, similar at Galerie du Passage, Paris (1) 42-36-01-13. **110–11** Tela Sardegna cotton on sofa and chairs, by Rubelli, to the trade at Bergamo, for showrooms (718) 392-5000. Art Deco armchairs, similar at Galerie du Passage (see above). Épave stools, to order from Christian Liaigre, Paris (1) 47-53-78-76. **112** Chandelier, similar at Alexandre Biaggi, Paris (1) 42-86-08-40. Bronze, similar at Galerie du Passage (see above). **113** Empire chairs, similar at Galerie du Passage (see above). Étoile handblown-glass lights, by Marcial Berro, to custom-order at Galerie Pierre Passebon, Paris (1) 42-36-44-56 **114** Busts, similar at Galerie du Passage (see above). Striped wool carpet, to custom-order at Madeleine Castaing, Paris (1) 43-54-91-71. Plaster mirror, Mathieu and Ray stool, to order at Galerie Pierre Passebon (see above). **115** Blue Roses linen/cotton, at Bennison Fabics, NYC (212) 941-1212. Chair, similar at Galerie du Passage (see above). Marcial Berro lamp on table, Mathieu and Ray blanket, similar to custom-order at Galerie Pierre Passebon (see above)

GREAT IDEAS

Page 117 Swerve floor lamp with shade, $750, Escargot ottoman with wood feet, $1,400, $1,280 COM, both by Jeffrey Goodman and Steven Charlton, at Modern Living, Los Angeles; Limn, San Francisco. My Darling queen-size bed, $2,300, satin/velvet bedspread, cotton velvet pillows, by Monique and Sergio Savarese for Dialogica, NYC (212) 966-1934. Me Tarzan, You Jane chairs, by William Sawaya for Sawaya & Moroni, to the trade at Stilnovo, Coral Gables; Domus Design Center, Frederic Williams, NYC; retail at Diva, Los Angeles; Postmark, San Francisco. Lucrèce wallpaper, by Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray for Donghia Furniture/Textiles, for showrooms (800) 366-4442 Rocks at Ise hand-tufted rug, by Jody Harrow, limited edition, to the trade at Schumacher, NYC; retail at Limn, San Francisco; for other dealers call J Harrow Design, NYC (212) 888-9366. Mosaic cotton/acrylic/polyester velvet, by Creation Metaphors, to the trade at Ian Wall, for showrooms (212) 758-5281. Carré Royale cotton/acetate/rayon, the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 29 Filippo trolley (#4471), Gastone trolley (#447(tops available in five colors, by Antonio Citterio f Kartell, at Luminaire, Chicago, Coral Gables; Div Los Angeles; Modern Age, NYC; Limn, San Fra cisco. **118** Mme. Elsie bench, to the trade at Tro vailles, for showrooms (617) 926-2520. Shirre Stripe silk (#121-6) on bench, with crystal frinc (#ST5401-0), to the trade at Scalamandré, f showrooms (212) 980-3888. Skeleton wire chair, order from Godley-Schwan, Brooklyn (718) 38 2323. Stainless-steel mesh (#121), $49 yd, t Hawver Interior Materials, to the trade at Innov tions, NYC, for other showrooms (212) 627-861 Diamond Plate vinyl wallcovering (#100-DP7), the trade at Innovations, for showrooms (800) 22 8053. Ceci cotton, by Groves Brothers, to the trac at Christopher Norman, NYC, for other showroon (817) 332-1274. Damas Grigne silk, to the trade Clarence House (see above for pg 29). Shinto cc fee table, by Jay Spectre for Century Furniture, f dealers (800) 852-5552. Jester handmade tabl by Urbanus Company, to the trade at John Boon NYC; for other dealers (305) 576-9510. Sea Lev silk, to the trade from Upper South Studio, for sho rooms (919) 724-5480. Waste Not/Want Not tabl to order from Leo Blackman, NYC (212) 477-448 Recycled plastic sheeting, tiles, to order fro S & S Contract Furniture, Marquand (314) 78 5434. Silk/polyurethane, 36" wide, £120 meter, order from Nigel Atkinson, London (71) 377-634 Gramercy cabinet, by Dan Friedman, limited ec tion, $6,000, at Neotu Gallery, NYC (212) 98 0210. Anduze cotton, by Pierre Frey, to the trade Fonthill, for showrooms (212) 755-6700. Robe Lewis lamps, from left, $300, $250, $350, at Mo ern Age, NYC (212) 674-5603. Sultana chest, Nicholas Simile, limited edition, to the trade Frederic Williams, NYC; Trimarco, San Francisc for other sources (718) 387-6311.

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'ertile Ground

(ontinued from page 106) Florida, seeded metal capsules designed to deterorate in 300–500 years, spawning a imordial forest. The goal of all this ork is not merely to provide a park; 's an effort to reintegrate our cities ith their quickly receding environental past, in the hope of changing ir behavior in the future. "It's easy ough to talk about saving the rain rest," Sonfist says. "But its impornce is easier to understand when you n see nature around you."

Inasmuch as seeing is one of his conrns, Sonfist, like Hall, is essentially a sual artist; our experience of the ork begins with its impact on our es. By contrast, Mel Chin describes mself as a conceptualist rather than environmental artist, and his work is cordingly more intellectual. But the ncepts that occupy him are of the most magical transformations of rthly materials, and so he too has mething to say about the use and use of nature. In a show at the Menil ollection in Houston (partly organized by the Walker Art Center) last mmer, Chin exhibited a group of orks that stressed the "geo" in geopolical, elegies to the victims of regimes Ethiopia, Tibet, and Pakistan made t of materials like gut, dirt, beeswax, ood, and tea. The newly planted *Revival Field,* at a waste dump site outside aint Paul, Minnesota, is his most ambious project to date. If it succeeds, it ight change the way we reclaim the isoned land.

One day, while conducting what he rms free research, Chin came across n article about plants called hyperacmulators, which thrive in toxic envinments and leech heavy metals out the ground. A little digging led him a heavy-metals specialist at the U.S. epartment of Agriculture. Together ey worked out a plan to sow a field ith a variety of plants—dwarf corn, maine lettuce, alpine pennythrift, adder campion—in a circle of land ithin the dump. Planted in the shape crosshairs, it literally targets an area r renewal. *Revival Field* went on line st fall, and if all goes as planned, the ops will soak up cadmium, which, hen the plants are harvested and incinerated, can be recycled and resold.

As a science experiment (the field comes complete with control areas, and it will be closely monitored over the next three years), it's a biotechnological breakthrough, a way of making up for our own misconduct by putting nature to work on itself. As an artwork, it is difficult and complex, in part because the "media" Chin works with—molecular transformations, industry, communities, ecosystems—are invisible, and to a certain extent abstract. He admits that the project is ongoing, fluid, and perplexing. "How do you sculpt an ecosystem?" he asks, not entirely rhetorically. "What are the aesthetics?"

It's a question that all three artists—and others like them—are asking and attempting to answer. With the greening of the art world one can expect that it will be asked again and again—and answered in startling ways, over the course of the coming years. ▲

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Gandee AT LARGE

The future according to Faith B. Popcorn*

In Doubleday Book Shop's Fifth Avenue window, Faith Popcorn's *The Popcorn Report* is proudly displayed on the best-seller rack, right up there on the top shelf alongside Norman Mailer's *Harlot's Ghost* and Alexandra Ripley's *Scarlett: The Sequel to Margaret Mitchell's "Gone with the Wind."* For obvious reasons *The Popcorn Report,* like *Scarlett,* carries an explanatory subtitle: *Faith Popcorn on the Future of Your Company, Your World, Your Life* it reads in emergency-orange type. Since the future of my company, my world, my life is a subject of some considerable interest to me, I hurried down to 1 Madison Avenue to see Popcorn at BrainReserve, an organization she founded in 1974 to advise everyone from American Express to Tupperware on which way the consumer winds are blowing. Popcorn, you see, is the "Nostradamus of marketing." It says so on her dust jacket.

Although the BrainReserve offices might best be termed generic grim—gray vinyl walls, gray acrylic carpet—the aesthetic tempo took a turn for the upbeat when Popcorn sashayed in: spiky red hair, shimmering gold Bulgari watch, electric magenta swing dress. With her hands thrust jauntily in her pockets, which made the dress billow out like a tent, Popcorn ushered me to her corner office, all but skipping down the corridor. "Any messages?" she asked her assistant, one Mary Kay Moment. "No?" said Popcorn. And then she made a mock sad face. "What a dress!" I offered, to bolster her sagging spirits. Popcorn grinned. Ear to ear. "It's right on trend," she said with self-congratulatory enthusiasm.

"Do you know that they're trying to make it rain on Mars?"



Popcorn's insouciance seemed partially attributable to personality, partially attributable to the sales figures she had just received from her publisher. Three weeks after hitting the bookstores, 46,074 copies of *The Popcorn Report* had been sold, thanks no doubt in part to the author's whirlwind seventeen-city book tour. "I went on eleven media shows a day," she said with gusto, adding that the radio call-in shows were particularly exhilarating: "I got great questions—like 'What do you thi about same-sex marriages? Will they be supported by t government in the nineties?'" Popcorn's answer? "I ho so, but I don't think so." I think Popcorn wanted to t me she was a liberal person.

But liberal or conservative, a private audience with t Jeane Dixon of consumerism is an opportunity. So I to it. Reeling off a list of people, places, and things, I ask Popcorn to illuminate their futures. Money: "I thi people are going to hide their wealth and hide their su cess for fear of the have-nots coming to get them." El ism: "Like I've got the watch and you don't? Forget it. was tempted to point out that she had the Bulgari and didn't, but I didn't.] Actually the Lexus is a great symb of the nineties: wear the luxury on the inside." The D troit auto industry: "They don't want any feedback, they just die." Sex: "No sex. Voyeurism. Porno tapes a doing very well." Department stores: "They don't kn what service is. Now they're tying things to the wall mean it's like what else can we do to frustrate the co sumer? Department stores are a thing of the past." Dec rators: "They will function as lifestyle consultants, a litt bit like the old efficiency experts." Government: "I predicting a new kind of leader—a warm folksy W Rogers kind of leader." George Bush: "As far as I'm co cerned, the best part of George is Barbara. I wish Bu was Stormin' Norman. I love Norman; he's gutsy a sexy and ethical and centered."

What else does Faith see ahead? "V are going to be measured in body f not in pounds. Pounds will be like 'R member rotary dials?'" What els "There is a collective concern that t planet is ending. Do you know th they're trying to make it rain on Mars I didn't know. "They're trying to turn green so we'll have another planet trash after we trash this one." Wh else? "In the eighties everybody was f and happy and driving BMWs. Nobo wanted to ask questions, like 'Is t really my money?' and 'Is the plan OK?' I mean, we keep throwing stuff in the ocean. I not that big an ocean. So the nineties will be remorse and regenerative. We call it the decency decade." Wh else? "Cocooning, the need to protect oneself from t harsh unpredictable realities of the outside world. W be staying home more because of AIDS, the enviro ment, the economy." What else? "Everything is going be home-delivered." What else? "I'm predicting salo ing, which is staying home for the weekend with frien 'Don't come for dinner, come for the weekend.'" It w somewhere around this point that I decided that I wa ed to go home for the weekend, it being Friday afterno and all. So I did. Right on trend? **Charles Gand**

*Faith Popcorn is not her given name. Her given name is Faith Plotkin. She changed it from Plotkin to Popcorn because she wanted to be "fabulous," as she says, "like Holly Golightly."

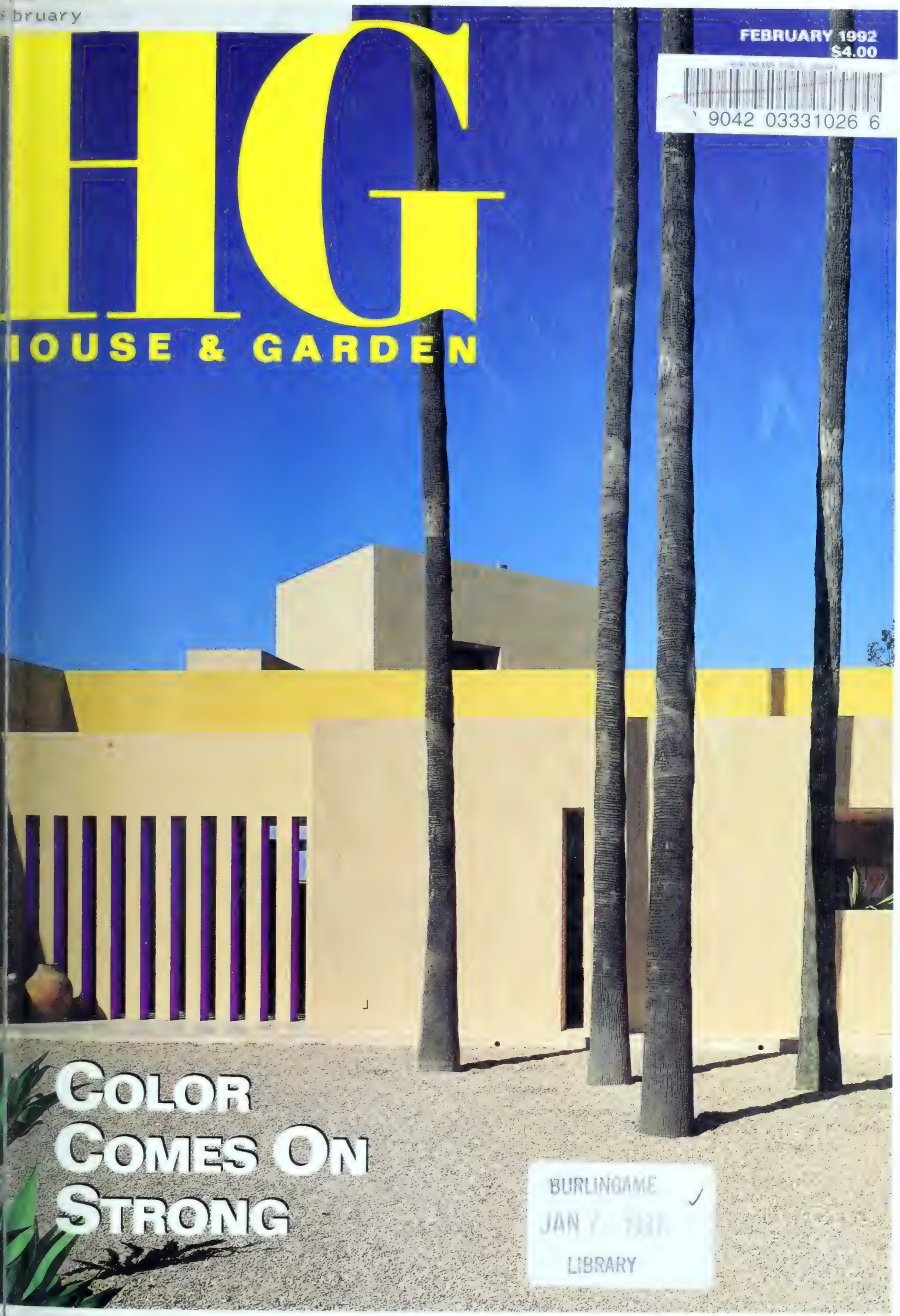
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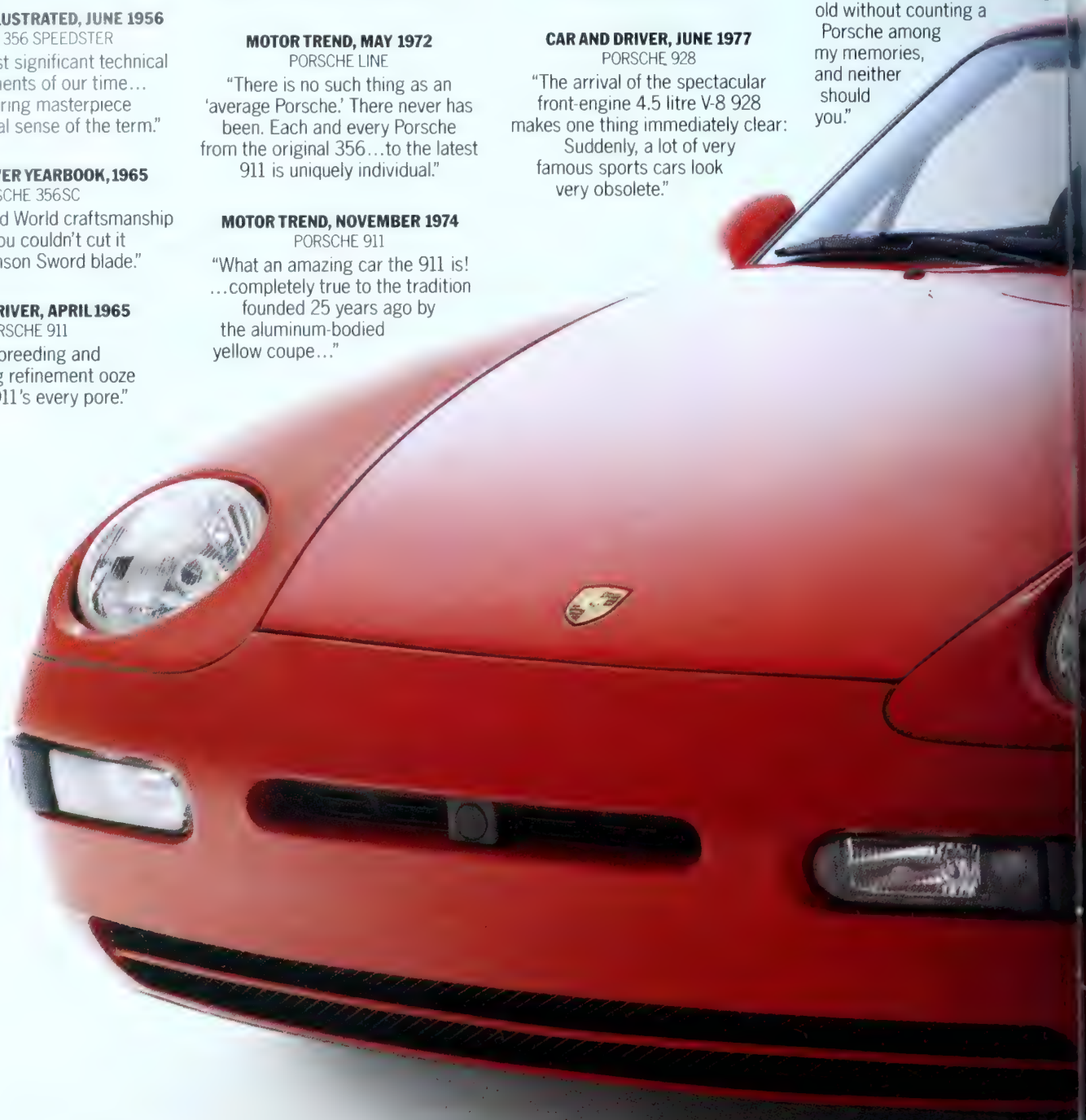
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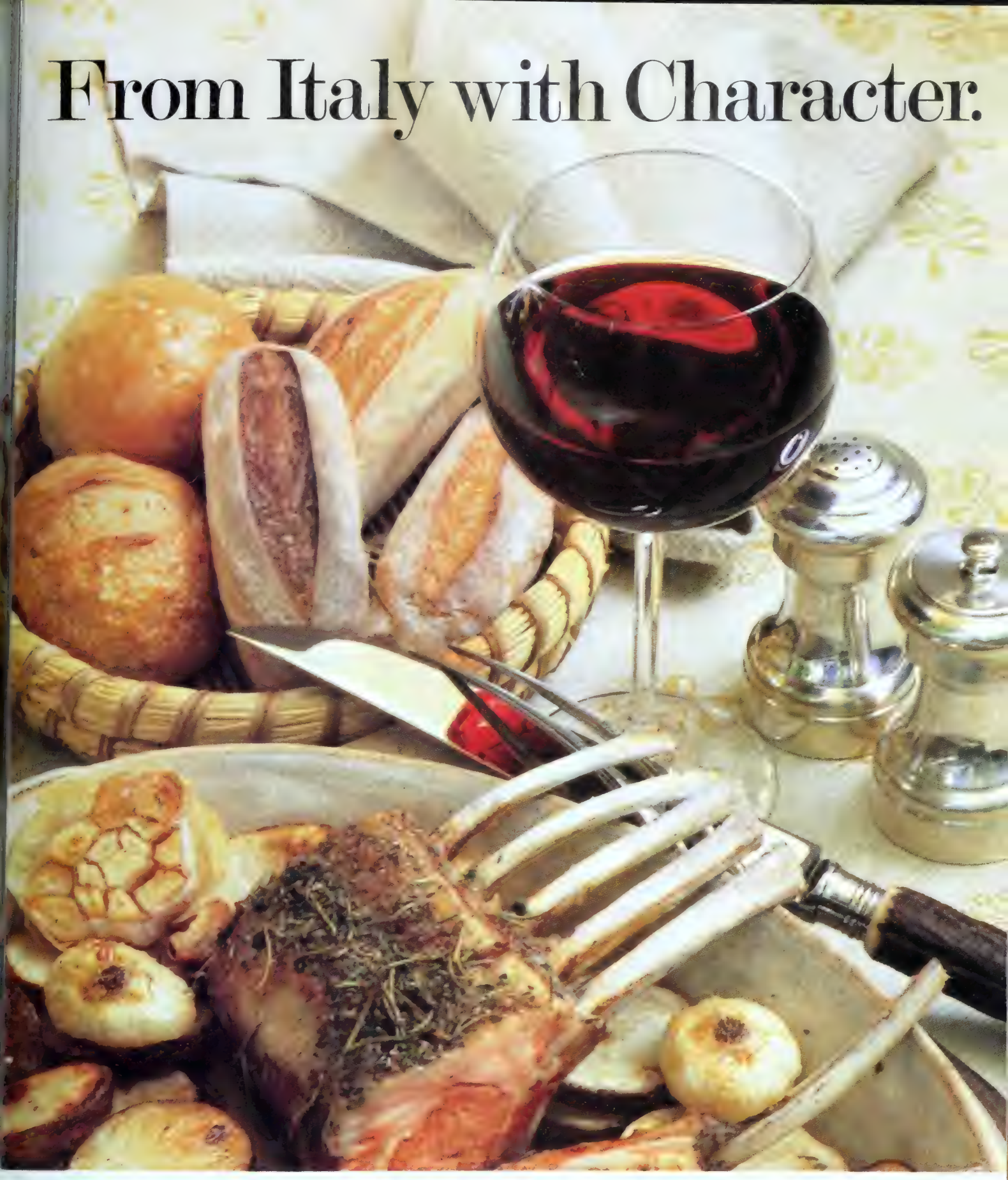
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FEBRUARY



Kitty Hawks's design warms an NYC apartment, far left. Page 80. Left: Peter Horton with his dog, Scout. Page 64. Below: The guest room of a Connecticut farmhouse. Page 106.

HOUSE & GARDEN February 1992 Volume 164, Number 2

HG



COVER *Architect Ricardo Legorreta brings a Mexican sensibility to L.A. Photograph by Timothy Hursley. Page 116.*



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CLINIQUE daily eye treat




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FEBRUARY



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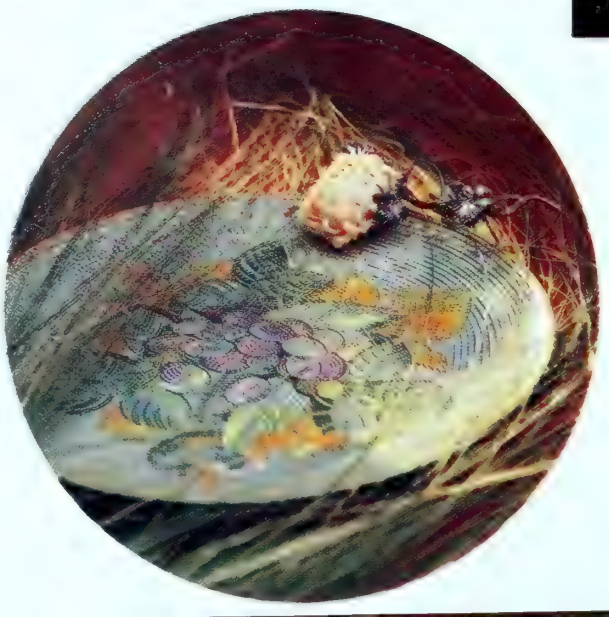
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Niall Smith, antiquaire as thespian

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Antiques dealer Niall Smith, above. Page 140. Left: Stephen Dweck's mosaic plate, for Sasaki, and coral pin. Page 52.

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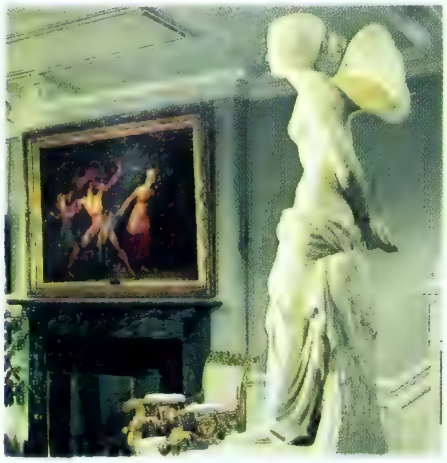


Photo: Feliciano

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TOM ZIMBEROFF

Timothy Ferris, this month's writer in residence, is the author of six books on astronomy, including *Coming of Age in the Milky Way,* which was nominated for a Pulitzer Prize, and *The Mind's Sky,* out this month from Bantam Books. Ferris also wrote *The Creation of the Universe* for PBS and is at work on a TV series about the solar system. He lives on a hilltop in San Francisco.



MARK STERN

Jody Shields claims that if floral designer Constance Spry, whom she profiles in this issue, were alive today, "she would certainly be the Julia Child of horticulture. Spry was the epitome of the eccentric with a message." Shields is a contributing editor of HG and *Vogue,* and the author of *Hats: A Stylish History and Collector's Guide.* At home in Manhattan she keeps a Spry-style garden of acanthus and sea kale.



JONO BRODY FELBER

Richard Felber started photographing gardens by accompanying his wife, a plein-air landscape painter. This month Felber captures the 1790 farmhouse and sculpture garden of art dealers Jacques Kaplan and Violaine Bachelier near his own country house in South Kent, Connecticut. "Whenever I drive by, the most fantastic shapes loom out of their meadow," he says. Felber is working on a book about the great public gardens of the East Coast.

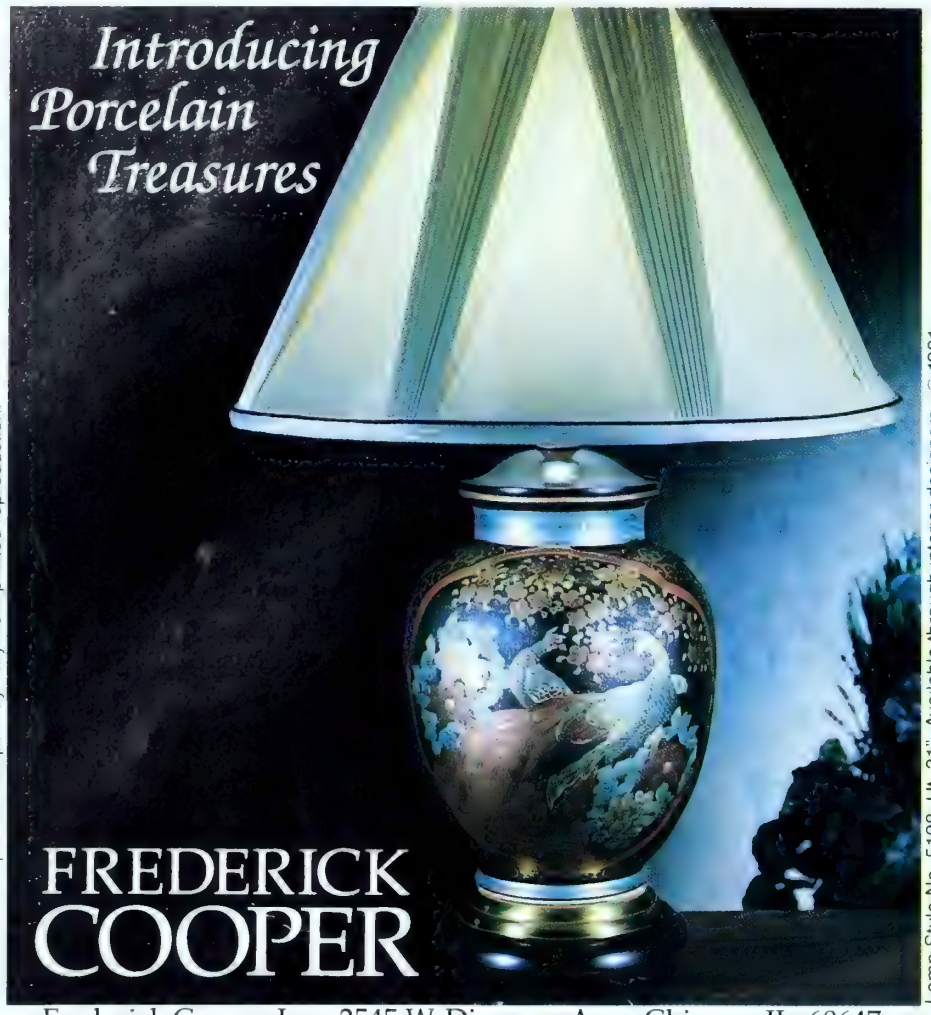
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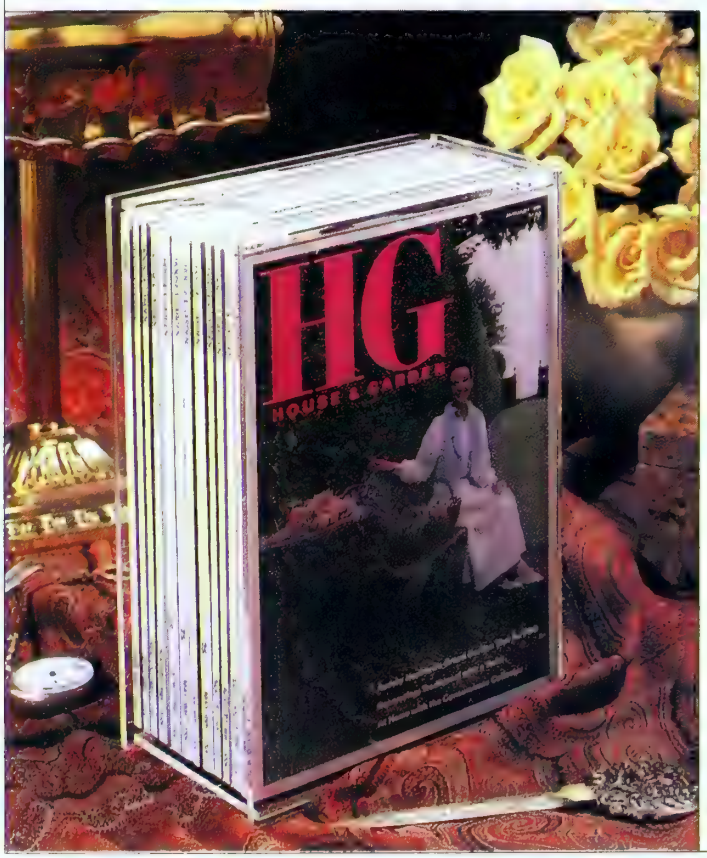
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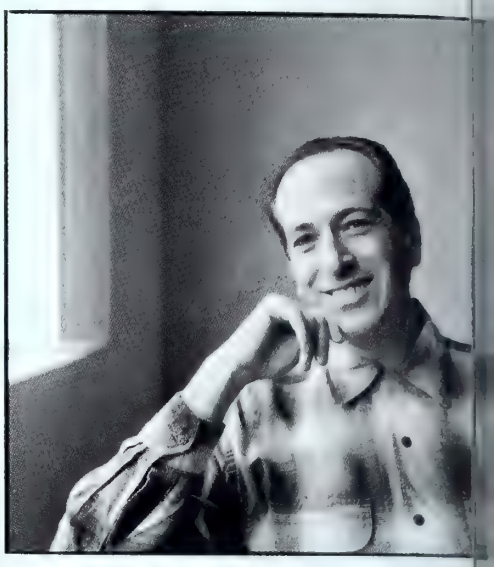
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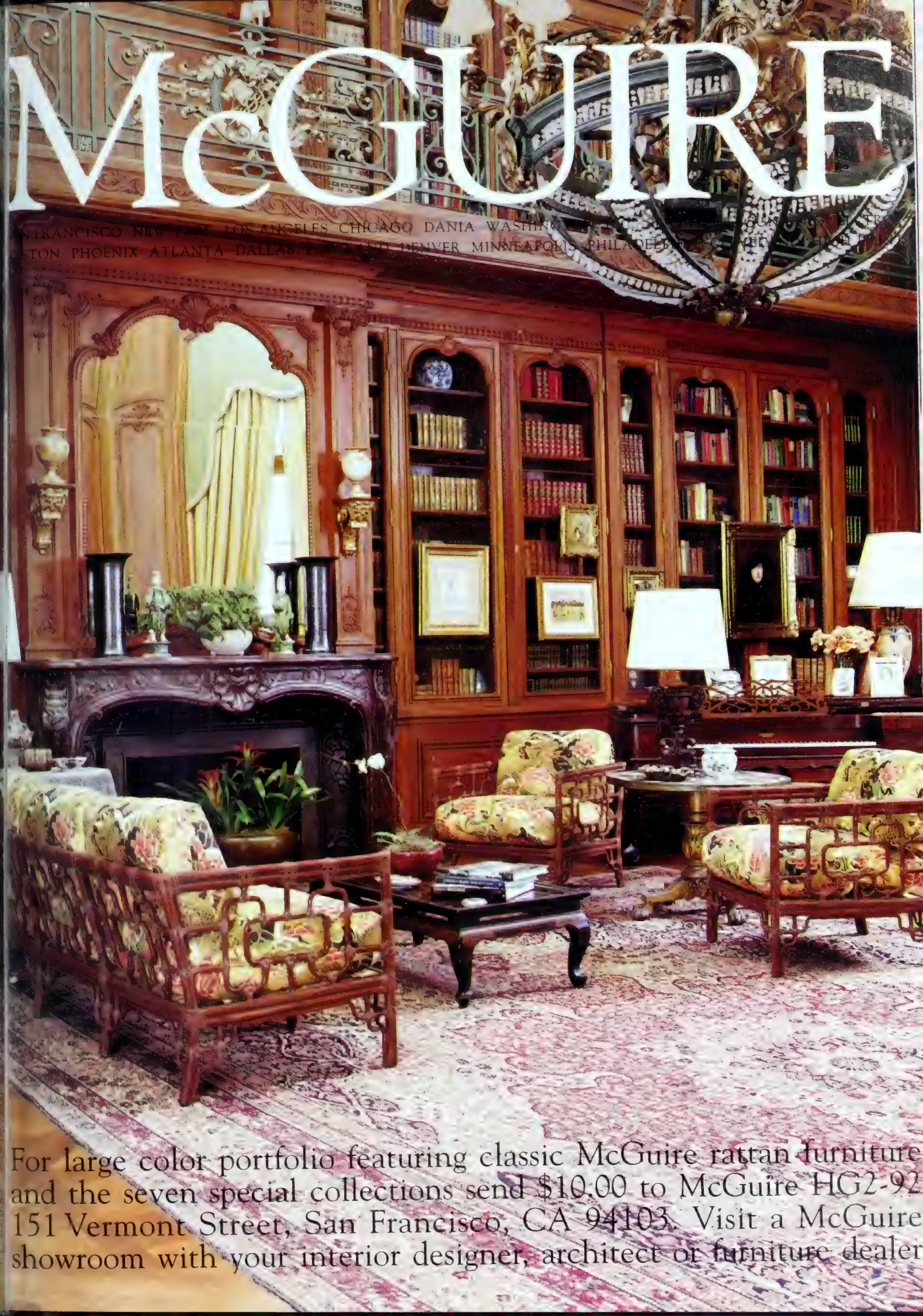
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DIANE COOK

Len Jenshel, a landscape and travel photographer, focuses on Olana, painter Frederic Edwin Church's orientalist house and studio overlooking the Hudson: "Olana is both romantic and eerie; it's an extravaganza of nineteenth-century eclecticism." Jenshel is currently completing *Unlimited Mileage*, a book documenting development and tourism in national parks of the American West.


BILL HOLLAND/CORBIS-SYGMA AND TERRI NI

Robert Harling writes about a recent grande bouffe weekend in New Orleans, the city he considers culinary heaven. Harling's hometown of Natchitoches, Louisiana, provided the inspiration and cast of characters for his first play, *Steel Magnolias*, which he adapted for the screen. Currently juggling three movie projects based in the South, Harling frequently escapes Hollywood to work on his plantation house in Natchitoches. "Renovation," he says, "is a headache, albeit a pleasurable one. I'd rather eat than decorate."


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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold









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Flowers for Flour Deborah Shapiro whips up her Doubletake Cake (*above*) with dried blossoms and cinnamon sticks. To order (212) 532-2420.



Bead It Victorian bead-work chair (*left*) from Yale Burge Antiques, 305 East 63rd St., NYC (212) 838-4005.



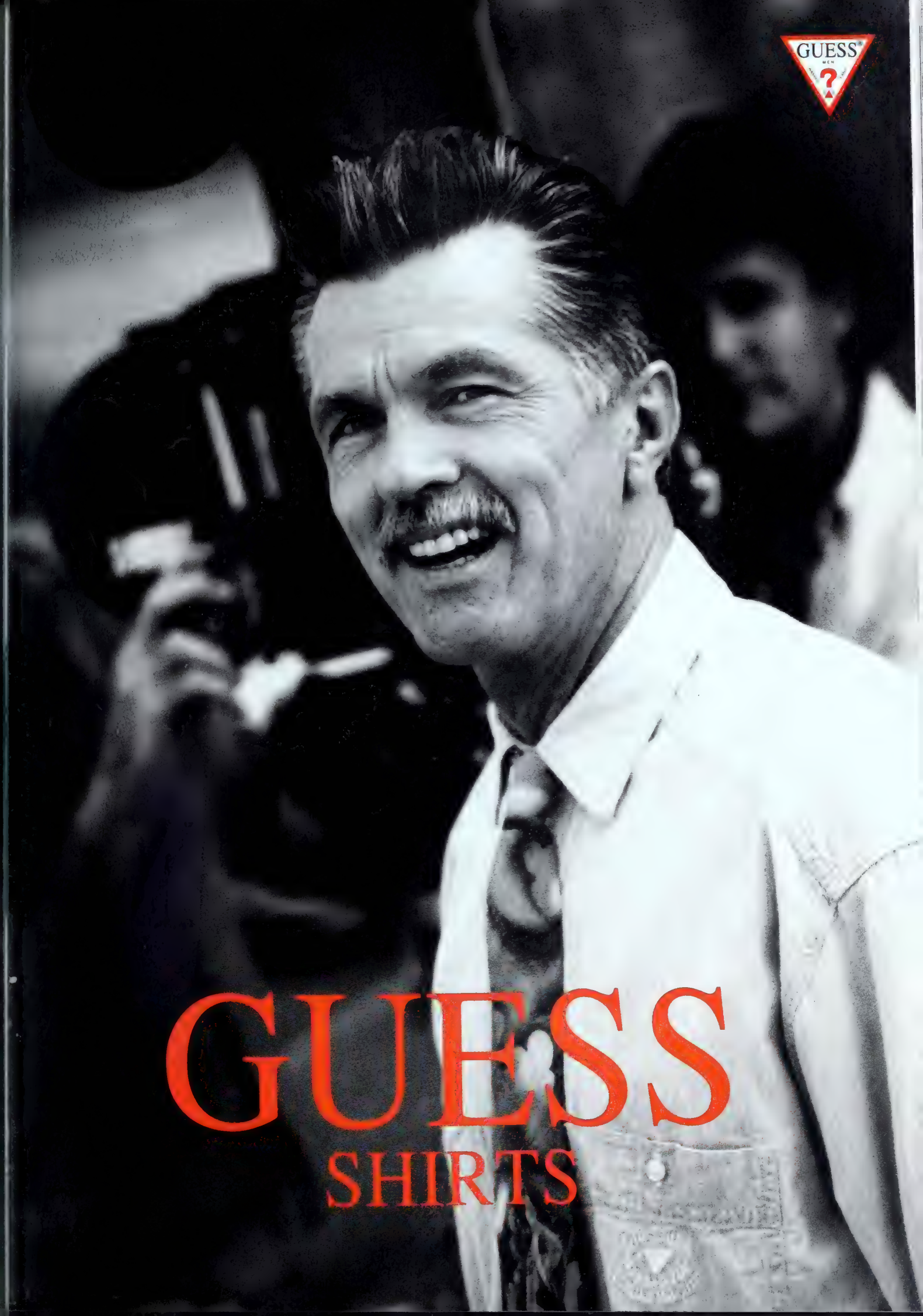
High-Key Comfort Ralph Lauren Home Collection's Winslow chair (*above*) in Caribe silk from the vivid spring line. For stores (212) 642-8700.



Tops of the Line Chinese-style lacquer tables (*below*), to the trade at Christopher Norman, 979 Third Ave., NYC.



The Wild Ones Backlit wall sconces (*above*), $80 each, are made of enameled steel by Swing. For stores (617) 769-7913.


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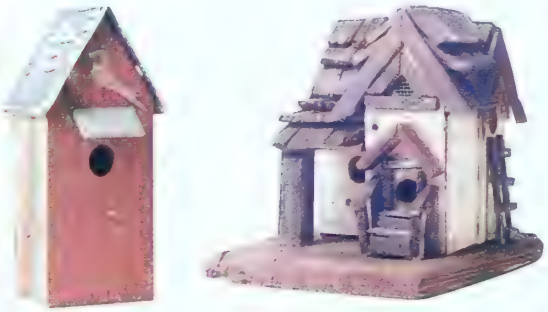
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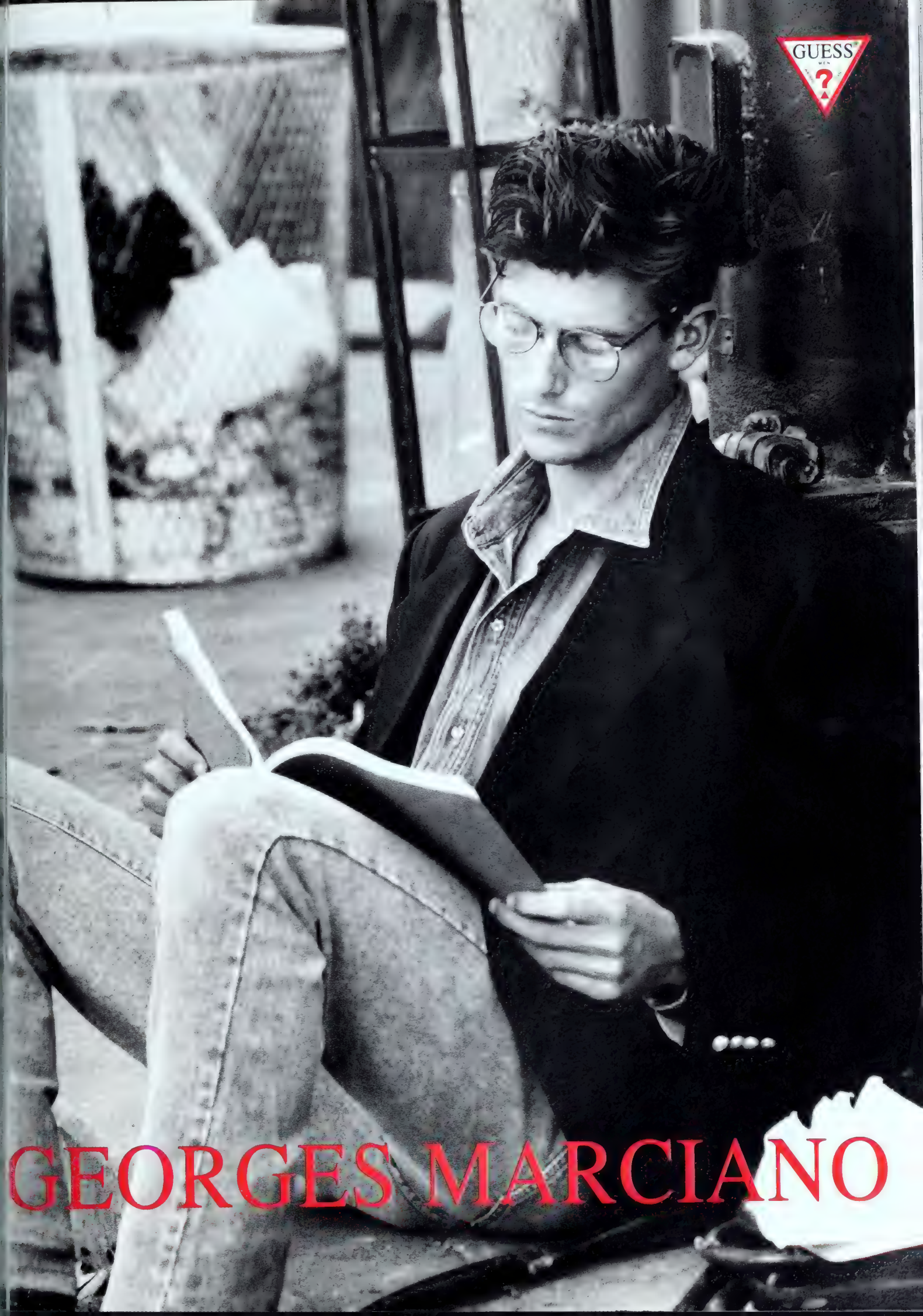




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Revolution in Bloom

Between the wars, Constance Spry uprooted the conventions of flower arranging BY JODY SHIELDS

Constance Spry's career careened from leader of the pack to sleeping beauty. The first superstar florist, she created radical vegetable-enhanced arrangements that were prized by the famous, the rich, and the royal. Spry's manner is still the backbone of today's decorative style, but her originality has been overlooked in the forest of imitations.

To chop a path for Spry through the jungle of floral history, here are the facts. She did flowers for Queen Elizabeth. She did flowers for Elsie de Wolfe. She used kale as a signature in her arrangements. She worked in glory from the late 1920s through the 1950s. She had a motto: "Never, never be funny with flowers."

Although Spry was a revolutionary who dug at the very roots of the floral world, her lack of smarminess and her self-effacing persona would have made her a poor talk-show guest. Described by Cecil Beaton as "robin-like," she was given to pronouncements such as "I feel a little nervous about airing my own views, and I know how easy it is in one's enthusiasm to become irritatingly unpractical." She also queried, "Does that sound narrow-minded? Am I losing my sense of fun?"

According to Spry's scanty memoirs, she found her calling at an early age. Born in Derby in 1886, she dropped most of her childhood allowance on seeds. She later dropped the dark hint that her youthful table flowers "may have had merit as barriers during family arguments." After moving to London in 1917, Spry took to more grown-up arrangements, doing stints as a headmistress and as a florist, which she then parlayed into her own business. From there, the gospel was spread.

At the time Spry set up shop, the "trail of smilax" school was the unwavering standard for floral decoration. Vines were looped around picture frames; carnations and asparagus ferns ranked as





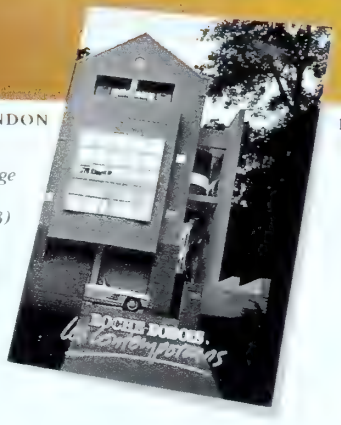
Constance Spry, top right, arranges flowers for Queen Elizabeth after her coronation in 1953. Top left: An urn with berries, eucalyptus, oranges, and miniature tomatoes. Left: Wallis Warfield with her bridal flowers in 1937. Above: Foliage and seed heads.

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centerpieces. Ornate gilt baskets of wired blooms were de rigueur for special occasions. Spry weeded out those time-honored and timid fixtures. No priss, she believed that no plant was too humble, nor any plant combination too strange, to work in an arrangement. A sense of humor was also part of her approach. She made vase mates of tropical foliage, garden flowers, and fruit; carrot and parsnip tops, hogweed, seeds of the giant fennel, and branches from shrubs. Some of the unorthodox pairings she served up foreshadowed the ferocious style of nouvelle cuisine: ripe wheat was teamed with roses, oriental poppies with leaves of globe artichoke, kale with begonia leaves. She created a table setting best described as a grocery list: poppy, passion flower, and squash leaves, green tomatoes, figs, peas, water lilies, ivy berries, a seed head of agapanthus, plus a whole squash.

She dismissed criticism of her oddball combinations: "Provided the plant is beautiful, I cannot see why I should not use it for decoration just because it has the added advantage that it can also be eaten." Besides, Spry was bolstered by formidable inspiration. She took Flemish and Dutch still-life painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as her guides: Van Huysum, De Heem, Van Dael, Van Aelst, Brueghel.

As for strictly floral arrangements, Spry dared to pack a vase with a dozen different types of bloom. In the early 1930s she even went against the conventional view that combining different colored flowers was mildly alarming. White flowers also got her nod. They had suffered from a funereal reputation until Spry came along. She mixed various whites to emphasize the contrasting textures of their petals, and she liked them best in an all-white room, the era's signature decorating craze.



Grasses, seed heads, tulips, and auricula, in a vase of bark, moss, and hard fungi.

Though Spry created radical arrangements, her motto was "Never, never be funny with flowers"

Never sentimental, Spry stripped flowers of their leaves, one of her other claims to fame. She hardened her followers to this floral manicure in 1940: "If you are to get the best decorative effects you may have to do violence to your feelings for the plant as a whole." She denuded syringa with the airy rationale that the leaves were a "clumsy bunch of herbage." Marigold foliage got the same ruthless treatment.

Spry worked out her own kind of Golden Section for vases. Her formula: flowers should ideally be one and a half times taller than their vase. A pet peeve was coarse-stemmed flowers in transparent vases. Progressing beyond cut crystal, Spry scoured thrift shops and antiques stores for alternative containers: old metal lamps, painted cake tins, wooden salad bowls, and pewter tea caddies. Her nose didn't turn up at sauceboats and casserole dishes either. Glass chemical beakers were recommended for the quintessential moderne room. For a party at Syrie Maugham's, Spry stuffed Roman hyacinths into large shells scattered around the table. Still copied is another Spry innovation: straw hats filled with leafless lilacs, peonies, and rhododendrons, and hung by their ribbon ties on the wall.

No such simple strategy for Spry's big break, the wedding of the duke of Windsor and Wallis Warfield in June 1937. Cecil Beaton reported from the Château de Candé: "Mrs. Spry and her assistant Miss Pirie, two laden Ganymedes, calmly went about their business of decorating the whole château with magnificent mountains of mixed flowers." Clad in a picture hat and overalls, Spry delivered gush about the duchess-to-be in the best fan-magazine style: "I'd do anything for her. I adore her. So did all my girls when they arranged flowers for her in her Regent's Park house and didn't know who she was." Beaton photographed the bride at the château dwarfed by Spry's towering arrangements.

Those wedding bells celebrated both the duchess's triumph and her florist's burgeoning business. Elsie de Wolfe, who packed a grander bandwagon than exiled royalty, was Spry's next major coup. A year after the wedding, she accompanied three planeloads of pale pink and red roses packed in cotton from London to Paris for Elsie's circus party at the Villa Trianon. Extravagant as the roses were, garlanded over monster candelabras, they were overwhelmed by the ponies, acrobats, and a tightrope walker.

Next up in 1938: a stint as guest speaker before the Woman's Auxilliary of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. Five hundred people showed up for Spry's lecture, "The Growth of Interest in Flower Decoration in England." Apparently, growth wasn't enough—there was a huge chasm between the English and the American styles of flower arranging. Fresh from her brush with the beau monde, Spry must have found it somewhat galling to display her lush funky style before American ladies who didn't share this floral sensibility. "[I] was insufficiently



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aware of the extent of the influence of the Japanese school of flower arrangement," said a wry Spry. The Japanese influence wasn't her only problem. Whiskers twitching, *House & Garden* gave her a meowing review: "If kale tickles the British fancy, we wonder about the use of broccoli, gone to seed."

Nevertheless, Spry tackled America, a media spree that had her lecturing on the radio as well as to garden clubs across the country. Her sometimes less than positive reception continued to rankle. Two years later, in *Garden Notebook*, she criticized American floral style: "Anyhow . . . aren't things just a bit stereotyped here and there? I want to shout out: '. . . Just be natural and gay and lighthearted and simple and pretty and overflowing and general and baroque and bare and austere and stylised and wild and daring and conservative. . . .' " Twenty years later she said, "I can remember the day when any departure from narrow convention could excite comment, not untinged with mockery."

Despite the mockery, Spry's arrangements gradually won wider acceptance. Striking, slightly eerie, oddly colored, and usually asymmetrical, they were fiendishly difficult to copy. That didn't stop Constance Spry wannabes around the world. One copyist's effort was a head of broccoli surrounded by carnations. Grapes were also abused, mixed with daffodils and other flora. To get the real thing, devotees flocked to East 54th Street in New York, the first of Spry's namesake shops which operated there into the 1960s.

Back in postwar London, capitalizing on her social celebrity, she launched a cordon bleu school near Windsor where debutantes and heiresses were instructed in the housekeeping arts and floral display. In spare moments, Spry wrote thirteen books on flower gardening and display and provided arrangements and wedding bouquets for innumerable nobles and other swells. The plum: the 1953 coronation. Spry had the herculean task of decorating Westminster Abbey annex and parts of the royal-carriage route as well as planting all the trees sent by the Commonwealth countries. For her trouble, she was decorated with the Order of the British Empire.

Regardless of these laurels, Spry stayed down-to-earth. In her own garden, as everywhere else, she did things her way. Rather than wait for seedlings to flower, she took shortcuts, buying full-grown and expensive plants. When a young garden club member chided her, bragging that he took as long as four years to coax a plant from seed to bloom, her reply was nicely pert: "Youth, I pointed out to him, has many advantages; as for me, I had rather not wait so long and would economize in some other direction. Not a true gardening spirit this, but one cannot always have so much patience."

Unfortunately, not everyone possessed Spry's exquisite sense of timing: a rose was named in her honor in 1961, just a year after her death. ♠

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Spicing up the Whites

Other shades and textures enrich the table

BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC

If plain is your fancy but basic white is just too boring, three new tableware patterns serve up drama without upstaging the fare. Flip Flop, a place setting by New York architects Calvin Tsao and Zack McKown for Swid Powell, displays a colorful mix of narrow and wide ellipses set into circles, from a wide-eyed blue and cream design on a dinner plate (just the thing for the CBS executive dining room) to a cat's-eye dessert plate in a bright orange that will electrify any confection. Coffee drinkers are rewarded with a fiery red ellipse at the bottom of an outwardly sober cup.

Believing that "decoration should not interfere with food," Barcelona architect Oscar Tusquets applied a vermilion glaze to the underside only of his Victoria tableware for Follies (designed in collaboration with his wife, chef-restaurateur Victoria Roque). Cups tiptoe across the table, elevated on little feet that enable the red to reflect onto saucers.

San Francisco designer John Stymeist, who dipped into myriad paint pots with his Colorways china, recently introduced Whiteways. Place settings in five textures, from wrinkles to waves, and a collection of service pieces in humorous and elegant forms make it possible for this porcelain to be endlessly mixed and matched. There's a buxom coffeepot, a salt and pepper that look like the king and queen of a chessboard, and a teapot that is truly short and stout—great company for any table. ♠

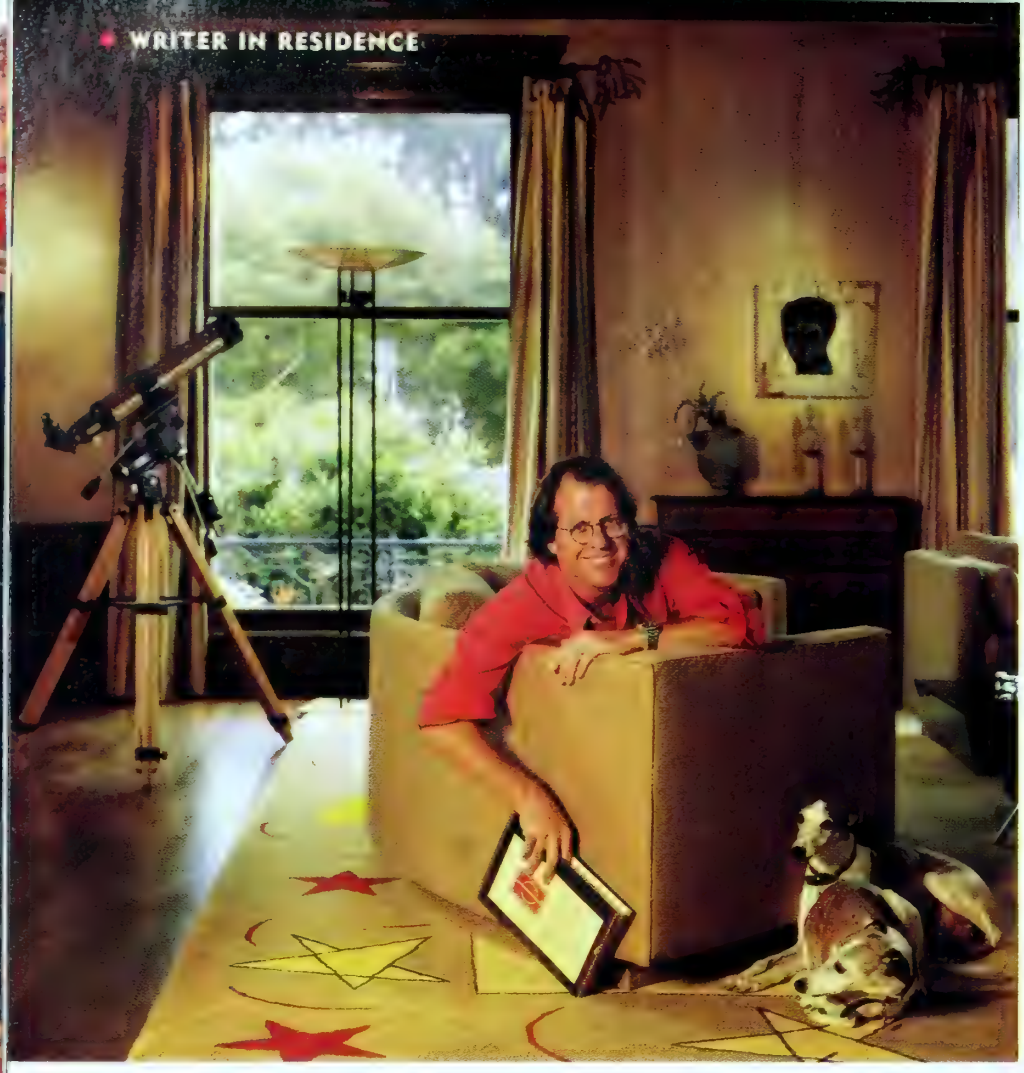


Coming in for a landing: Calvin Tsao and Zack McKown's UFO-like place setting called Flip Flop, above, for Swid Powell. Top right: Red dots and rings on the underside of Victoria porcelain, by Oscar Tusquets for Follies, give it an inviting glow. Right: John Stymeist mixed and matched form and texture in his Whiteways china. Details see Resources.



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At Home in the Milky Way

A stargazer sets his sights on the ground beneath his feet

BY TIMOTHY FERRIS

When our house was built, in 1908, San Francisco looked a lot different than it does today. Its sweeping views from the summit of Pacific Heights encompassed a Golden Gate as yet unadorned by the famous bridge and a bay dotted with freighters powered by both sails and steam. The hillsides dropping from our backyard to the bay are today jammed with stately stone houses, but in those days they presented a bucolic panorama of dairy farms and wetlands.

Most striking—and most unsettling—was the view to the east. The great earthquake and fire of two years earlier had laid waste the central city, leaving behind a forest of blackened chimneys and rubble—the sort of desolation that was not to be seen in the Bay Area again until the Oakland hills burned in October 1991. The 1906 fire left two-thirds of the citizenry homeless. The flames stopped less than 300 meters from where our house now stands, and the park across the street was for a time crowded with canvas tents accommodating refugees.

Equal to the magnitude of the damage, however, was the rapidity of San Francisco's recovery. The original inhabitant of our house, a lumber dealer named Frank Doe, could see from his front stoop thousands of new buildings rising from the ruined slopes of Telegraph Hill, Russian Hill, and Nob Hill. Every day 60,000 laborers toiled in the city, working with redwood and fir toted in from woodlands as far away as Oregon. I suspect that the sight gladdened Mr. Doe's heart in more ways than one: the boom-time profits doubtless helped him erect the classical revival structure that my wife, Carolyn, and I live in today.

When we bought the house in 1989, it was slightly down-at-the-heels, a victim of the perverse but pervasive assumption that the thing to do with fine old stuff is to hide it behind cheap new stuff. The golden pine wainscoting that adorns the backstairs had been painted white, a guest room had become a fiesta of orange linoleum tile, and a decorator who I can only assume was suffering from dengue fever delirium had painted what appeared to be bear tracks on the wood floors of the master bedroom.

Such superficial insults aside, the house remained fundamentally magnificent, a testament to the fine craftsmanship of a bygone era. The swaths of center-cut mahogany that panel the living room and foyer would cost a fortune today (if one could find them and cared so little about the state of the tropical forests as to buy them); the expertly installed plumbing and electrical wiring were still going strong after eighty years of use; and the rough-hewn cross-braces artfully wedged between the wall beams kept the house so solid that the earthquake of October 17, 1989, scarcely mussed its hair.

My wife is a painter who grew up in San Francisco, so renovating the house was largely a matter of collaborating with artist friends. We've known our decorator, Nord Haggerty, for years. Her many contributions included a living room rug spangled with red and yellow stars and etched-glass designs on the doors leading from the master bath to a deck from which one can see halfway to Napa County. Angelo Garro, the blacksmith who restored our ornate wrought-iron gates, has often guided us on chanterelle-hunting expeditions in Sonoma and hosted barbecues at his roaring forge. Buddy Rhodes, another old friend, cast the kitchen's Tuscan-ocher concrete floor and countertops.

Ferris lounges in his star-spangled living room with the family whippets. Details see Resources.

Nord's rug constitutes one of the few astronomical motifs in the house. Most of what I do is concerned with astronomy (my books *Coming of Age in the Milky Way* and *The Mind's Sky* were written in San Francisco, where my production com-

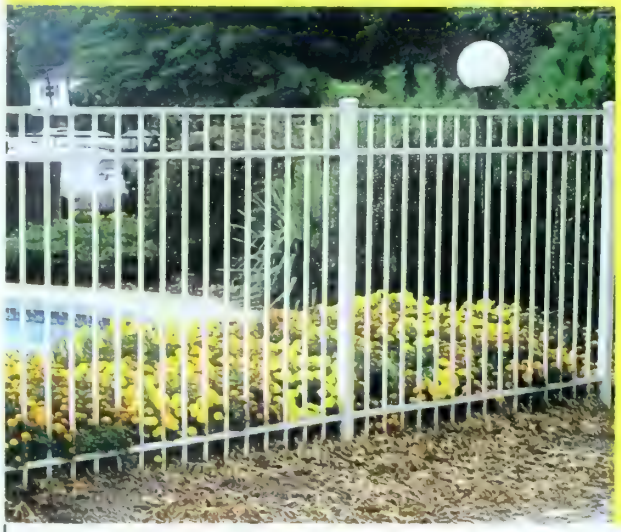


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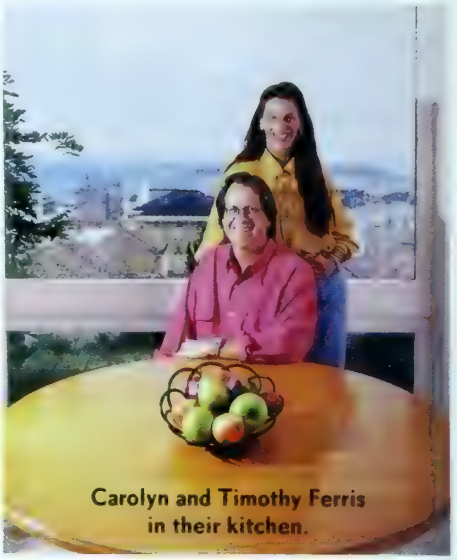
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Carolyn and Timothy Ferris in their kitchen.

pany, Triplepoint Films, is gearing up to make a successor to the PBS special *The Creation of the Universe*), but I try to confine every trace of my career to my office. There, in a gleaming white box in a modern building south of Market Street, I have a computer, a ruddy globe of Mars, thousands of books and slides, but at home there's none of that. Although there are a few computers in our house—one handles signal processing for the CD player, another programs the satellite dish—I'm proud to say that it's impossible to do a lick of work on any of them. I keep a telescope and star charts on hand for opportunistic stargazing, and a photo of Mars and a snapshot of Albert Einstein in an Indian war bonnet grace the dressing room wall, but otherwise you'd have a hard time determining my occupation from my house.

Nor could you readily guess what decade you were in. Save for the modern kitchen and the ruby glow of the security and communications systems, there is little to suggest that the year is 1992 rather than 1908. The trees in the park across the street still sway in the living room windows at dusk. And the dining room windows look out on fog rolling in across the bay, just as they have for nearly a century. I imagine that if Mr. Doe's ghost were to turn up one evening, he would feel at home here. So too, I think, would he find San Francisco, still as risky and frisky today as when the century was young. ▲

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Montana Memories

On the trail of a ranch called Ox Yoke, a photographer discovers the new West

BY MARY HILLIARD

They say if you go to a ranch as a child you'll always remember the wranglers and the name of your horse. For me the ranch was Ox Yoke in Montana, the cowboys were Slim and Jim Little John, and the horse—*my* horse—was Buckshot. I longed to see Ox Yoke again, but when I finally went back to Montana, I was bound instead for a ranch named Elk Canyon near White Sulphur Springs.

Driving north from Bozeman I kept thinking of Larry McMurtry's *Lonesome Dove*—"Always, somewhere to the north, there was a swath of blueness, with white clouds floating in it like petals in a pond"—as the road narrowed and turned to gravel. Finally I crossed a cattle guard, drove along a creek, and pulled up at a two-story log house, home of ranch managers Kay and John Eckhardt.

Nestled on a bluff above a curve in the Smith River, Elk Canyon makes up in luxury—swimming pool, tennis courts, and seven-year-old log cabins surrounded by flowers, grass, and stands of aspens—what it lacks in antiquity. Each cabin has a wide porch, a stone fireplace, vaulted ceilings, comfortable beds, and a tiled bath and dressing room with a small washer and dryer. The call of the wild has to be really loud to lure guests outside.



But it is, of course. Riding is the main event; every evening Dick, the head wrangler, came around to the main dining room to organize the next day's rides along the river, up a steep hillside through the woods to the east, or across wide meadows. There were lots of other things to do, too. Down at the trout pond, Jeff was always ready to introduce fishing enthusiasts to the mysteries of the yellow goofus bug. Freddie, the hiking guide, had us scrambling along a cliff to see caves with ancient Indian markings on the walls. The river's shallow rapids made for great river rafting. And the skeet range had a spectacular view; one day we saw a herd of antelope moving across the plain like the shadow of a cloud.



Recollections of Buckshot and Slim, top insets, drew Mary Hilliard back to Montana, where she found that riding is the main event at Elk Canyon Ranch, top. Left: East Main Street in Bozeman. Above left: The old homestead at Mountain Sky, once Ox Yoke Ranch.

On our last evening a hay wagon took us to a grove near the river for a cookout: filet mignon, pan fries, salad, raspberry-peach cobbler with homemade ice cream, and coffee brewed over the fire. Wrangler Dick—dressed, as always, in full western regalia—provided the entertainment. Cowboys, he

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explained, didn't always have guitars handy, but they did have little poetry books they ordered from flour sack labels. Dick declaimed, "Though others should laugh in derision,/ And the voice of the past grow dim;/ Yet, stick to the cool decision/That you made on the mountain's rim."

The rhymes were still echoing when I headed south the next day in search of my past. First I stopped for a quick tour of White Sulphur Springs, where the mineral waters are now contained in a crystal clear but mundane swimming pool. A bar called the Mint and a 108-year-old clothing store in a faded pink building are Main Street's highlights.

Country music on the radio, punctuated with ads for Bozeman's Rocky Mountain Saddle Co., kept me company as I sped toward the Talcott House bed and breakfast in Livingston. The owners, transplanted easterners Pam and Garry McCutcheon, provide big breakfasts, picnic lunches, and spacious corner bedrooms in a handsome Edwardian house on the National Register of Historic Places.

After a swing through Bozeman, where McCracken's on East Main Street ("We dress the West") stocks an infinite variety of blue jeans and Stetsons, I turned toward Chico Hot Springs. As I approached, I noticed a sign reading CAUTION AIRCRAFT OPERATIONS, then a huge arrow painted on the road: the road is the airport. When a plane radios in, I was assured, cars roar off to block the two ends of the "runway."

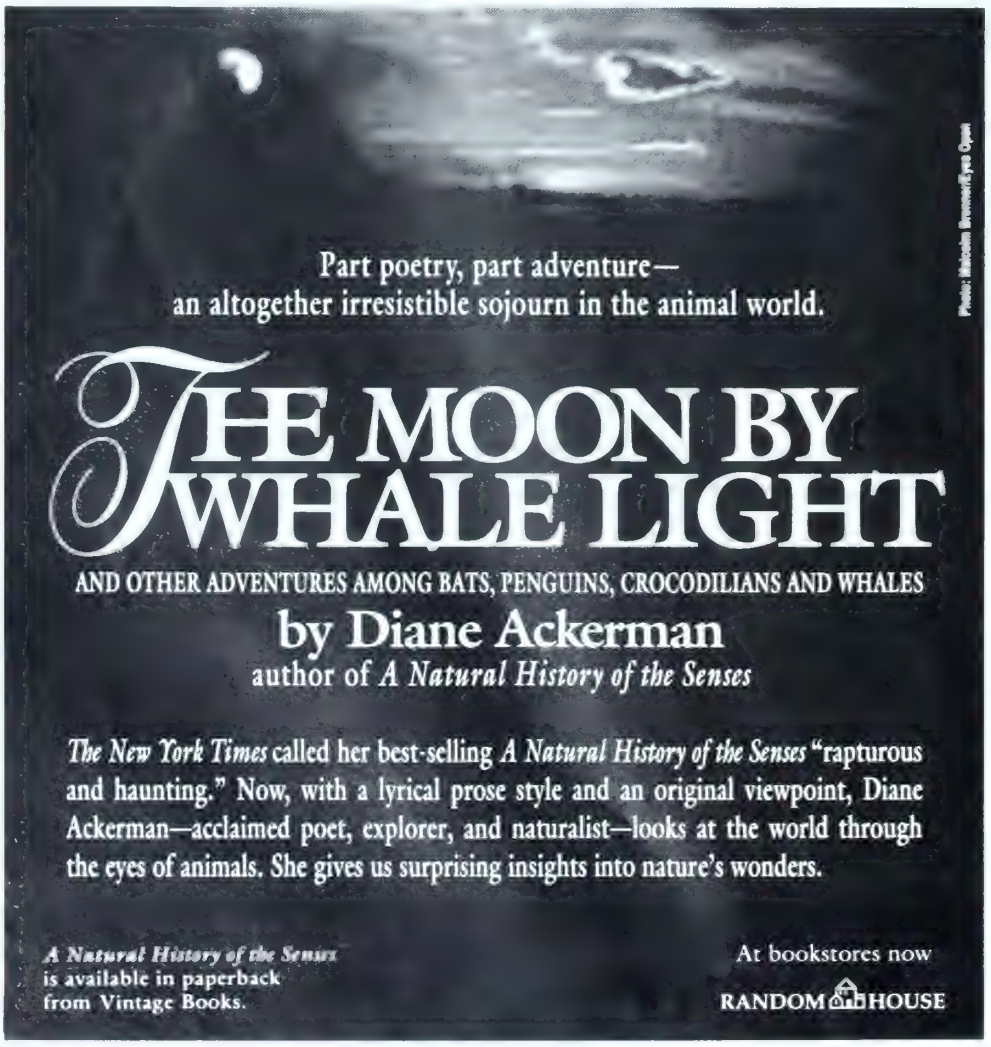
Chico, where pioneers once stopped to do their laundry, has become a favorite of summer visitors as well as the writers and Hollywood types who have bought houses in the area. The attractions are the springs, the Yellowstone River, and the exceptionally good food served at Chico Hot Springs Lodge. The old clapboard hotel has fresh green and white paint but otherwise looks much the way it did on opening day in 1900, down to the old push carousel on the front lawn and the moth-eaten buffalo hides in the lobby. My room, one of about fifty, had a white-painted iron bedstead, Laura Ashley–style wallpaper, and a bathroom down the hall. The dining room, too, was more plain than fancy, but my dinner—a buttermilk-based cold soup of seafood and herbs and a chicken breast filled with spinach, rolled, and baked—was a very sophisticated take on American food, even without the orange and chocolate dessert flamed with rum.

At Chico I found out that the ranch I'd known as Ox Yoke is now Mountain Sky Guest Ranch owned by Mary and Alan Brutger. So I drove on to Emigrant—still not big enough to be a one-horse town, although one horse was visiting—until a turn on Big Creek Road took me onto a five-mile ascent along a sparkling creek and through a narrow mountain canyon to a pine arch that marks the entrance to Mountain Sky.

At first, I admit, I resented the changes—more log cabins, some with sliding glass doors and small living rooms, and a range of amenities (a heated pool and hot tub, tennis courts, a trout pond, a playroom with Ping-Pong and pool) where there was once only a small corral. But when I found my old cabin, it seemed simpler and smaller than I remembered and very much in keeping with the comfortable yet rustic atmosphere that keeps families coming back to Mountain Sky. And if the seventy-five or so guests no longer help brand the steers, they still ride through dramatic alpine meadows and across the narrow ridge called the Devil's Backbone.

Although Slim and Jim Little John are gone, I like to think that as I drove toward the airport, I could hear the thundering hoofbeats of the great Buckshot. ▲

For visitors information: Elk Canyon Ranch, White Sulphur Springs, MT 59645; (406) 547-3373. The Talcott House, 405 West Lewis, Livingston, MT 59047; (406) 222-7699. Chico Hot Springs Lodge & Ranch, Drawer D, Pray, MT 59065; (406) 333-4933. Mountain Sky Guest Ranch, Box 1128, Bozeman, MT 59715; (800) 548-3392.





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Bottle Cap Baroque

Rick Ladd flips his lid over the fine art of recycling BY CHARLOTTE FORBES

Three flights above a clock repair shop in Brooklyn's Park Slope, artist Rick Ladd lives and works in a sea of bottle caps. His love for lids surfaced several years ago in a search for a chest of drawers with artistic value. "My policy is not to acquire anything boring or mundane," says the Illinois-bred thirty-three-year-old, who eventually gave up on ready-made furniture and crafted the piece himself.

A painter with an affinity for American folk art, Ladd found inspiration for his chest in the early twentieth century tradition of stringing bottle cap chains. By pushing the form to its decorative extreme, he came up with a bold new take on a lost art. With vintage furniture and bags of beer caps supplied by neighborhood bars, Ladd turns out tables, chairs, frames, and lamps encrusted with the colorful cast-offs. Seeing his work is a little like looking into a kaleidoscope for the first time. There's an exuberant carnival geometry to it all, a style that's "obsessive and overly ornamental," as he puts it, but also uncannily elegant and, at times, thoroughly inspired.

The culmination of Ladd's bottle cap aesthetic, an enormous altar covered in a veneer of cereal and detergent boxes coated with beer caps, goes on view this month in a solo show at New York's Broadway Windows exhibition space. Meanwhile, Ladd is at work on a new series of functional sculpture: tables made from street-scavenged Thunderbird and Night Train bottles and the Laddian version of marble furniture—made of aggies and cat's-eyes, that is, not slabs from Carrara. A 1930s cupboard, a drop-leaf table, and two side chairs are all painted bright white and inlaid with marbles in patterns inspired by game boards and quilts. The stuff is graphic, bumpy, and surprisingly comfortable.

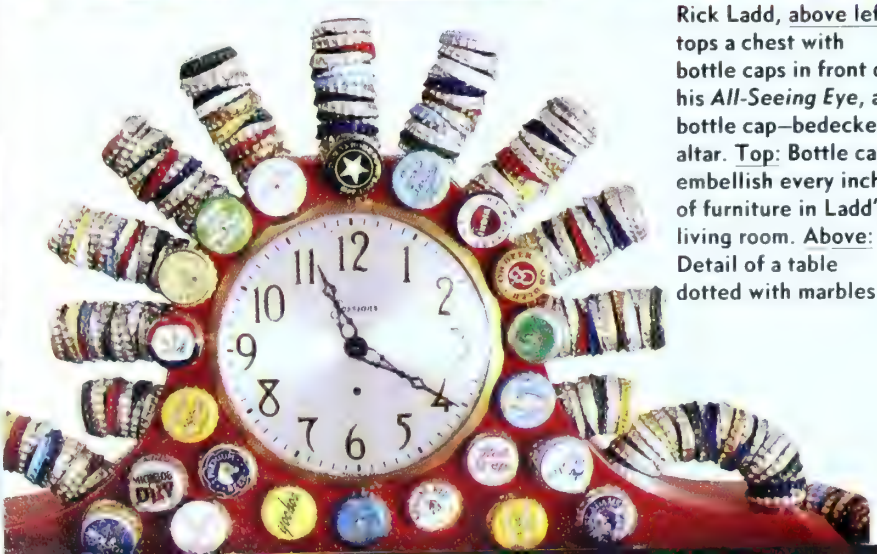




Recently, Ladd has also turned his talents to "prisoner's art," a folded paper technique historically practiced by convicts with hours to spend interlocking empty cigarette packs into intricate frames, purses, and boxes. Ladd learned the craft by corresponding with an inmate at Trenton State and has since, typically, struck out in his own direction. He has woven comic books into a lamp base and shade, interlaced world maps to form a mirror frame, and fashioned a giant "prisoner's heart" out of issues of *Vogue* and *Glamour*.

Ladd hopes that people enjoy the cleverness of his work and maybe have a laugh. He recalls pulling out one of his folded paper wallets to pay for something at a hardware store. The man behind the counter did a double take, then with a broad smile of recognition told him, "I haven't seen one of those since I was at Sing-Sing." (Rick Ladd, 299 Seventh Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11215; 718-499-9040) ▲

Rick Ladd, above left, tops a chest with bottle caps in front of his *All-Seeing Eye*, a bottle cap–bedecked altar. Top: Bottle caps embellish every inch of furniture in Ladd's living room. Above: Detail of a table dotted with marbles.



A customized 1920s mantel clock, left.


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Digging In on the Delta

A hungry screenwriter unearths fresh talent in New Orleans kitchens BY ROBERT HARLING

It happens to me a couple of times a year. The craving begins. New Orleans food. Po'boys, étouffés, creole this and cajun that. When I can stand it no longer, a trip is planned—a mini vacation centered around how many meals I can cram into a long weekend and myself. I described this feeding frenzy to my friend Valerie, and she said, "New Orleans? It's always seemed to be the city with a thousand restaurants and only six recipes." As a proud native Louisianian, I decided to set her straight. With a group of friends in tow, we arrived in New Orleans. I was prepared to serve as the expert, the taste tour guide. I thought I knew everything. Boy, was I wrong. It seems something very exciting has been happening in the Big Easy. The grand cuisine we all know and love is still thriving, but a handful of innovative chefs have blown the lid off traditional New Orleans food.

We began our food trek in the French Quarter at **DiPiazza's** (337 Dauphine Street; 504-525-3335). Local friends steered us to the tiny storefront Italian eatery. "What should we order?" we asked them. "Just tell Anthony to feed you," they said. "He'll send out food till you surrender." We followed instructions and out came a platter of antipasto. We'd barely finished that when corn blinis and quail eggs smothered in Louisiana caviar arrived with tiny shots of vodka. Next came a plate of grilled sea scallops and soft-shell crabs drenched in a crabmeat-lobster saffron sauce, fast followed by pasta shells stuffed with crawfish, lobster tamales on a bed of black beans, and grilled quail in an enoki mushroom sauce. At this point we asked Walter the waiter if we were nearing the end. He simply smiled slyly and deposited penne with Maine lobster fra diablo. My buddy Chris, a weight lifter who prides himself on consuming 6,000 calories a day, said something I'd never heard him utter: "I'm getting full." Valerie whipped out her napkin and used it as a white flag to signal Anthony in the kitchen. The question as we left: would we ever eat again? Of course we would. We had managed to get reservations at Gautreau's the following night.

Out of an old Uptown drugstore, chef Larkin Selman and partner Tripp Friedler created **Gautreau's** (1728 Soniat Street; 504-899-7397), one of the most romantic dining spots in town. Selman, a New Orleans native who fine-tuned his repertoire in New York and London, has returned to serve up what he calls "modern French creole." He defines this as simply combining contemporary French technique with fresh Louisiana ingredients. One local is such a fan of Selman's vegetables that she claims to "order backwards"—she searches the menu for ratatouille, then orders the entrée that accompanies it. Selman prides

1. Emeril's roasted lamb with creole mustard crust and apple mint relish.
2. Emeril's chocolate bread pudding on a pool of mint anglaise.
3. Bayona's crawfish in phyllo dough.
4. DiPiazza's corn blinis with caviar.
5. Gautreau's ratatouille on croutons.
6. Gautreau's garlic mashed potatoes served with grilled chicken.

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IT STIRS THE HEART



Robert Harling embarks on a feeding frenzy.

himself on simple food with inspired twists: wild mushroom ragout on polenta, crab cakes with black beans, pork with prune risotto. My friend Mario's entrée of roast chicken and garlic mashed potatoes may sound rather ordinary, but trust me, at Gautreau's it's perfection. And the desserts are what we'd all like life to be—simple and rich.

With our mouths ready for more, we headed for **Bayona** (430 Dauphine Street; 504-525-4455), the most talked-about new restaurant in town. Operating out of a creole cottage in the French quarter, chef/co-owner Susan Spicer lives up to her last name. Her menu is a journey through eclectic taste mergers that work. The dark richness of boudin noir is offset with the tang of apples and onions. I couldn't stop myself from eating several of her crawfish phyllo turnover appetizers. To locals, Bayona's cream of garlic soup is as much a New Orleans institution as Mardi Gras and Preservation Hall. One of my companions became overly territorial about his pan-roasted salmon with choucroute and Gewürztraminer sauce until I dangled a taste of my grilled jumbo shrimp and scallops with rouille and herb pesto. "The classics have their place, and there's room for innovation, too," says Spicer. "Just leave the trail mix out of my food."

Another restaurateur who can do no wrong is Emeril Lagasse, who fits the current trend of chef as matinee idol. At **Emeril's** (800 Tchoupitoulas Street; 504-528-9393) in the Warehouse District everything is made from scratch—sausage, breads, even Worcestershire sauce. The appetizers left us swooning: smoked shrimp and andouille ravioli, creole corn cakes with Louisiana caviar and chive cream, and smoked mushrooms with tasso cream over pasta. Everyone at the table was fighting over who had ordered the best entrée. Was it the quail stuffed with sausage and mushrooms? The panéed veal was luscious. Val proclaimed her lamb in a creole mustard crust the best she'd ever eaten. As they fought, I wolfed down my spicy crawfish over pasta, secure in the knowledge that I was the winner. Emeril's usually offers sixteen dessert choices. We tried them all. Chocolate bread pudding is sin on a plate. One leaves Emeril's with the feeling of having attended a great party—much like the feeling when one leaves New Orleans itself.

It was time to go. Reminding Valerie of her statement about the one thousand restaurants and only six recipes, she didn't say anything. The smile on her face said it all. She had eaten much more than her words.



DIPIAZZA'S CORN BLINIS

1 cup flour
½ cup corn flour
1 tablespoon cornstarch
½ tablespoon salt
Pinch cream of tartar
1½ cups whole milk
Sour cream
Caviar
Chives

Combine first five ingredients. Beat in milk until smooth. Let stand 10 minutes. Grease a skillet and heat until water drops dance on the surface. Cover surface thinly with batter. Cook until brown underneath, about 1½ minutes, then flip. Top with sour cream, caviar, and chives. Makes 12.

GAUTREAU'S RATATOUILLE

7 tablespoons extra-virgin olive oil
1 small yellow onion, thinly sliced
3 cloves garlic, minced
1 teaspoon dried thyme
½ teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon cayenne pepper
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
1 eggplant, diced
1 yellow squash, diced
1 zucchini, diced
1 red bell pepper, diced
1 yellow bell pepper, diced
1 large tomato, diced

Heat 1 tablespoon olive oil in a saucepan. Add onion, garlic, thyme, paprika, and cayenne pepper. Season with salt and pepper and sauté until onions are soft. Remove to a colander. Separately sauté each of the remaining vegetables in 1 tablespoon olive oil until lightly caramelized, then transfer to the colander. Drain combined vegetables 20 minutes.

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Stir vegetables and drain further. Pour into roasting pan, smooth with spatula, and bake 20 minutes. Serves 6.

BAYONA'S CRAWFISH TURNOVER

1 pound crawfish tails
1 pound cream cheese, softened
4 scallions
1 tablespoon chopped cilantro
1 tablespoon chopped tarragon
½ teaspoon chopped garlic
½ teaspoon curry powder
½ teaspoon red pepper flakes
Salt
Lime juice
½ pound phyllo sheets
½ cup butter, melted
½ cup breadcrumbs

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Roughly chop crawfish meat and combine with cream cheese. Chop green and white of scallions and add to cream cheese along with cilantro, tarragon, garlic, and curry powder. Add pepper flakes, salt, and lime juice to taste.

Lay out one sheet of dough. Brush lightly with butter and sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Repeat with two more sheets, stacking one on top of the other. Cut widthwise into 3 pieces. Place a large spoonful of filling in the corner of each piece and fold flag-style into triangle. Brush with butter and place on a tray sprinkled with breadcrumbs. Repeat with remaining phyllo sheets. Bake until brown and crispy, about 10 minutes. Serves 10–12.

GAUTREAU'S GARLIC MASHED POTATOES

4 large baking potatoes
9 cloves garlic
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
4 tablespoons unsalted butter
2 ounces half-and-half
2 ounces sour cream

Peel potatoes and 8 cloves garlic, cover with water, season with salt and pepper, and bring to a boil. When potatoes

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are tender, drain and mash with garlic. Mince remaining garlic and stir in with butter, half-and-half, and sour cream. Adjust seasonings. Serves 6.

EMERIL'S LAMB WITH CREOLE MUSTARD CRUST

Lamb
- 1 split hotel rack of lamb, halved and frenched
- 3 tablespoons olive oil
- ½ cup breadcrumbs
- 5 teaspoons creole seasonings (see below)
- 2 teaspoons creole mustard
- 1 tablespoon chopped rosemary
- 1 teaspoon minced garlic
- 2 teaspoons minced shallots
- Salt
- Freshly ground pepper

Apple mint relish
- 2 Red Delicious apples
- ¼ cup chopped mint
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- Juice of 1 lemon
- Salt
- White pepper

Lamb. Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Sear lamb on all sides in 1 tablespoon olive oil. Roast lamb in oven 4 minutes. Allow to cool and drain excess oil. Thoroughly combine breadcrumbs, seasonings, and remaining olive oil. Coat lamb with mustard and pat on seasoned crumbs. Bake medium rare, about 15 minutes. Allow to rest before carving. Serve accompanied by lamb gravy and apple mint relish.

To make gravy, combine ½ cup lamb stock with rosemary, garlic, shallots, salt, and pepper in a small saucepan. Simmer until reduced by half.

Apple mint relish. Core and dice apples and combine with remaining ingredients. Drain and chill. Serves 2.

EMERIL'S CREOLE SEASONINGS

- 2½ tablespoons salt
- 2 tablespoons dried garlic
- 2 tablespoons black pepper
- 1 tablespoon cayenne pepper
- 1 tablespoon dried thyme
- 1 tablespoon dried oregano
- 2½ tablespoons paprika
- 1 tablespoon dried onions

Combine all ingredients. Can be stored indefinitely. Makes 1 cup.

EMERIL'S CHOCOLATE BREAD PUDDING WITH MINT ANGLAISE

Bread pudding
- 6 eggs
- 2 bananas
- 2 loaves French bread
- ½ cup pecans
- 1 quart heavy cream
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 1 cup sugar
- ½ cup brown sugar
- 1 cup chopped bittersweet chocolate

Mint anglaise
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 1 tablespoon minced mint
- ½ teaspoon green crème de menthe
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- ⅛ tablespoon vanilla extract
- 3 egg yolks

Bread pudding. Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Beat the eggs and mash the bananas. Cut the bread into 1-inch slices and toast lightly. Combine all ingredients except the chocolate and soak bread 1 hour. Fold chocolate into mixture, and bake in a bain-marie 1 hour. Let cool before serving.

Mint anglaise. Combine first 5 ingredients and bring to a boil in a double boiler. Temper yolks and add to liquid. Return to heat 3–5 minutes, then allow to cool. To serve, pour the sauce onto individual plates and top each with a portion of pudding. Serves 6. ▲

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Mercedes S to the Nth Degree

There's even more room for comfort and safety in the new top-of-the-line sedans

BY PILAR VILADAS

The last time I drove a new Mercedes-Benz (the racy SL convertible), it was a life-altering experience—I'd never been famous before. This time, driving the new generation of S-class sedans, the experience was a bit more sedate, albeit just as luxurious. Maybe even more so. The redesign of the company's popular top-of-the-line series brings improvements in power and safety (in which Mercedes already excels) and a staggering array of comfort and convenience features.

The new S-class cars are shorter, wider, and sleeker than those of the previous generation, their grilles and roof pillars swept back at a quietly rakish angle. In terms of power, the cars fall into three groups: the 6-cylinder 3.2-liter 228-horsepower 300SE and the 3.5-liter turbodiesel 300SD; the V-8 4.2-liter 282-horsepower 400SE and the 5-liter 322-horsepower 500SEL; and Mercedes-Benz's first production V-12 engine in the mighty 6-liter 402-horsepower limited-edition 600SEL.

Mercedes is justifiably proud that the S-class cars use recyclable plastics and are the first to employ air conditioning refrigerants that are free of chlorofluorocarbons. But these are hefty cars with big engines (the 600SEL weighs nearly 5,000 pounds), and this contributes to the fact that the 300SE's highway estimate is only 19 miles a gallon, and the 600SEL's estimate is 15 miles a gallon. On the other hand, all the heavy metal and techno-toys that go into this weight help make the cars extraordinarily comfortable and secure.

The passenger compartments are all larger than those of the last S-class run. (Mercedes claims that the average person's height has increased one and a half inches in the intervening decade). Standard equipment includes driver's and passenger's air bags, antilock brakes, a central locking system with infrared remote control, seat belts that adjust to your height and seem to hover gently over you but hold you firmly in an accident, one-touch electric windows with a safety-reverse mechanism, double-glazed side windows to improve temperature and sound insulation, and twelve-way power seats that can "remember" positions (including those of mirrors and steering column) for three drivers. Another Mercedes innovation: the chrome parking rods, which appear—like Ray Walston's antennae on *My Favorite Martian*—from the fenders when you put the car into reverse. And although a ten-disc CD changer is optional, every S-class car is equipped with an eleven-speaker, seven-amplifier Bose sound system.

The 600SEL has even more toys. How about an activated-charcoal air filter to screen out pollen and unpleasant odors? Electrically adjustable rear seats with their very own air conditioning system? Or my favorite, the power-assisted door and trunk closure—no more slamming? (Some of these features are standard on the 500SEL, and all are optional on the other cars).

I would be hard-pressed to choose from among the S-class cars. The slightly smaller 300 and 400 cars may seem at first more nimble on the road, but I was surprised at how much I enjoyed driving the long-wheelbase 600. It doesn't feel as big as it looks, and its power and smooth ride make it wonderful for long highway trips. But whichever model you choose, bring lots of money. The 300 costs just under $70,000; the 400 just under $80,000; the 500 about $93,000; and the 600 just under $128,000—not including gas consumption or luxury taxes. (You also get Mercedes's Maintenance-Plus program, which covers the cost of all normal maintenance and repair or replacement of certain wear and tear items for four years or 50,000 miles.)

Expensive? Very. Still, they don't seem too worried back in Stuttgart. Despite a lethargic economy and Japan's ever-widening inroads into the luxury car market, Mercedes-Benz is confident that it will continue to win the lion's share of affluent buyers, however high the price tag. And for those who consider the three-pointed star the sign of ultimate driving prestige, what's one more zero? ▲

Kings of the road. Clockwise from top left: The Mercedes-Benz 500SEL hits the highway. The 600SEL is powered by a V-12 engine. All the S-class cars boast luxurious state-of-the-art interiors.


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LIVING WITH

style

BY WENDY GOODMAN

Stephen Dweck domesticates the great outdoors

"IMAGINE, THE POPE HAS DINED AT A table set with my napkin rings!" says Brooklyn-born designer Stephen Dweck. Having expanded the jewelry business he began in 1980, Dweck now designs a tabletop line for Sasaki and produces one-of-a-kind objects for the home. Crafted of silver, bronze, even abalone, and garnished with minerals and semiprecious stones, his nature-inspired Home Collection is remarkably similar to his jewelry, in substance as well as spirit. The wreathlike brim of his woven-metal bowl, which took two years to make, depicts over fifty varieties of vegetation—evergreen sprays, pinecones, seed pods, oak leaves—cast in copper, silver, bronze, and brass. Nestled among the flora is Dweck's trademark gold beetle. He also dresses antique chandeliers with glistening grapes. And, declares this neo-Renaissance master, "My bejeweled vine fork would have stopped Henry VIII himself from eating with his hands."



A harvest of Dweck's designs. Clockwise from top left: Cast-metal bowl, gem-studded sterling vine brooch and serving spoon, abalone dishes with precious-metal foliage hold a bracelet; antique chandelier ripe with grapes. Details see Resources.




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Editor's Page

February

AS A FAIRLY RECENT CONVERT to the beige school, having left red paisley chintz and yellow strié walls behind me, I was unprepared to find myself once again in the thrall of color. But lately I have seen walls and furniture, unadulterated by fussy patterns, in colors of a particular intensity and daring, and I am considering whether the craving for color is an unavoidable human urge. The boldness of the palette Jacques Kaplan and Violaine Bachelier used for their Connecticut farmhouse and the high-pitched scheme decorator David Salomon devised for the French Designer Showhouse in New York are illustrations of a spirited 1990s spin on the color wheel. Similarly, the Los Angeles house by Mexican architect Ricardo Legorreta makes its mark as much with vivid hues as with imposing volumes. Skillfully used, areas of strong color can have an impact that far exceeds their physical dimensions—witness the power of two magenta chairs of modest proportions in the double-height living room of the Atlanta house decorated by John Saladino. Color also appears in the Manhattan house of private art dealer Steve Mazoh, but here the vibrant tones of masters such as Picasso and Léger are offset by creamy walls and muted fabrics. Preserving the colorful past gets attention, too, as we look at Russian restorers' work on important houses, and the exotic and surprisingly similar domains of late nineteenth century artists Frederic Edwin Church and Lord Leighton. Elsewhere in this issue we offer the civilized urbanity of Kitty Hawks in a New York apartment and the Santa Monica house of *Thirtysomething* actor Peter Horton, with its Spanish colonial look. As for color, you will be seeing lots of it in coming issues of HG—even if my own walls and ceilings remain faithfully beige.



Underwater goes technicolor in Nancy A. Kintisch's dressing room for a decidedly up-to-date mermaid.

Nancy Novogrod

EDITOR IN CHIEF

Classicism Updated

For an Atlanta couple, John Saladino puts antiquity in a new light

By Mac Griswold

Photographs by Michael Mundy

Produced by Anne Foxley





To enhance architect Robert Frank McAlpine's pared-down classical geometry in the living room, John Saladino added Greek olive jars, a custom Pompeian-motif carpet, and gauze Roman shades. He mixed furniture of his own design with an Italianate pier table from Newsome Weeks. Details see Resources.



"We began with color that keeps repeating itself like music"



MY FIRST THOUGHT was that this house needed to be calmed down," says John Saladino about the modern Herculaneum he made at Steve and Alice Bostic's new house in suburban Atlanta. "I was jealous of the architect's work, and I don't often say that," Saladino continues, "but I felt it was almost too inventive." He adds, "The house was something I respected when I saw the drawings. Often I have to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but here I didn't have to waste my budget disguising mistakes."

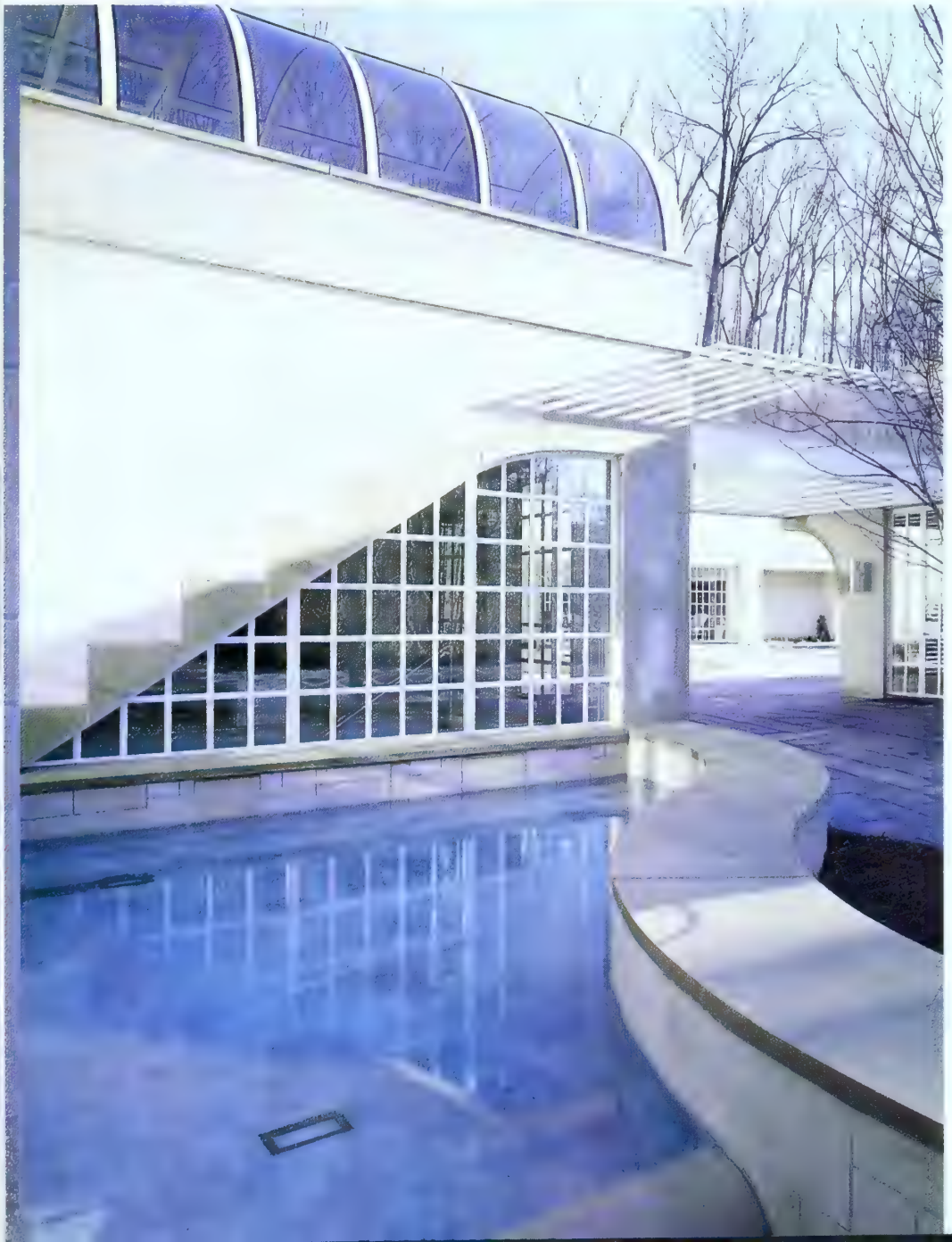
The house was designed in 1986 by Robert Frank McAlpine, a young architect from Montgomery, Alabama; Saladino got involved after construction began. "A unifying theme was established—we began with color that keeps repeating itself like music. What was needed was to bring the house down and romanticize it—it couldn't look trendy. No new wave colors, no Philippe Starck chairs with three legs. I had to invent a palette to make my clients happy. Steve and Alice wanted a pale look, but for a house of this size [25,000 square feet overall, the largest English country house scale for the major rooms, with racquetball court, indoor lap pool] it was necessary to get them to accept a few deep shades."

The result is a circumscribed and soothing vocabulary of colors—grays, teal blue, and all shades of sand, silver, tan, beige, putty, butter, and cream. For depth Saladino turned to magenta, an outcast hue that lurks on the edge of difficulty,

Near the living room hearth, *opposite*, teal blue armchairs in Clarence House velvet face a sueded calfskin high-back sofa with pillows in fabrics from Brunschwig, Greeff, and André Bon. A bone table from Ambience harmonizes with pale wood. *Above left:* In the hall an Italian marble table stands on a handwoven carpet. Sconces from Flos. *Left:* The piano and Saladino sleigh chair echo curves in McAlpine's architecture.







along with burgundy and maroon. "It's a fashion color worn by women in small quantities," he says dryly. Silvery magenta covers six dining room chairs and two in the living room. Everywhere but in the bedrooms, smaller dots, dashes, and threads of the same color are found. The shade varies from a cabernet sauvignon in the warp of a fabric to the deep plum of a lacquer box.

"Steve and Alice are midwesterners—they are totally removed from the eastern establishment and its rules," says Saladino. "And even though they now live in Atlanta, they're not especially touched by the still-powerful myth of southern aristocracy." Steve Bostic tells how they came to the new house: "All we brought with us were the rocker and the maid." They had washed themselves clear of everything in their old life. Though now she wouldn't change ninety-five percent of what they did, Alice Bostic wonders how they were so brave. Moving in, the biggest surprise was finding how much she minded giving up the privacy of her old spaces and the small scale of her twelve-year-old contemporary house for Robert McAlpine's expansive monumentality.

There were a few surprises for veteran Saladino as well. "If it doesn't come in a new box, forget it," said Alice Bostic. "We don't like old things." For Saladino, lover of the ancient world and all its successive historical translations, that meant finding a fresh design route—or persuading his clients at an opportune moment that the occasional peerless old piece should be used. Together the Bostics and Saladino and his staff worked through meetings, renderings, color

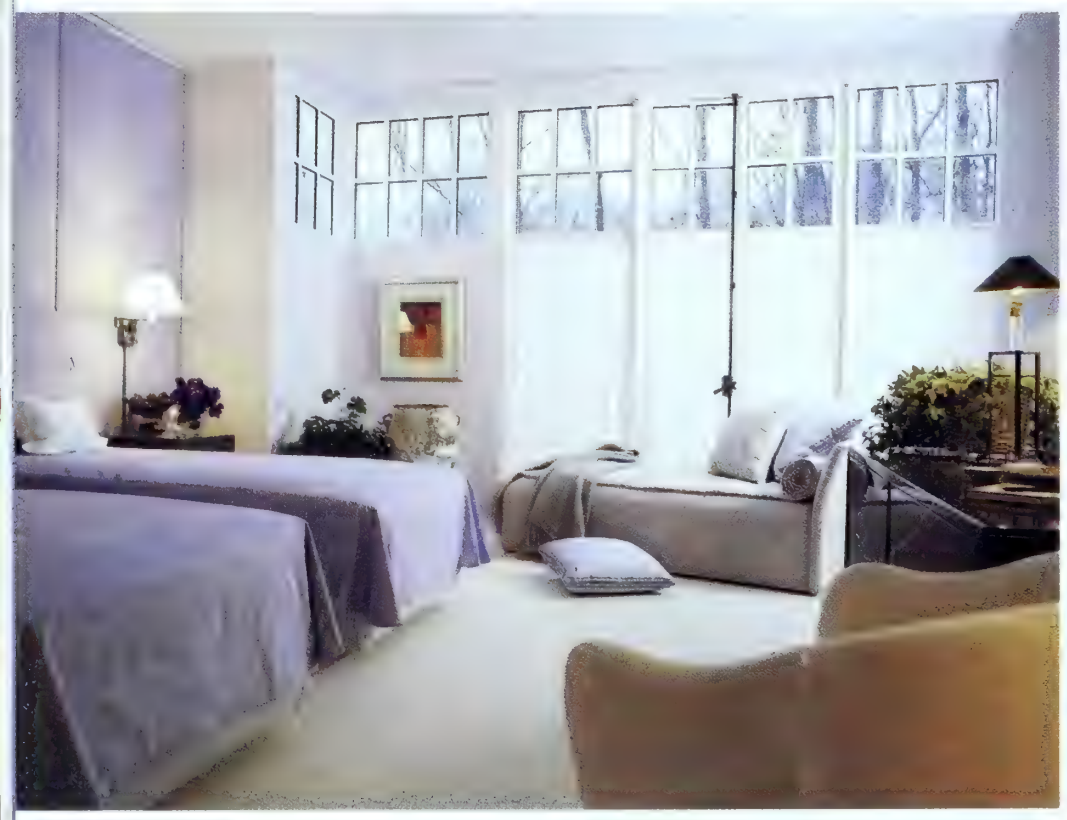
A pool reflects an entry hall window, *left. Above left:* The façades combine classical symmetry with freer modernist forms. *Opposite above:* More literal—and literary—references to antiquity figure in David Keith Braly's mural, which borders a view of the media room and the Stark leather-tiled game room beyond. *Opposite below left:* Old Doric columns flank a dining room passage. *Opposite below right:* Braly painted a Piranesian fantasy above the lap pool in the exercise room.

Saladino's visual allusions to antiquity took the place of antiques









chips, and fabric swatches. The full-dress presentation of carefully considered choices for the house culminated in the unrolling of a magnificent nineteenth-century Ushak carpet that tied together the succession of colors, textures, and forms in the living room. "Steve and Alice were appalled by this carpet," says Saladino, "and then the problem was to design something that didn't belong in a hotel lobby." Saladino rifled a book of Pompeian designs compiled by archaeologist Wilhelmina F. Jashemski for a suitable motif, which he had woven to a large scale in a tight tweed knot.

Similar allusions took the place of antiques throughout. Architect and muralist David Braly, also a lover of the ancient world, covered two walls with deconstructed Piranesi. The wall of the central hall—the traffic

hub of the house—is covered with urns, gigantic egg-and-dart molding, niches, and a Latin inscription, made all the more mysterious because even fewer people can read it today than could have in the eighteenth century, the last time when such decorations were found in important houses. This mural as well as its companion, which runs alongside the indoor lap pool, could easily appear pretentiously postmodern. But instead, the vague memory of what we claim as our past is steadying and sober; the lap pool mural, with its references to pools as grottoes, as nymphaea, seems appropriate and beautiful. In the game room the classical shadow play continues in Jim Dine's prints from the series *In der Glyptotek,* inspired by Ludwig I of Bavaria's treasure house of antique sculpture in Munich.

The only old pieces are three Greek olive jars, which carry Braly's cyclopean decorative scale into the vast heights of the living room. There is also a magnificent Italianate pier table with a faux marbre finish. "Natural, rather than high-tech, materials were what we used everywhere," says Saladino. A high-back sofa of buffed sueded calfskin makes an inglenook that encloses and warms the living room where ripsawn clear cedar gives interest to the ceiling; the pair of dining room tables are burl elm rubbed with a pale gray tint. Bone, terra-cotta, rosa aurora marble, Mexican cantera stone, and travertine add richness. "We played 3-D chess with color and texture," says Saladino, "getting artists and craftsmen to create the pieces for the game. The hall table was made in *(Continued on page 136)*



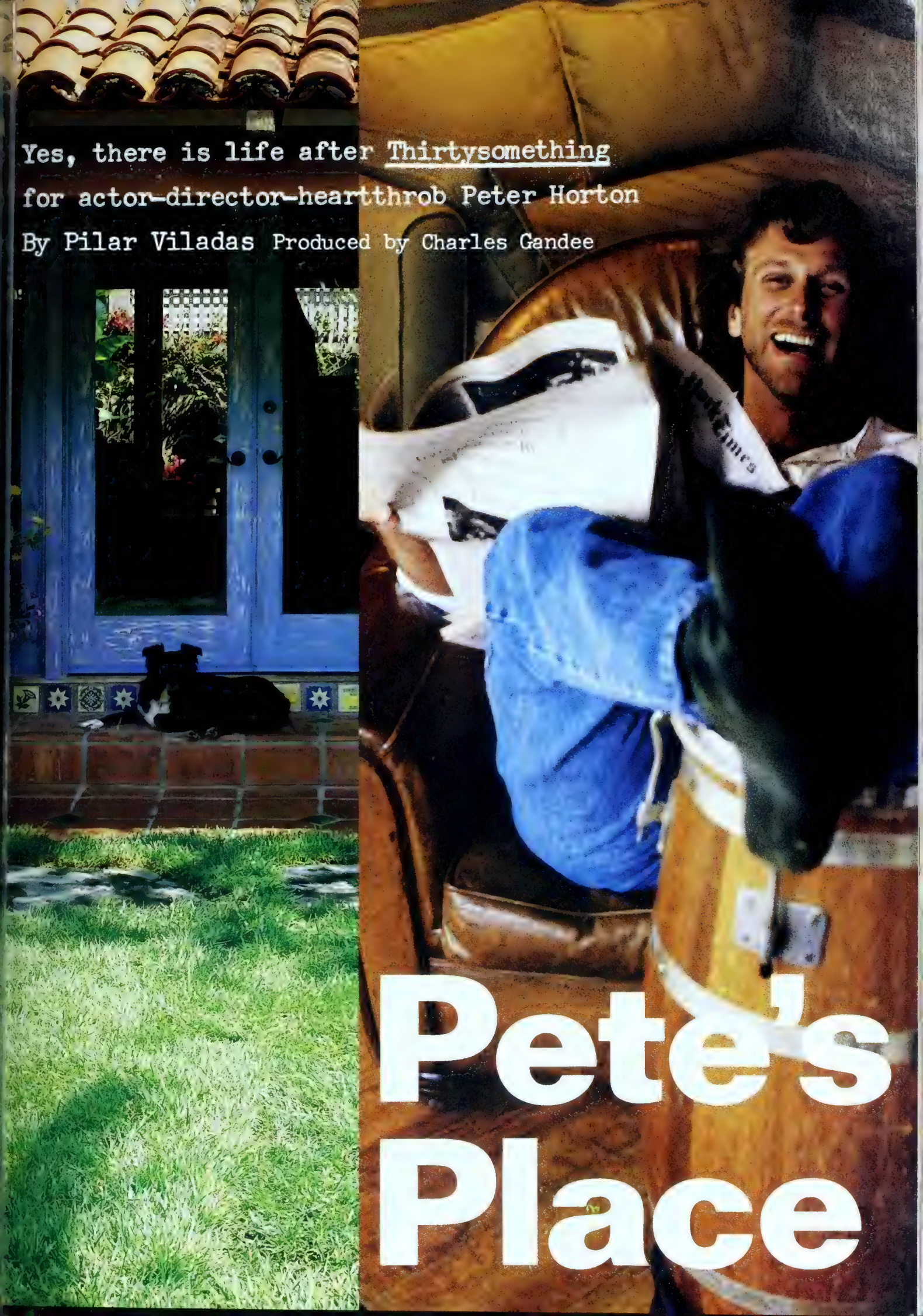
"We played a 3-D chess game with color and texture"



Mullioned master bedroom windows, *opposite above,* admit light and views while retaining a sense of enclosure. Upholstery and linens vary Saladino's subtle palette. *Opposite below:* Periwinkle Boussac cottons were used on beds and panels in the guesthouse. *Above right:* Parachute cloth veils a marble bath. *Right:* Mulberry bark paper covers the walls in another guest bedroom. Quilted throw in Yves Gonnet fabric. All carpets by Stark.



Peter Horton, *opposite*, proves that congas aren't just for drumming. *Below:* His bedroom doors lead to a backyard where the lounging possibilities include a Summit Furniture chaise, draped with a Beacon blanket, and a string hammock. Details see Resources.



Yes, there is life after Thirtysomething
for actor-director-heartthrob Peter Horton

By Pilar Viladas Produced by Charles Gandee

Pete's Place



Tom Calloway left a Spanish colonial stamp on the living room with the addition of a beamed ceiling, plaster fireplace, and shuttered window. The leather chair is his own design. The flaming urns are from Nonesuch Antiques, Santa Monica. *Opposite above:* Horton relaxes with girlfriend Jean Pelton. *Opposite below:* Mexican retablos flank the doorway to the library/music room.

"Peter wanted his house to be on the inside what it suggested on t



side—early L.A.," says Callaway



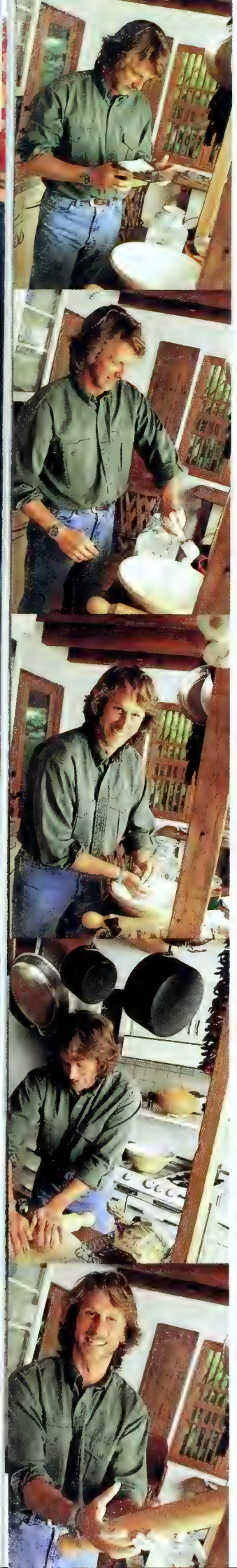
PLEASE, GOD, don't let me call him Gary. I know, *Thirtysomething* is dead and so is its aging-hippie professor, Gary Shepard, but to me he was like an old friend—and such a doll. The prospect of meeting Peter Horton, the *real person*, was enough to give me an anxiety attack.

I needn't have worried. Peter Horton is a nice guy. He's friendly, intelligent, and laughs a lot. And he's better looking than Gary. (Can this be possible?) Horton's Santa Monica bungalow was remodeled in the Spanish-influenced early California style by actor/decorator/furniture designer Thomas Callaway, who filled it with a mix of comfortable furniture, Mexican artifacts, and Horton's growing collection of California plein-air paintings. It is a warm welcoming house, not fussy or trendy. It is the house of a thoughtful, sensitive man, a man who named his dog Scout after the little girl in *To Kill a Mockingbird*. A nineties man.

And when you tour the house, you see the story of Horton's life in the objects he treasures. In the office behind the house, the desk, credenza, and boat model belonged to his late father, who was in the shipping business. A toy figure wearing a horned helmet attests to Horton's current passion for genealogy; he believes that on his mother's side of the family he is descended from the Vikings. Eric the Red, meet Peter the Blond.

In the library/music room, he pulls the Horton family Bible from a shelf and opens to a page that traces his father's family back to the mid 1800s. One ancestor was a Confederate colonel, and his great-grandfather, Elwood Horton, was a contractor who helped rebuild Seattle after the 1889 fire. This room is his retreat, a place "where I can put on Mozart's *Requiem* and collapse." There is also



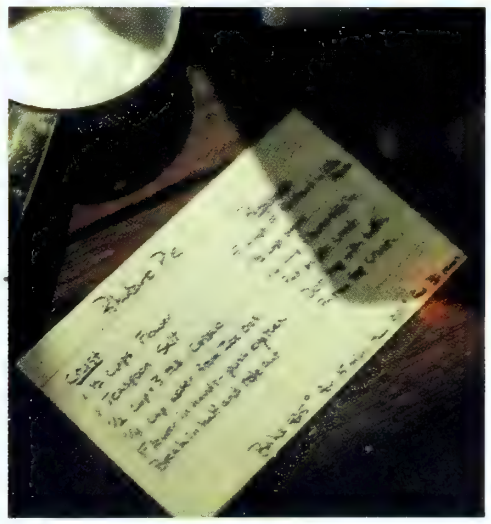


This is a nineties man's bungalow—warm and welcoming, not fussy or trendy

a piano and a set of conga drums in case Horton, a music major in college, wants to play a tune himself. In the guest bathroom Horton points to a mirror emblazoned with the slogan "America: Love Her or Saddle Up." He says, "Ronald Reagan owns one, so it makes some kind of ironic sense for me to have one," with all the relish of a sixties radical—which he almost was.

Almost because, like everyone in the thirtysomething generation, the revolution had just left town by the time Horton got there. Born in Bellevue, Washington, in the 1950s (Horton is strangely shy about revealing his age), he led a "Norman Rockwell existence" until his family moved to Hong Kong when he was eight. Two years later the Hortons ended up in Marin County, and it was culture shock all over again—counterculture, that is. "All the sixties stuff was starting to happen," he recalls. But by the time Horton was old enough to join in, the sixties had become the seventies. Still, as he explains, he went to school in the Midwest, "so they were a little behind." In his first year at Principia College in Illinois, Horton helped organize a dorm that seceded from the school. "After three years, they kicked me out."





What has all this to do with why Horton's house looks the way it does? Plenty. History and family mean a lot to Horton; *meaning* means a lot to Horton. "Everything in a house has to have meaning," he says, and considering that most contemporary architecture makes him "nuts," it's no wonder Horton found Callaway. Actually, it was friends of Horton's—a couple from the church he attends—who saw the house Callaway was renovating for himself in Brentwood. "We have a friend who just bought a house," one of them said, "and he would love this place."

Horton loved it all right. He loved it so much that he wanted one just like it. So he asked Callaway to do to his house what he had done to his own. Callaway explains, "Peter wanted his house to be on the inside what it suggested on the outside—early Los Angeles." Getting there, however, meant starting from scratch. Horton's 1920s bungalow had undergone several remodelings, the latest in a modernist vein. Callaway drew up plans featuring elements of what he calls "California rancho"—thick plaster walls with rounded corners; beamed wood ceilings; and doors, windows, grilles, and columns



Horton, *opposite*, whips up his grandmother's rhubarb pie on a Mexican worktable in his kitchen equipped with a 1940s stove. *Below:* Old wooden columns divide the living room from the dining room, furnished with a Mexican pine table and chairs. Black rush-seated armchairs are from John Hall Designs, Santa Monica. The hooked rug, c. 1900, and chandeliers are from Richard Mulligan, L.A.



In Horton's office his desk is adjacent to a kiva-style fireplace, *left. Below:* Mexican chairs surround a Callaway-designed table on the patio. *Right:* In the master bedroom the bed aligns with the axis of the beamed, gently pitched ceiling. *Opposite inset:* Horton, his dog, Scout, and Callaway take five on the office doorstep.

that look decades old (and in some cases are)—then proceeded to rebuild nearly every surface in the house, with Horton still in it. "I would highly *not recommend* living in a house while it's being renovated," Horton says, laughing. But if his patience wore thin, he didn't show it. "Peter would wake up and shake the dust off his blankets," says Callaway. "We'd work at every conceivable hour. He was always completely enthusiastic about the house."

He still is. In his office he attends to new projects. Having directed a number of *Thirtysomething* episodes and the TV movie *Extreme Close-Up,* Horton now has a producing and directing deal with ABC. In his music room Horton rehearses for his conducting debut: his directing schedule permitting, he will lead the Baltimore Chamber Orchestra in Beethoven's Third Symphony this spring. And in the kitchen, with its tongue and groove cupboards with old stove handles, Horton bakes his grandmother's rhubarb pie—"No strawberries, no raspberries, just rhubarb; it's the best"—for his girlfriend, model Jean Pelton. The twentysomething Pelton, whom Horton describes as "a real thinker with both feet on the ground," has been Horton's steady date for the past two years. The couple prefer staying home and barbecuing to going out. With a house like this and a cute guy who can cook, wouldn't you stay home, too? ♠





History and family mean a



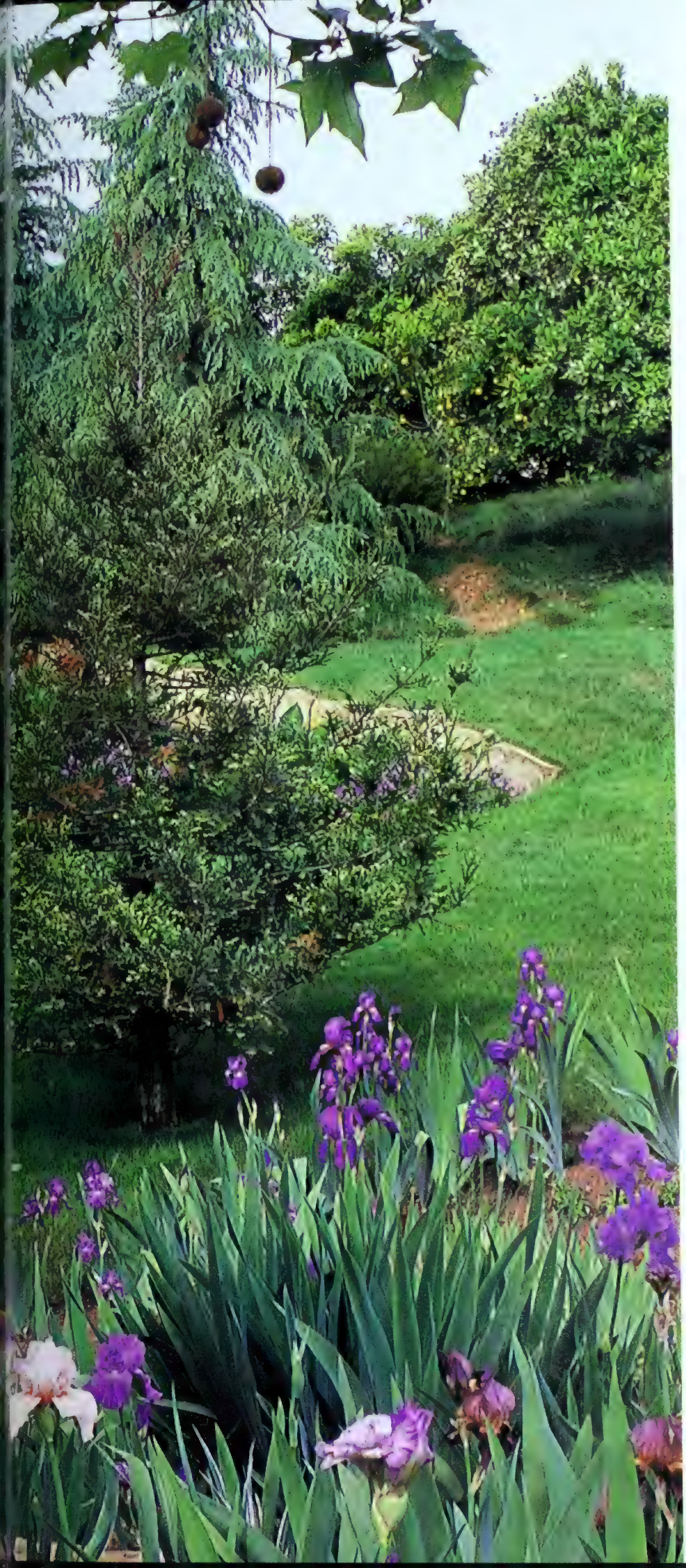
Horton. *Meaning* means a lot to Horton



California Crossroads

Different gardening traditions merge in a West Coast orchard

By Senga Mortimer Photographs by Langdon Clay



ALTHOUGH NEARLY EVeryone can rattle off "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," it's often forgotten that Kipling went on to say, "But there is neither East nor West . . ./When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth!" These lines could be a motto for the West Coast garden jointly owned by upstate New York–bred Gary Fredricks and California native Joey Webb. The landscape they have created in Webb's home state, on Shepard Mesa south of Santa Barbara, is a spectacular hybrid that brings together elements from the garden geography of both men's backgrounds.

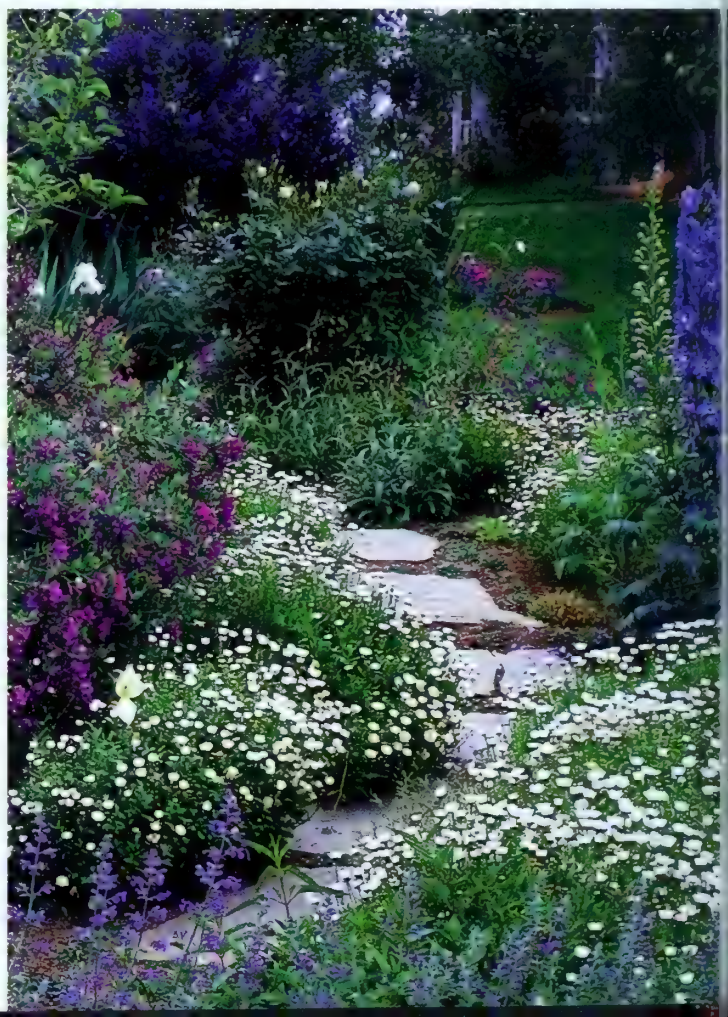
Fredricks, who remembers being "the only little boy I knew who actually enjoyed mowing lawns," studied law before eventually turning his hand to landscape design. When he was learning to cut the grass, his future partner was drawing imaginary buildings on place mats and napkins: "I can probably trace my latest birdhouses back to some of those sketches," Webb says with a smile. He went on to be trained as an artist, carpenter, and mason.

Seven years ago, against the advice of family and friends, the two men bought a neglected portion of the estate established by a pioneering horticulturist who had densely planted every available variety of avocado and citrus tree. By the time Fredricks and Webb arrived, a great number of avocado trees had succumbed to disease and neglect, but the removal of blighted orchard stock revealed splendid vistas of the foothills below. The southern slopes of the mesa

Sofia the donkey, a present from Joey Webb's sister-in-law, grazes beyond a European sycamore and a bank of iris, which includes transplants from Gary Fredricks's grandmother's garden in upstate New York. Deodar cedars and coast redwoods have been planted near orange trees from a previous owner's orchard. Cannas and violas flower beside one of the walls Webb had built from local sandstone. Details see Resources.

There are echoes of English gardens on this mesa south of Santa Barb





property, which the partners have come to think of as the "California" segment of their garden, also take in a glorious panorama of the Santa Ynez Mountains, the Channel Islands, and the Pacific. Some of the most dramatic views are from a pool terrace surrounded by queen palms and the sort of Mediterranean planting traditionally associated with Santa Barbara. The northern "New England" slopes roll past stone walls designed by Webb, flanked by perennial borders with delphiniums, forget-me-nots, daylilies, and other cottage garden stalwarts.

In theory, this bicoastal duality would seem to be the makings of an awkward mismatch. In reality, it is a triumph of graceful coordination. To begin with, the rather precipitous terrain was painstakingly graded so that the rolling New England countryside flowed smoothly into typical southern California terracing. Then the stone walls were laid to look as if they had been there for decades. Most important, even when they

Valencia orange and litchi nut trees and the lath house, *above*, provide a backdrop for roses and a standard Chinese wisteria and hibiscus underplanted with Iceland poppies. African morning glory cascades under pink and white foxgloves. Birdhouses by Webb. *Below:* Heuchera, oxalis, ferns, and viburnum are sheltered by a curved wall. Stepped walls near the barn-red garage back up the line of tangerine and tangelo trees. *Opposite, clockwise from above:* Wisteria and the rose 'Belle of Portugal' climb a skeletal avocado tree; a path winds among nepeta, white chrysanthemums, a mauve sweet pea shrub, and delphiniums; Santa Barbara daisies, hens-and-chicks, and violas are tucked into gaps in the stonework.





were planning beds reminiscent of a sheltered Yankee dooryard. Fredricks and Webb chose drought-resistant plants adapted to the open expanses of a dry western climate. They paid special attention to the placement of more than sixty varieties of iris, among them heirlooms from Fredricks's grandmother's garden back East.

Happily, the East-West arrangement has never been a rigid concept in either of its creators' minds. The garden has continued to evolve through experimentation and research. Garden tours in England inspired such refinements as underplantings of subtle lavenders and pockets of herbs spilling out of the walls and reseeding themselves in the cracks of stone-paved walks. Fredricks and Webb have also looked closer to home for ideas. A dilapidated shed at Shepard Mesa was painted Old Westbury green, commemorating a trip to the Long Island garden. Crowned with a new cupola, the shed has been *(Continued on page 135)*

Orange abutilon, yellow linaria, and pink dianthus lend color to the base of a serpentine wall, *right*, above which a European sycamore rises from a haze of creeping red fescue. The embankment leads the eye past white 'Iceberg' roses, purple ceanothus, and white spiraea to 'Pacific Giants' delphiniums and a sweet gum tree. *Above:* Bougainvillea, yellow *Rosa banksiae*, and pink camellias flower near Spike the cockatoo's outdoor perch.

"New England" slopes roll past stone w



d perennial borders to flow into southern California terraces



OF ALL THE ROOMS CREATED FOR DIVINE DESIGNS, the auction held last fall to benefit the Los Angeles Center for Living/Project Angel Food—an organization that offers services to people with AIDS—none made a bigger splash than "A Mermaid's Dressing Room." Created by Los Angeles decorative artist and designer Nancy A. Kintisch with her friend and longtime client Bette Midler, this winsome room was born when Midler donated a mermaid costume to the auction. From there, things went swimmingly. Kintisch draped Midler's underwater wear across a custom chaise,

Making



covered a 1940s dressing table with a mosaic of tiles, marbles, bits of Murano glass—even subway tokens. She painted the walls and a wooden folding screen, transformed an armchair and side table from Nancy Corzine, orchestrated an ocean of contributed furnishings and artworks—among them a floorcloth by Neil Korpinen, a table lamp by Jerry Van Deelen, and a mosaic mirror by Tony Mack—then added a bubble machine for that aquarium ambiance. It must have worked—Daryl Hannah bought the dressing table. Details see Resources. **Pilar Viladas**

a Splash

Peaceful Kingdom

Decorator Kitty Hawks composes a serene background for busy lives

By Wendy Goodman

Photographs by Oberto Gili





tique needlepoint, a paisley throw
inst a gaufré velvet from Rose
mming, a stripe from Clarence
use, and a 19th-century Ushak
pet from Doris Leslie Blau, NYC,
ld in a living room decorated by
ty Hawks. *Opposite:* Havell's
graving after Audubon's *Iceland*
et off by wallpaper from Osborne
Little. Chandelier from Howard
plan, NYC. Details, see Resources.



WHEN A BUSY WORKING couple asked Kitty Hawks to decorate their Manhattan apartment, they didn't burden her with a list of likes and dislikes or a houseful of furniture. What they wanted, they said, was a quiet background for their hectic lives. Their operative word was "monotone." "What that does not mean is monotony," Hawks explains. "What it does mean is assembling things of different textures, materials, and patterns in different colors to give the peacefulness of a room that is singular in color but with a greater richness."

That is just what Hawks, only three years into her career as a decorator, has accomplished in her latest residential project. The living room is alive with paisley shawls, gaufré velvet in shades of beige, antique needlepoint, satiny stripes, a Turkish carpet in pale gold and copper, but it meets the Hawks test for monotone: "There's pattern all over, but you can't see it if you squint."

These rooms live together like good neighbors

Hawks, who now shuttles between New York and Los Angeles, where she is doing offices in Creative Artists Agency's new building, confides, "I love textures. I love to feel things. Even before I got into this business, my favorite haunts were Elinor Merrell's and Cora Ginsburg's"—renowned dealers in antique textiles—"and Doris Leslie Blau's for carpets. When I do rooms I want to satisfy both the eyes and the fingers."

"I feel I shouldn't impose my taste," she continues, "but, on the other hand, people are hiring me for my taste. And in the end, taste to me is not about right or wrong, it's about the personality of the eye and how one constructs an aesthetic out of disparate elements."

It's also about comfort. The daughter of film director Howard Hawks and socialite Slim Keith, Hawks remembers visiting her mother's friends, the Paleys. "The genius of the Paley environments," she recalls, "was that you were having tea and crumpets in a room with a Blue Period Picasso and you never thought about the importance of the picture. You were sitting on furniture of extraordinary quality, yet you

A walnut Biedermeier table, *opposite*, set with Wedgwood china, and metal chairs from Newel Art Galleries, NYC, in a faux bird's-eye maple finish, stand on an Agra carpet, c. 1900, in the library. A Cézanne drawing rests on built-in bookshelves designed by Hawks. *Above:* The small dark library opens onto the light high-ceilinged living room, which opens in turn onto the master bedroom.


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were never intimidated." She learned the lesson well. Like good hosts, these rooms put you at ease.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing is that Hawks has managed to create this ambiance not in single rooms but in a series of rooms that open onto one another like an upscale interpretation of a railroad flat. Rather than altering the floor plan, she accepted the necessity of what she calls "a policy of good neighbors, in that the rooms live in harmony with one another, yet each maintains an identity of its own."

She chose to play up the contrasts in light and scale from room to room. The entry to the apartment is through a small, low, dark room that serves as a library and dining area. "I made it smaller, lower, and darker to emphasize the living room," Hawks explains. Key to the scheme is a nineteenth-century Agra carpet in burgundy and a range of golds, with dark brown and a touch of blue. "I didn't know how my clients would respond to it because of their preference for monochromatic schemes," she recalls. "But they loved it, so I did the room around it." For the walls she designed built-in bookcases and had them painted an earthy brown; to fill a spot too shallow for shelves, she discovered a wonderful cabinet, its door a faux bookcase with spines of leather-bound volumes. "Finding it was incredible luck," she says. "It completes the room."

An arched doorway leads from this richly feathered nest to the sunlit double-height living room and to the master bedroom beyond. Because the bedroom is on constant view, Hawks felt it needed a pulled-together look during the day. She designed shelves and cabinets to store personal objects and recessed the bed so that it looks like a daybed from the living room and library.

Thus the good-neighbor policy turns a potential design liability into an asset, with each room anticipating the next without giving away all of its surprises—and the word "monotone" acquires a more complex and appealing definition. ▲

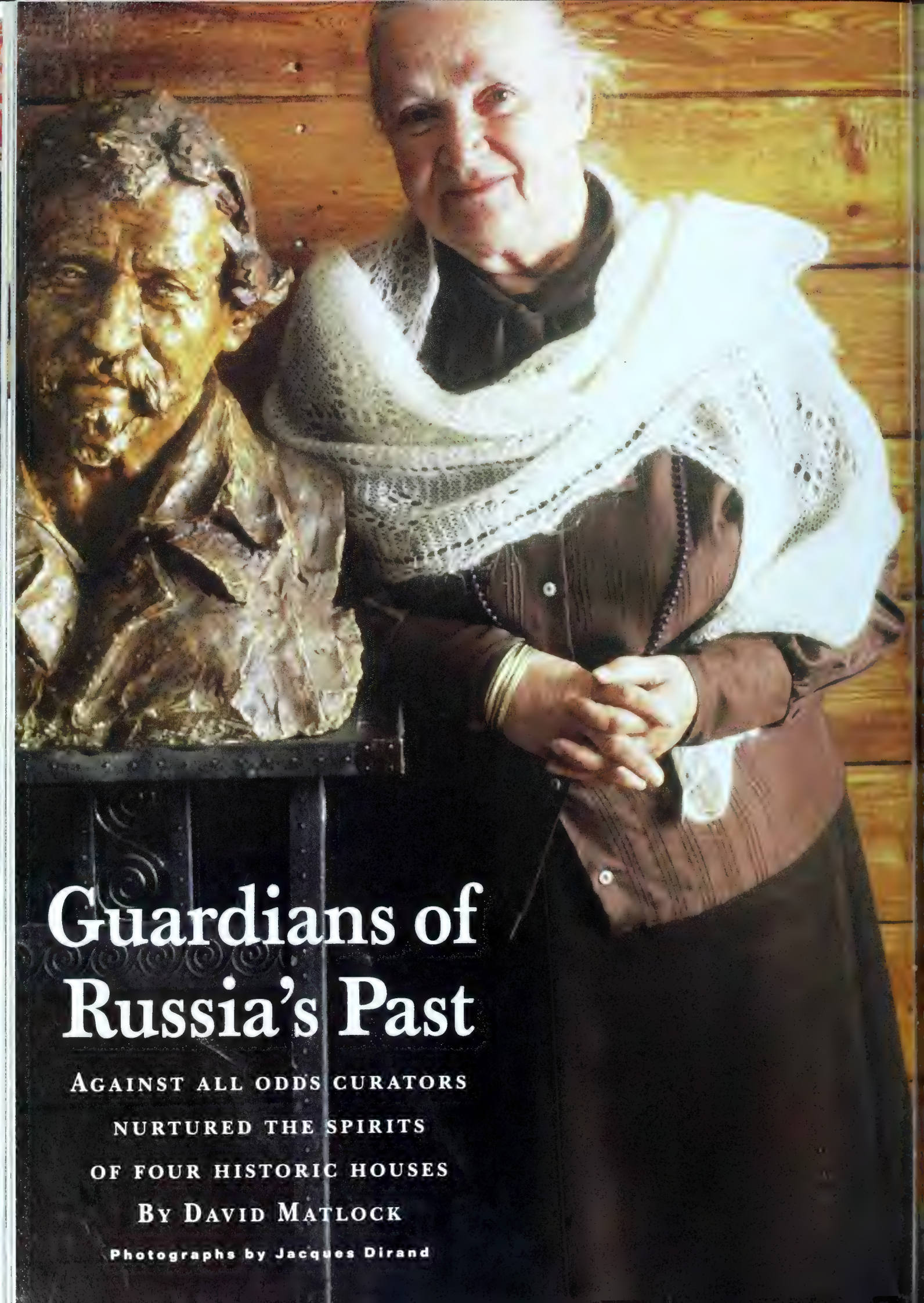


"I love textures. I love to feel things,"



filtering through a sheer from
ne House fills the bedroom. The
ubby surface of the vintage floral
dle throw. Another chenille covers
haise. This ensemble creates a rich
eutral backdrop for a William and
retary, Louis XVI armchair, and
Hodgkin's *Indian Sky*. Taupe
fabric from Jack Lenor Larsen.

hwks. "When I do rooms, I want to satisfy both the eyes and the fingers"



Guardians of Russia's Past

AGAINST ALL ODDS CURATORS NURTURED THE SPIRITS OF FOUR HISTORIC HOUSES

BY DAVID MATLOCK

Photographs by Jacques Dirand

PENATY



Repin designed Penaty,
estate on the Russo-
nish border, as the
imate artist's haven.
posite: Maria Karpienko,
h a bust of Ilepin, is
e of a team of devoted
rators who re-created the
use from ashes. *Above:*
pin's studio, an enclosed
rho with a glass roof.

Pushkin's Dacha







COUNTLESS RUSSIAN churches, palaces, and museums have been lost to war and fanaticism, but to visit the country is to be awed by its cultural wealth. Russia's curators and restorers—the majority of them highly trained and underpaid women—are among the world's best. They have mastered the trick of conjuring from charred foundations near-perfect replicas of lost architectural treasures.

Restorers were given a comprehensive task in bringing back to life Penaty, the country place of realist painter Ilya Repin. The estate sits astride one of the fault lines of twentieth-century history, the Russo-Finnish border, and suffered destruction as a result. The artist moved here in 1899 and transformed an existing single-story structure into a meandering light-filled house, which chief curator Elena Kirillina describes as "Russian modern with a folksy accent." For two relatively calm decades Repin painted and welcomed visits from the cultural elite of Russia, including Maxim Gorky and Feodor Chalia-

Tatiana Galkina, *above*, director of Pushkin's dacha, *right*, near Saint Petersburg, has scoured Russia for early 19th century furniture that simulates Pushkin's own. *Above right:* Griffin-embellished chairs in the study. *Opposite above:* The living room's Karelian birch suite stands on a parquet floor, bare in the Russian manner. *Opposite below:* A gilded tea service in the dining room.









pin. The peace was broken when Finland declared its independence from Russia, and in 1918 the border was closed, with Penaty on the Finnish side. Repin stayed put, refusing the opportunity to return to revolutionary Russia despite the fact that his style had become the model for socialist realism. In 1940, ten years after Repin's death, the Soviet Union wrested the territory back from Finland, lost it again, and didn't regain it until 1944. By then all that was left of the Repin house was the foundation, sprinkled with shards of burnt wood and glass. Scars from a great fire can still be seen on the trees surrounding the rebuilt museum.

Luckily, everything inside the original house had been removed prior to the Finnish advance. Within new walls these old contents are arranged in accord with period photographs and documents that are the domain of curator Maria Karpienko, who first arrived at Penaty as a tour guide in 1952. Karpienko is part of a dedicated team that has seen to it that Repin's house is exactingly reconstructed down to the placement of the easels and the herringbone pattern of the parquet.

The Museum of Pushkin's Dacha in the town of Pushkin (formerly

Abramtsevo

In the 1870s and '80s, railroad magnate Savva Mamontov helped spearhead a Russian cultural revival by turning his retreat, Abramtsevo, into an artists colony. Curators Tatiana Fedorova and Olga Arzumanova, *above left*, oversee a compound that includes Teremok, a guest cottage, *above right*, and a fancifully carved sculpture studio, *right*. *Opposite:* A tiled stove and woodwork carved on the estate decorate Teremok.



The wooden buildings at Abramtsevo mark the moment when Russian artists began adapting folk motifs to modernism



Marine paintings line the walls of Nicholas I's study at the Cottage, his dacha in Peterhof. The neo-Gothic chairs, cabinets, and divan are the work of German furniture makers in Saint Petersburg.



Tsarskoye Selo) exists by virtue of great luck. Although the town was the scene of heavy bombardment, the empire-style wooden house survived World War II even while surrounding stone buildings were vaporized. "Besides the walls and the spirit of the poet, nothing of Pushkin remains," admits the director, Tatiana Galkina. But the visitor who senses such absence is rare: the dacha is an immaculate evocation of the Pushkin era, a loving fraud which the poet himself would have found as delightful as the summer he spent here with his new bride in 1831.

Galkina and the museum's artist-restorer, Tatiana Voronikhina, long sought Pushkin's original furniture, which he had borrowed from a noble family in Saint Petersburg. Unable to trace so much as a footstool, they were left to invention. Pushkin may indeed have sat in the late eighteenth century spindle chair which is now in his study. It was once owned by an architect friend, Alexander Brjullov, whose dacha, in nearby Pavlovsk,

Curator Valentina Tikhinina's office once served as the children's schoolroom, painted, as Nicholas I specified, to look like a military tent





Pushkin visited frequently. A connection to Pushkin, however tenuous, raises a chair or table to the status of talisman. Other pieces simply evoke the period. The blue glass chandelier, the Saint Petersburg vase, and the Karelian birch furniture in the living room all simulate the luxury that surrounded the indebted poet. Galkina and her associates work with both myth and history in their magical incantations. "Unless asked, we never say that something isn't real," she says. "In the end that isn't important, and we don't want to wreck the mood."

Another curatorial style is represented at the dacha of Pushkin's bête noire and patron, Emperor Nicholas I, where much of what is missing has been faithfully reproduced. The modestly named Cottage, designed by transplanted Scottish architect Adam Menelaus and completed in 1829, is surrounded by rolling parkland and woods in the town of Peterhof. The emperor and his family took up residence from early June through early September each year in the fanciful neo-Gothic house.

Used as a hospital for German officers during the siege of Leningrad, the imperial dacha survived World War II remarkably intact, with many of its small valuables stripped and safeguarded by Russians. After the war, lost furniture was carefully recreated and today the rooms look nearly identical to the way they did in Nicholas I's day. The flamboyant neo-Gothic dining room chairs, for example, were modeled after a single surviving remnant, while the dining room porcelain and crystal—all bearing the royal blue coat of arms—is original. The Cottage's pictorial records are so precise, explains chief curator Valentina Tikhinina, that tables, chairs, and paintings are positioned exactly as they were 150 years ago. The stair hall glows with Ivan Scotti's magnificent—and masterly restored—trompe l'oeil of a towering cathedral interior. And Tikhinina oversees the daily workings of the *(Continued on page 136)*

The Cottage's main stair, *above,* features a mural that evokes a cathedral interior. *Below:* Clocks inset into an 1866 portrait of Nicholas I represent the time in 66 counties in the Russian empire, with Moscow and Saint Petersburg in the center. *Opposite above:* Curator Valentina Tikhinina in her office. *Opposite below:* A gazebo in front of the dacha.



Gehry in Focus

In two current projects the architect takes a fresh look at buildings and furniture

By Pilar Viladas

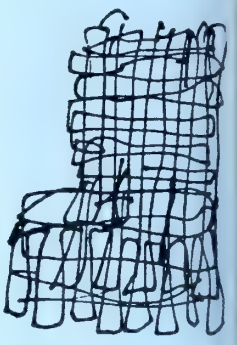


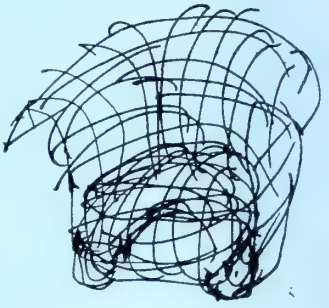


Seen from Main Street in Venice, Frank Gehry's design for Chiat/Day/Mojo's West Coast headquarters creates a street scape where there had been none. The boatlike white-painted metal curve and copper-clad columns of the façade flank giant black plaster binoculars designed by artists Claes Oldenburg and Coosje van Bruggen.

GRANT MUDFORD







ALTHOUGH FRANK GEHRY IS ON ENOUGH ARCHITECTURAL A-lists to snag big-time commissions like the Disney Concert Hall in Los Angeles, he hasn't lost his taste for the shock of the new, as seen in his latest works: a line of startling wood furniture for KnollStudio and a new West Coast headquarters for advertising mega-agency Chiat/Day/Mojo in Venice.

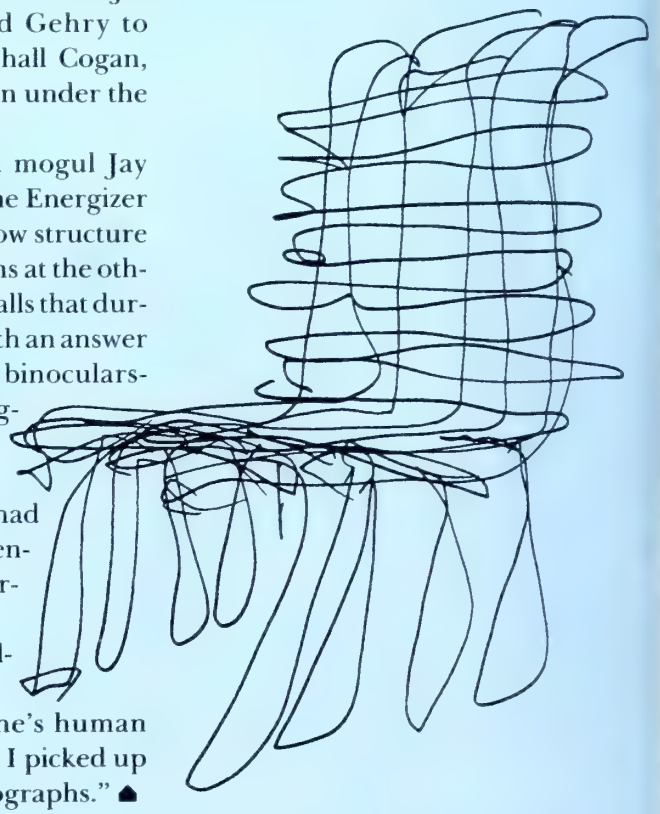
No stranger to furniture design or to the innovative use of materials—his legendary Easy Edges cardboard line is a case in point—Gehry has taken the tradition of bent laminated plywood furniture pioneered by the likes of Alvar Aalto and Charles Eames one revolutionary step further, achieving what others in the industry said couldn't be done. Working with designer Daniel Sachs in a workshop funded by Knoll, Gehry laminated strips of maple veneer into structural members of an unheard-of thinness of seven thirty-seconds of an inch. He exploited the principles of the bushel basket to weave them into springy, structurally sound chairs, tables, and ottomans that weigh next to nothing and sell for not too much more. Montreal's Musée des Arts Décoratifs has already organized an exhibition of the furniture, conferring on it design-classic status before it rolls off the production line this spring.

Gehry took bentwood furniture a step beyond Aalto and Eames

Although Gehry had been mulling over the woven-wood idea for years, he credits its leap into the real world to art and architecture maven Barbara Jakobson, who introduced Gehry to Knoll's then-owner, Marshall Cogan, and his son Andrew, now Knoll's vice president of design under the regime headed by Knoll Group CEO Maurice Sardi.

Gehry's client for the Chiat/Day/Mojo building, ad mogul Jay Chiat, is no stranger to risk taking either. (You've seen the Energizer bunny? Enough said.) He liked Gehry's idea for a long low structure with a boat-shaped façade at one end and treelike columns at the other. But what would bridge them in the middle? Gehry recalls that during one meeting Chiat pressed him so hard to come up with an answer that he grabbed the first thing handy—a model of a binoculars-shaped tower that Claes Oldenburg and Coosje van Bruggen had proposed for an unbuilt collaborative project. Chiat raved, Gehry called the artists to see if they wanted to do a little creative recycling, and architectural history had another entry. (In the meantime, Gehry designed the agency a temporary headquarters—with a fish-shaped conference room—so famous it appeared on *Thirtysomething*.)

Gehry feels an avuncular pride at having brokered Oldenburg and van Bruggen's first architectural commission (the binoculars house conference rooms). But he's human enough to admit to a certain twinge: "I knew the minute I picked up those binoculars that I'd given up the center of the photographs." ▲

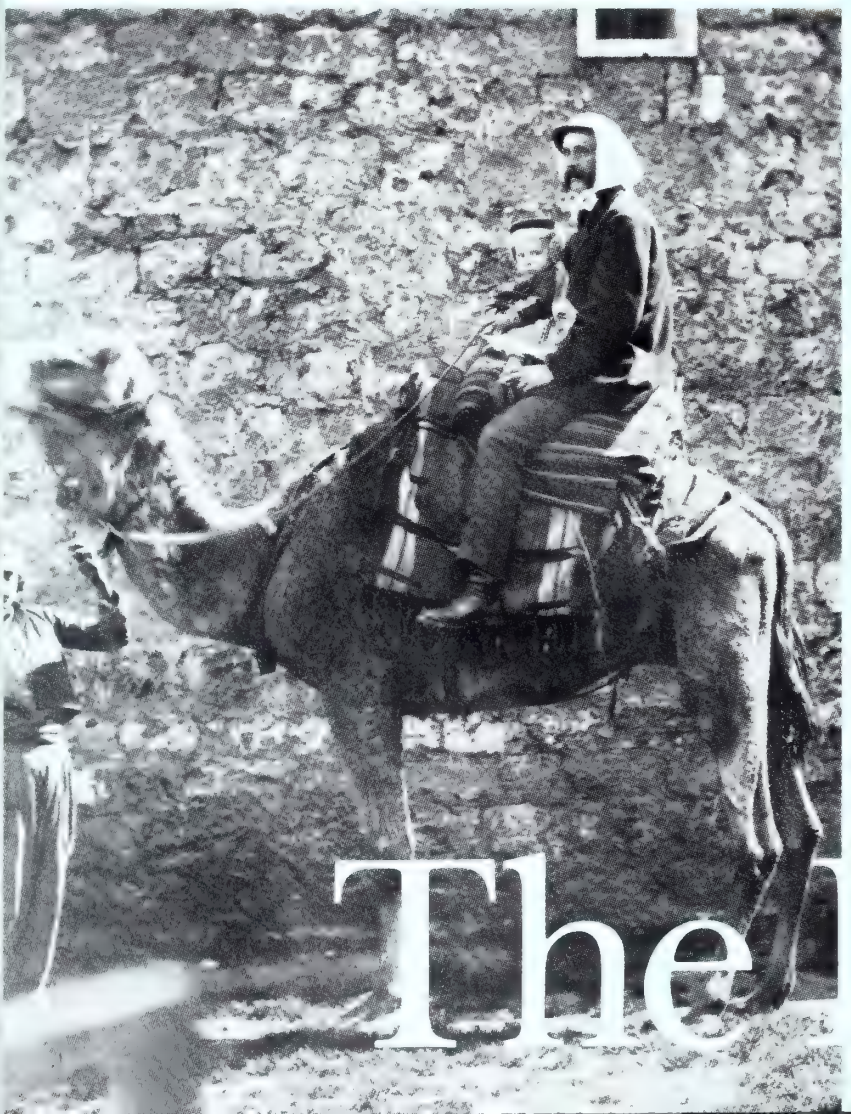


Frank Gehry poses, Icarus-like, *opposite*, with a coffee table base and other pieces of his ultra-light wood furniture for KnollStudio. His sketches, *above* and *below*, mirror the energy of his design. Details see Resource

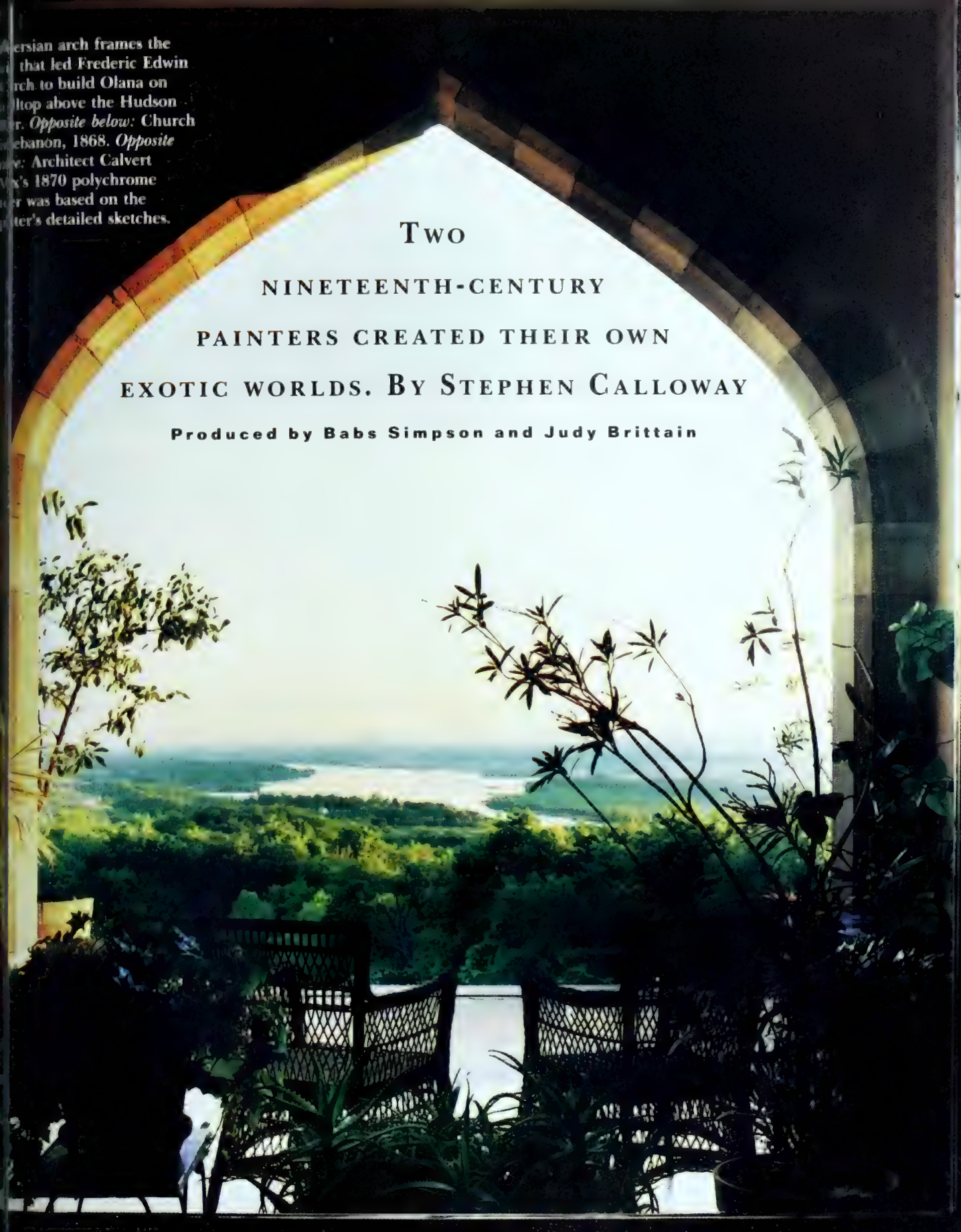








The Eclectic

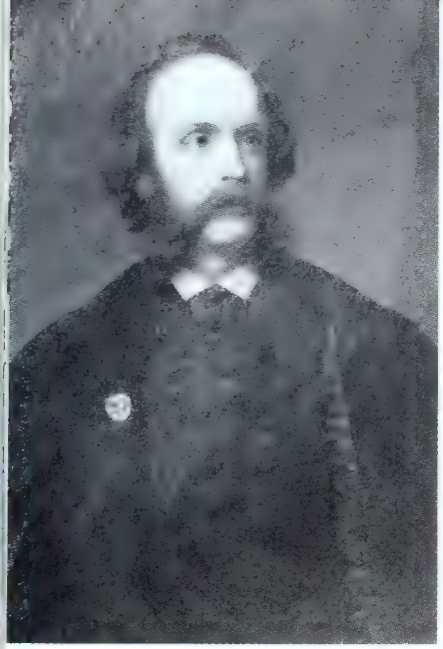


ersian arch frames the that led Frederic Edwin rch to build Olana on ltop above the Hudson r. *Opposite below:* Church ebanon, 1868. *Opposite e:* Architect Calvert x's 1870 polychrome r was based on the ter's detailed sketches.

TWO NINETEENTH-CENTURY PAINTERS CREATED THEIR OWN EXOTIC WORLDS. BY STEPHEN CALLOWAY

Produced by Babs Simpson and Judy Brittain

Aesthetes



"Almost an hour this side of Albany is the Center of the World—I own it," Church said



I NEVER MET WITH A CLASS OF MEN WHO WERE SO HOPELESSLY confirmed in artistic error as ordinary decorators," wrote Charles Lock Eastlake, the nineteenth-century British architect and commentator on design who became an influential advocate of "Art Furnishing." His book *Hints on Household Taste in Furniture, Upholstery, and Details*, first published in 1868 and avidly read on both sides of the Atlantic, did much to herald the ideas of the aesthetic movement a decade before Oscar Wilde began to preach the gospel of art for art's sake. For years to come, the notion that artists' houses were special, almost holy places devoted to the creation of beauty seems to have fascinated those whose thoughts and daily labors were devoted to more mundane ends. Magazines encouraged curiosity about the way artists lived, and the demand for "artistic" surroundings left its mark even on the upholsterers and commercial decorators the true aesthete despised. But just what was it that set the shrine to art apart from the overstuffed and overcrowded rooms of vulgar lost souls?

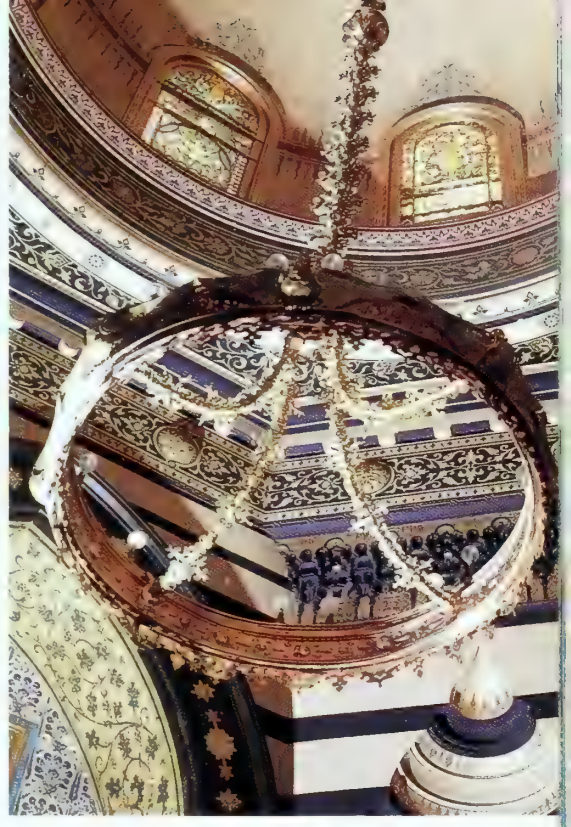
There are no better places to seek answers than the houses of two of the most celebrated painters of the period: Frederic, Lord Leighton, president of the Royal Academy in











London and the only artist ever to have been raised to the peerage, and Frederic Edwin Church, a ninth-generation New Englander who, at the height of his powers, was the best loved of the Hudson River landscapists. Both houses have been preserved as museums and both have in recent years been sensitively restored. No evidence suggests that Leighton and Church ever met or corresponded, and yet their houses display remarkable similarities.

Leighton chose a pleasant site in Kensington, then a rather smart London district fast becoming known as an artists' quarter, if only for the richer and more successful kind of artists. By contrast Church secured a piece of high ground with fine prospects up and down the Hudson River valley and across to the Catskills. It was a spot he had known and loved since the day in 1845 when his mentor, Thomas Cole, first took him there to draw the breathtaking panorama.

Both Leighton and Church built from scratch, because each knew precisely what he wanted. Both employed architect friends to assist with the practical details of design and construction, but the two houses, Leighton House and Olana, remain monuments to their creators' bold and individual tastes. Proclaiming a love of unconventional color, personal symbolism, and the richness and detail of Middle Eastern architecture and decoration, both buildings reveal how houses can realize their owners' lifelong dreams.

Leighton looked eastward from an early age. Born in 1830, he grew up cherishing the romantic tradition that his grandfather had served in Saint Petersburg as physician to a czarina. Frederic's mother's poor health led the family to travel on the Continent in search of cures; he began his serious art training in Frankfurt. From there he went to Rome, where he produced his first publicly acclaimed canvas, a Florentine history piece, *Cimabue's Madonna,* which was bought by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. In Paris from 1855 to 1858, Leighton was influenced by French academic classicism. By the time he settled in London in 1859 he had not only found his own style but polished his social manners. The strikingly handsome artist soon became a favorite in the circle of the prince and princess of Wales, making his way through fashionable drawing rooms like a Greek god in a frock coat.

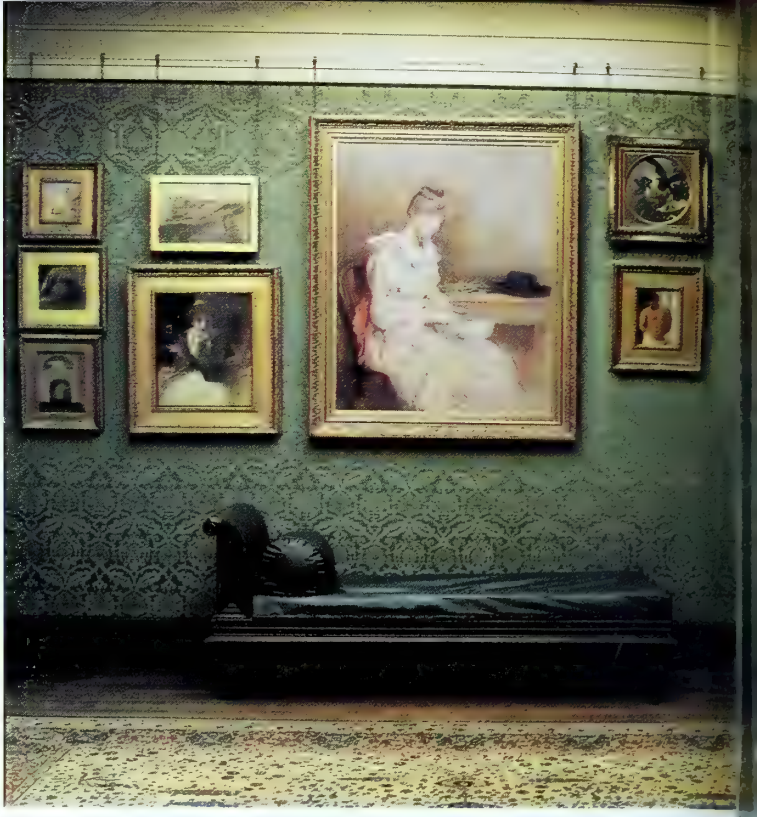
Leighton was not the first artist to discover that longed-for critical and social success can threaten creativity. Over time he came to see the need

Leighton made his way through fashionable London like a Greek god in a frock coat



Frederic Leighton, *right,* by Tissot, 1874. *Above left:* Leighton House with the octagonal Arab Hall added in 1877 by George Aitchison. *Above right:* Inside the hall the original chandelier is suspended from the dome. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* Church in a portrait attributed to Charles Elliott, 1866; evocations of the Middle East predominate in Olana's eclectic façades; a view from Olana, 1871; the East Parlor took its color scheme from Church's palette; stencils were adapted from a plate in *Les Arts arabes,* 1873.





for a fastidiously ordered household that would allow for uninterrupted days in the studio as well as evenings set aside for the lavish musical parties of which he was so fond. As originally planned with the assistance of the architect George Aitchison, Leighton House was relatively simple. The asymmetrical brick box built in 1864–66 was the perfect bachelor artist's residence. The exterior was unexceptional; inside, the most notable feature was the severe ebonized woodwork contrasting with somber aesthetic movement colors on the walls. There was just one bedroom, for Leighton had no wish to be inconvenienced by guests.

The increasing exoticism of his taste during the next decade led him to acquire many beautiful objects, among them additions to the remarkable collection of Islamic tiles he had started in Tangier in 1852. By 1877 he was eager to enlarge the house and again called upon Aitchison, who erected the crowning glory of the house, the double-height Arab Hall, said to have been based on the banquet room of the Moorish La Zisa palace in Palermo. Several of Leighton's friends contributed to the decoration: Sir Richard Burton, the explorer and translator of the *Arabian Nights,* sent old tiles, some bearing Arabic inscriptions; Walter Crane designed the mosaic frieze of peacocks; Randolph Caldecott and Edgar Boehm supplied intricately carved capitals; William de Morgan made the peacock-blue tiles that line an anteroom and part of the staircase hall.

Although admirers made moves to preserve the house as a museum immediately after Leighton's death in 1896, the contents were ultimately dispersed. The Arab Hall was the only section of the house that retained any trace of Leighton's spirit; the rest of the rooms were sadly neglected. Only with the arrival in 1981 of a new curator and latter-day aesthete, Stephen Jones, did things look up. Over the next seven years he brought the house back to life with the help of expert advisers—above all conservation architect Ian Grant and document-textile specialist Guy Evans. To walk through the rooms today—or, better still, to listen to music in the studio as Leighton loved to do—is to catch a precious glimpse of the civilized life of a nineteenth-century artistic grandee.

If ever the Zeitgeist played a neat trick, it was in the nearly simultaneous genesis of Olana some 3,000 miles from Kensington. Church, like Leighton, enjoyed his first public successes in the 1850s. His great picture *Niagara* *(Continued on page 139)*



The Arab Hall, *opposite,* displays some of Leighton's collection of Iznik tiles. *Above left:* In the stairwell a hexagonal Islamic tile is surrounded by arts and crafts tiles by William de Morgan. Paintings by Leighton. *Above right:* In the silk-lined gallery, Millais's *Shelling Peas* hangs above a Grecian daybed by Alfred Stevens. *Left:* A photograph of Leighton stands near several of the artist's drawings.





Jacques Kaplan and Violaine Bachelier, *opposite*, cozy up to a sculpture by Joy Brown. *Above:* In a guest room an old icebox serves as a night table. A painting by Lisa Brody hangs above an armchair from Kaplan's former Fifth Avenue fur salon.



Fauve Country

A Connecticut farmhouse is the canvas for gallery owners Jacques Kaplan and Violaine Bachelier

By John Richardson Photographs by Richard Felber





THE QUALITIES OF THIS down-to-earth New England house and its quirky fauve-colored rooms are very much those of its adventurous owners, Jacques Kaplan and his wife, Violaine Bachelier. Jacques had wanted to be an artist or philosopher, but after a wartime spell as an officer in the Foreign Legion he joined the fur business that his family had transferred from Paris to New York. The fantasy of his furs especially delighted the New York painters of the fifties and sixties, who would have shuddered to see their companions attired in anything as square as mink. (One winter Jacques's huge shaggy coats of black monkey fur transformed Niki de Saint-Phalle and Tinguely and a number of their friends into yetis.) Having little or no money, what could the painters use as barter but paintings? Hence Jacques's remarkable collection of New York School art.

And then at a Museum of Modern Art opening in 1967, Jacques had a revelation that changed his life. Alfred Barr Jr., the director of the museum, pointedly turned his back on him. Why? Barr, it turned out, was a fervent naturalist and had no time for someone who profited from the trapping and torturing of endangered species. Like Paul on the road to Damascus, Jacques saw the light. As soon as he could, he sold his interest in the fur business, gave his collection of rare skins to the Smithsonian, joined the World Wildlife Fund, and set up as a private art dealer. Barr never cut him again. Given Jacques's eclectic and outré taste as well as charm and energy, his apartment soon became a mecca for avant-garde painters and collectors.

The switch was timely: modern art

was booming. However, as Manhattan overheads spiraled, young artists whose work sold in hundreds rather than thousands of dollars had increasing difficulty finding dealers who could afford to give them shows. To help resolve this problem as well as have some fun, Jacques decided to establish a gallery outside New York. In the small Connecticut town of Kent he found the perfect premises: a caboose outside the old railroad station. The regular shows that Jacques organized in what he called the Paris–New York–Kent Gallery did so well that he and Violaine started another in the same town. Between them the couple now have four galleries. They have a stable of thirty or forty artists from all over the world and a mostly local following of some 240 collectors. Kent is well on the way to being the art center of Connecticut. "Much more rewarding than the

Carol Anthony's *Pear* is propped up, *above*, beyond a tin dining table designed by Bachelier. *Right:* A sculpture made by Kaplan's daughter, Laurence, at age seven rests on a hand-painted dresser of unknown origin. The framed feather was a gift from Man Ray. *Opposite above:* The pugs Cornelia and Romeo share a drop-cloth-covered sofa in the living room. Trompe l'oeil painting is by Ann Osenga, rhinoceros by Clemance Gregory, and seated figure by Joy Brown. *Opposite below:* An Alexander Liberman sculpture. Details see Resources.





Violaine uses colors that are more often seen in a Matisse than on farmhouse walls



SoHo rat race," says Jacques.

Eight years ago he started looking for a house near Kent. Like other foreigners (including myself), Jacques had taken a liking to an area in western Connecticut that is unspoiled, unmanicured, and scenically varied. Much of the countryside smacks of Grandma Moses, but the corner of the state where Jacques and I found our dream houses wafts one back to the Jura or Vorarlberg. One expects to come across chalets with geranium-filled window boxes and hear the sound of cowbells.

Before even looking inside, Jacques decided to buy the house for the view: an infinite blue expanse of wooded hills with a lake glistening in the middle distance, much like a Claude Lorraine. On inspection, the farmhouse—circa 1790 with later additions—turned out to have a lot of charm, but it had suffered from years of neglect, albeit benign. Radical renovation was required. As he was about to marry a Frenchwoman who is an expert fixer of houses (as well as an industrial psychologist), this was no problem. Except for plumbing and electrical installations, Violaine did all the work: plastering, carpentering, and painting, not to speak of designing and refinishing furniture. Every room bears the stamp of her taste, skill, and fantasy.

Violaine uses colors that are more often seen in a Matisse than on the walls of a farmhouse. The dining room, for instance, is painted an intense ultramarine—a marvelous foil for the egg-yolk yellow tabletop she has contrived out of a sheet of the stamped tin used for ceilings. The Kaplans' furniture tends to be extremely simple and utilitarian—old but not exactly obsolete. A snappy-looking commode in a guest room turns out to be an ancient icebox whose brass hardware mimics the fanciness of ormolu mounts.

Violaine is also a collector of objets trouvés; in fact, she is planning to establish a museum for her collection in a nearby barn. Meanwhile the house serves as a repository for the magic rubbish, kitsch, and art brut that she and Jacques have found on their travels. Their other collection—modern masters—is in storage: that way they don't have to worry about security. Items Jacques brings home from the galleries tend to end up in neighbors' collections, except for a few cherished presents, such as a box containing a huge black feather with a ribald birthday inscription from Man Ray.

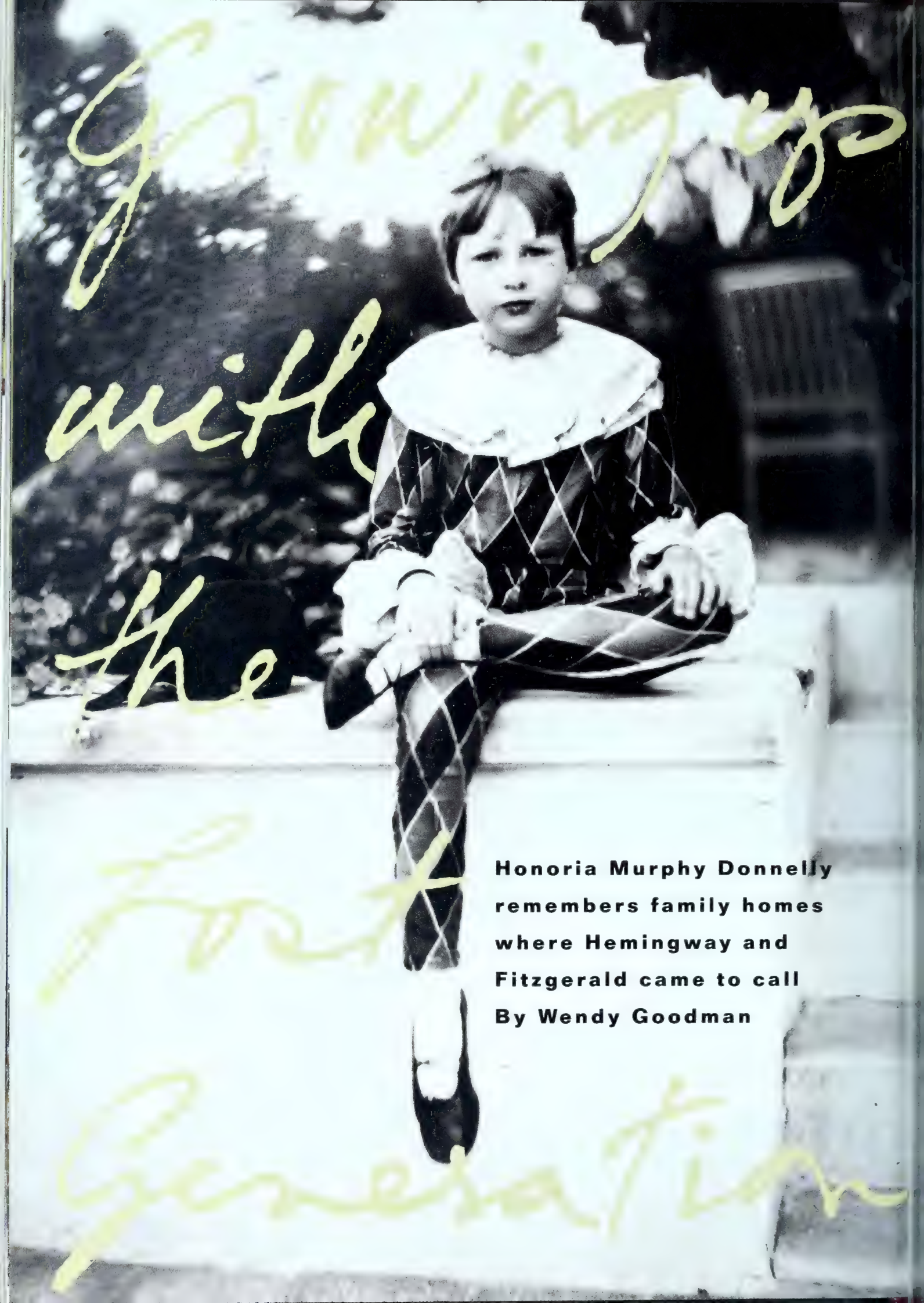
"C'est une maison heureuse." Jacques's boast is justified. The explanation of this almost palpable happiness is a backgammon board set up in the flowerpot-colored living room. Husband and wife make a point of playing a game at least once a day as an escape valve for any possible animosity. This certainly seems to work. It may be the backgammon, it may be the color, but this is a house without shadows. ♠

Editor: Carolyn Englefield

n Osenga's sink and bowl of
oles, *below,* seem to hover in the
lticolor guest room Kaplan says
s "accidentally painted à la Kenneth
land." *Opposite above:* An Osenga
mpe l'oeil leather jacket hangs
ide a Valentino suitcase, c. 1971.
plan's zebra self-portrait was
ibited in his 1966 one-man show
New York. *Opposite below: La*
èvre de M. Seguin by Peter Woytuk.



Growing up with the Generation



Honoria Murphy Donnelly remembers family homes where Hemingway and Fitzgerald came to call

By Wendy Goodman

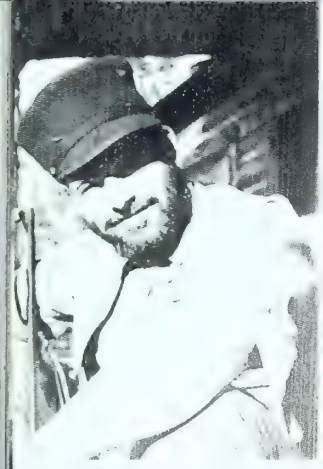


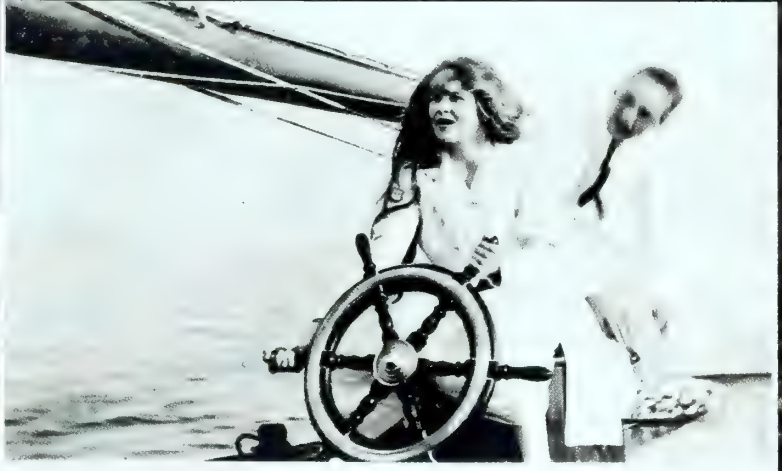
I'D WRITE IN MY DIARY, 'Hooray! We're going to America,' " recalls Honoria Murphy Donnelly. "I loved France; it was my second country and I lived there for twelve years. But in the Mediterranean you don't hear the water. Here in East Hampton all fifteen or twenty bedrooms in my grandfather's house were on the ocean, and we could hear the crashing surf. That sound fascinated me."

Two houses on two coasts set the stage for Honoria Donnelly's extraordinary childhood in the 1920s. One was Dunes, the sprawling mansion on her grandfather Wiborg's six-hundred-acre Long Island estate: "I remember a huge living room with an enormous fireplace and bear rugs all over, with their jaws open, and a long refectory table with a huge ship's model hanging above, instead of a chandelier. There were Irish wolfhounds and horses, and I'd see my aunt and my grandfather galloping in the fields in front of the house. It was all absolutely flat, with no bushes or trees."

The other was Villa America, a fourteen-room house overlooking the Mediterranean in Cap d'Antibes, where her parents, Gerald and Sara Murphy, invented a lifestyle that captivated many of their generation's most creative people: from Picasso and Léger to Dorothy Parker,

On her ninth birthday, Gerald and Sara Murphy's daughter, Honoria, *opposite*, was photographed in harlequin costume by Man Ray outside Villa America, the family's house at Cap d'Antibes, *above*. A gouache, *above inset*, painted by Gerald, *right*, and displayed under glass at the gate, marked the approach to the villa and its lush and fragrant gardens.









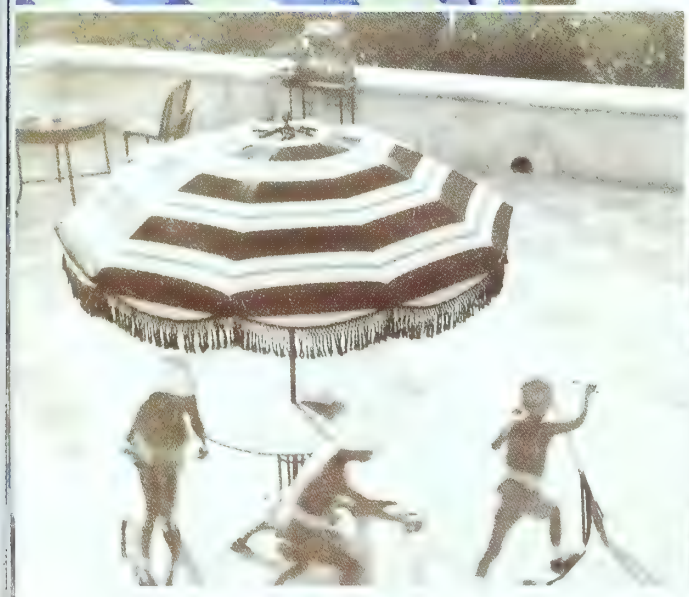


MacLeish, Dos Passos, Hemingway, and Fitzgerald, whose *Tender Is the Night* was inspired in part by the Murphys. In those sun-filled days on the Riviera, Villa America was the center of a radiant universe.

It was in 1921 that Sara and Gerald Murphy set off for Europe with four-year-old Honoria and her two younger brothers, Baoth and Patrick, intent on living with a creativity and independence impossible in the privileged world of their wealthy New York families. The Wiborgs had made a fortune manufacturing inks; the Murphys owned the prestigious leather goods store Mark Cross. After a summer in England, Sara and Gerald settled in Paris. Possessed of great style and a gift for friendship, the couple met Ernest and Hadley Hemingway, Erik Satie, Jean Cocteau, the Russian émigrés in Diaghilev's orbit. Gerald, astounded by cubism, launched a promising career as a painter.

The Murphys' romance with the Riviera began in the summer of 1922, when they visited a villa rented by Gerald's friend Cole Porter, and blossomed the following year when they bought the house they christened Villa America. Gerald had the original peaked roof replaced with a flat sunroof—perhaps the first on the Riviera—and had metal furniture for the outdoor terrace painted with silver radiator paint. Honoria remembers taking naps after lunch in the tiered garden, in waves of scent from orange blossoms, mimosa, and oleander, and learning how to bake biscuits on the miniature wood stove in her playhouse.

The interior decorating scheme was black and white: waxed black tile floors, white walls, black satin slipcovers, fireplaces framed with mirrors. "My mother would dye damask tablecloths either purple or black, with black lace edging," Honoria says. "In the middle of the table she'd have a bowl of floating pink camellias. For a big party mother would use black *(Continued on page 135)*





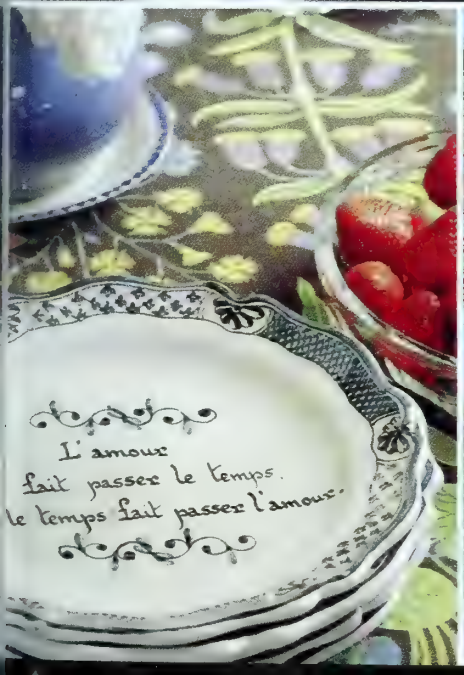
The Murphy style. *Clockwise from top left:* Honoria's snapshot of Hemingway; Sara; Gerald at Yale; the terrace at Villa America; Honoria and her brothers; a feed bag, Gerald's adaptation at left, and a current Mark Cross bag; Picasso at La Garoupe with Countess Étienne de Beaumont, Ginnie Carpenter Hill, and Sara. *Opposite, clockwise from top:* Dunes, the Wiborgs' summer house; Honoria today; her cottage in East Hampton; plates Gerald imported for Mark Cross; inside Dunes, 1918. Details see Resources.

A black Stetson was part of Picasso's beach attire, Honoria recalls

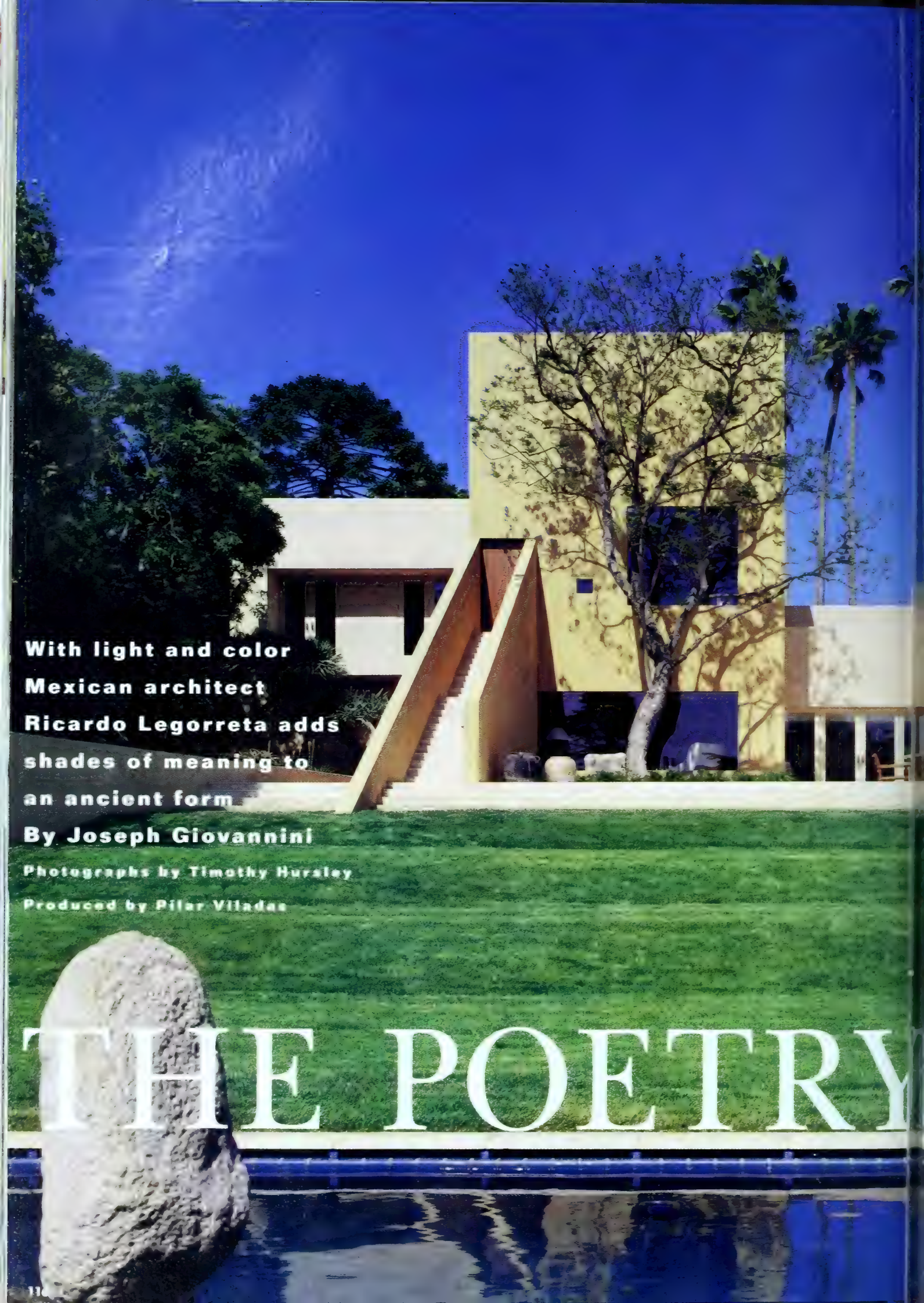












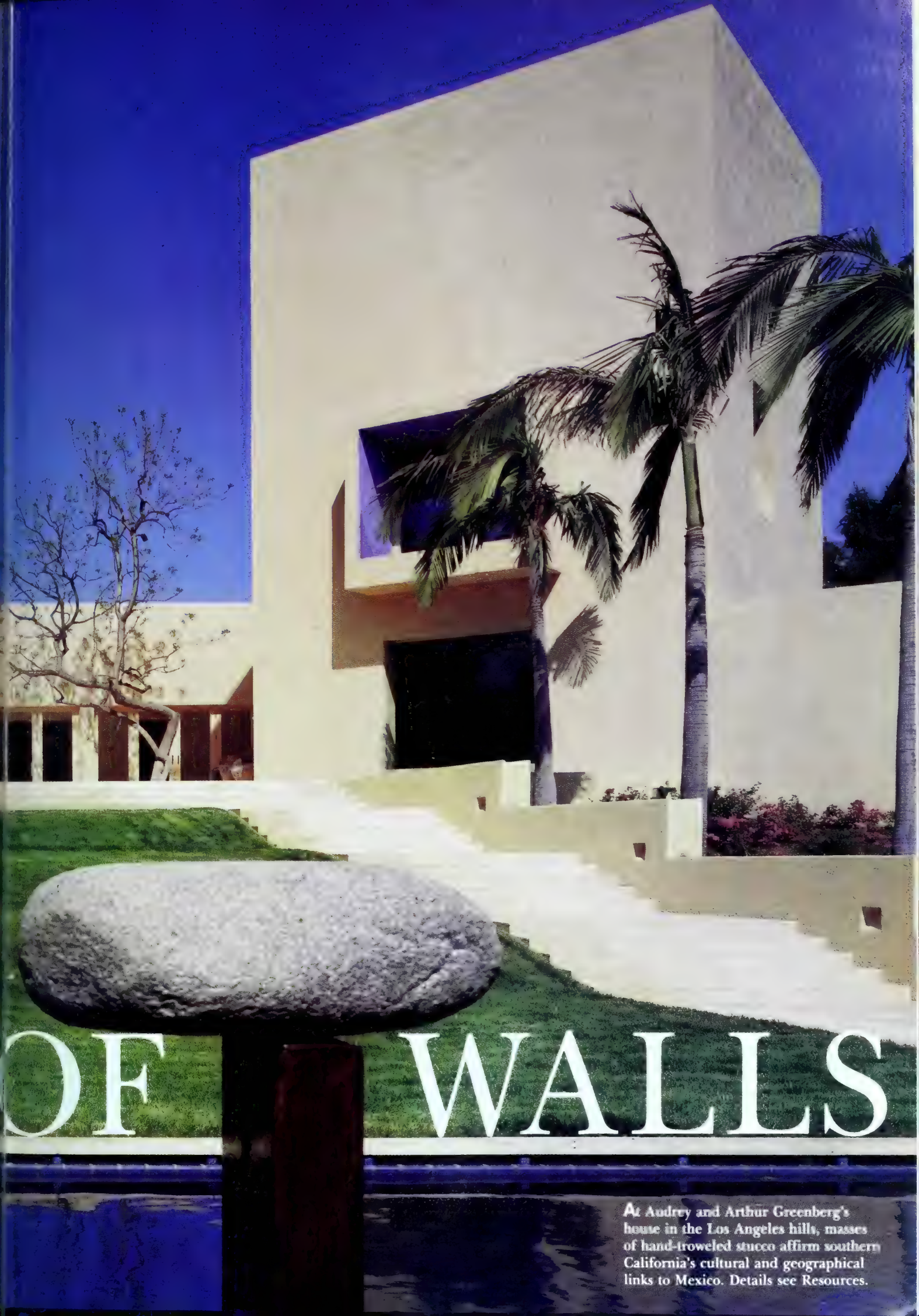
With light and color Mexican architect Ricardo Legorreta adds shades of meaning to an ancient form

By Joseph Giovannini

Photographs by Timothy Hursley

Produced by Pilar Viladas

THE POETRY



OF WALLS

At Audrey and Arthur Greenberg's house in the Los Angeles hills, masses of hand-troweled stucco affirm southern California's cultural and geographical links to Mexico. Details see Resources.

IN THE 1920S WHEN FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT built a handful of masterpieces in Los Angeles that recalled Precolumbian temples, he seems to have been acknowledging that the American West and Southwest belong to a geographic region that stretches deep into Mexico, that the natural cultural axis follows the great arid landmass south to Mexico City and beyond, not east to New York, Boston, and Europe. For Wright there should be no New England saltboxes or Norman châteaux in southern California, only houses built for the desert sun.

The house the eminent Mexican architect Ricardo Legorreta designed for Audrey and Arthur Greenberg affirms that regional connection by bringing the strong silent wall of Mexico back to southern California, where it was once indigenous—the high resolute walls that for centuries protected haciendas and missions from the outside world while creating worlds within. In this Brentwood neighborhood there may indeed be English Tudor and French Regency houses that think they are in a damp and drizzly climate. But the Greenbergs' high stucco walls are as perfectly adapted to southern California as the thick leaves of the agaves clustered in the parking corral; the walls seem to exfoliate in the sun, luxuriating in the light to form exterior and interior courts and patios that blur the distinctions between outside and in. The walls catch the sun like huge light basins, while casting deep shadows that induce breezes even in the still heat. In a recent monograph published by the University of Texas Press, Legorreta himself speaks about the mysteries of the wall, how it opens, allows glimpses into secret gardens, or hides the view of places beyond: "Tragedy, strength, joy, romance, peace, light, and color, all of these qualities are in Mexican walls."

One such wall fronts the street. Inside, gravel crunches under the tires, making any car sound like a Rolls. The wall-to-wall crushed rock in the motor court reestablishes a sense of desert in this overirrigated district of English gardens, carpeting the ground with what seems an elemental Saharan purity. The uniform color also paints an abstract ground plane that merges with the sand-colored hand-troweled walls in an abstract environmental composition, punctuated by a cluster of seventy-foot Washington palms in a corner of the entry court. The Greenbergs—he is a lawyer and the president of the Legal Aid Foundation of Los Angeles, she sculpts, and both are active in Los Angeles museums and the downtown Music Center—have collected works by second-generation abstract expressionists and California artists since the 1960s, and this is the first of many views of the house that seem like abstract paintings made into architecture. The house teeters between a vernacular identity and one based on contemporary painting, denying that there need be any distinction between the traditional and the modern.

The luminous lavender walls of an interior court, looking like an underwater pool, draw the visitor to the front door. "The color throughout the house is all Ricardo's," Audrey Greenberg explains, "and it's affected my own color sense." The chrome-yellow walls of the stairway to the library incandesce like a sunspot under the yellow baffles of the skylight; in the pavilion near the swimming pool a hot-pink trellis tinges the air around it, setting off an aureole of color. Legorreta confesses that sometimes he is more interested in a color than in the object that carries it—more interested in a red that is on a wall than in a wall that is red: "As happens with true love, every day I love color more and more. I can't live without color."

> Some views of the house look like abstract paintings made into architecture

A large living room with sixteen-foot ceilings centers a house whose loose organization is revealed only gradually, as you walk through it. "His concept is surprise. You don't see everything at once," says Audrey Greenberg as she moves between surprises, from a living room window looking into the lavender lightwell to a vista of the canyon partially hidden by the fireplace. "He uses color to draw attention to the views—and much of the color is decided at the last moment: 'Let's paint that wall yellow.'" Indeed, at first the colors came as a surprise to her husband, whose main chromatic indulgence to that point was the jaunty green of his 1960 Jaguar convertible.

The manorial living room, furnished with an oversize récamier and similarly scaled built-ins, many designed by Los Angeles decorator James P. Sams, is flanked by a two-story bedroom wing on one side and a



In the entry court, *opposite above*, towering Washington palms provide a linear counterpoint to the planes of gravel and stucco designed by Ricardo Legorreta, *left*. For the architect the Mexican wall embodies "tragedy, strength, joy, romance, peace, light, and color." *Opposite below:* The trellis over the barbecue patio casts a pinkish glow and a crisp pattern that shifts with the sun.









kitchen and dining room wing with a second-floor library on the other. The 9,500-square-foot house rambles as though land were no object, much like the complex family haciendas that Legorreta frequented as a child, and in whose many rooms he liked to hide. Each major space connects with others in two or more ways; unpredictably placed windows frame other parts of the house, where more windows frame other views. Frequently, windows are high or off to the side, encouraging diagonal views across a mostly right-angled geometry. There are no moldings or decorative clichés; the stripped spaces are clear and empty, registering patterns of shifting light coming through the louvered skylights like abstract light paintings. Seen from the shadows of the living room at high noon, mustard, lavender, and lemon-colored walls seem to vibrate in the sun. They reach to the edges of the site, expanding the apparent size of the house. "Ricardo utilized the entire lot, side to side," says Arthur Greenberg. "It's like living on a hundred acres of land with an enormous vista."

The walls also work with the sun to form an economy of heat, shade, coolness, light, and breeze so that the Greenbergs change microclimates when they go from the cavernlike living room to an outdoor patio, to the breakfast room adjacent to a brimming fountain, and then down the terraced lawn to the trellised barbecue patio overlooking the swimming pool.



The Greenbergs were introduced to the Mexican wall and its consequences in a catalogue, published by New York's Museum of Modern Art, of the work of Luis Barragán, a friend of Legorreta's who also adapted Mexican traditions in his architecture. "I loved the walls, the water, the indoor peace," recalls Audrey Greenberg. When the couple decided to replace the 1920s Mediterranean-style house in which they had lived for about twenty-five years, she remembered the book: "I wondered how we might get that architecture on this property."

Legorreta was lecturing nearby, at UCLA's School of Architecture and Urban Planning. The Greenbergs attended, liked the slides of his work, then traveled to Mexico to see it. "There were wonderful masses of heightened color and picture-framed spaces, and the walls did not admit jarring traffic or industrial materials. I thought the buildings were beautiful. More than that, I felt the work would fit in southern California."



Once the old house was demolished, the coral trees, yuccas, and other mature cultivars already on the site—even the towering palms—were *(Continued on page 136)*

An intense yellow stairway, *above*, and hot-pink louvers under the skylight in a second stairwell, *opposite*, reflect Legorreta's passion for color. *Above left:* A daybed from Rose Tarlow–Melrose House fits the expansive scale of the living room. The painting is Norman Bluhm's *Falling Day*, 1957. *Left:* The dining room serves as a viewing pavilion, with vistas of the pool, the canyon, and the main part of the house. Table and chairs by James Sams, fabric from Brunschwig & Fils.



An interior courtyard with lavender walls and a fountain fills the adjoining hallway with brilliant color and the sound of splashing water. *Left:* One of the Greenbergs' paintings by Richard Diebenkorn, *Albuquerque No. 9*, 1952, hangs above the fireplace in the living room.





Art dealer Ste
Mazoh, *opposite*
hangs a pre-19
Picasso in a co
of his living ro
left, next to Jea
Baptiste Carpe
terra-cotta of t
Three Graces.

Private Eye

In his New York town house, Steve Mazoh practices the art of discretion. By William P. Rayner

Photographs by Oberto Gili Produced by Anne Foxley





THE WORLD OF THE PRIVATE ART DEALER IS A BIT LIKE Britain's MI5 in that most of the activity is confidential and the agents maintain a low profile. It is a discreet, gentlemanly, but deadly serious business, conducted far from the glitz of galleries and the glare of the auction houses; it is a very selective club to which only well-heeled cognoscenti and well-endowed museums are invited by the elite sales force of the art market.

Among the most accomplished of the breed is Steve Mazoh. He admits that he fell into the profession quite by accident. Unlike many of his peers, he didn't study art history—and even a quick glance at his decidedly unconventional career history makes it clear that he didn't take courses in how to succeed in business either. He graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Johns Hopkins with a degree in philosophy, went on to graduate school at Brown, dropped out, took some premed courses at Johns Hopkins, dropped out, tried his hand at social work, dropped out, and finally took a job at a Baltimore gift shop that turned out to have an enormous collection of prints. Thus Mazoh's first brush with the art world and the last time he questioned his future.

Not that things went smoothly. Within six months he was again unemployed. Fortunately, Lotte Drew-Bear, a respected surrealist art dealer who had worked at the Julien Levy Gallery in New York, opened a gallery in Balti-





more and hired Mazoh. "I was the only game in town," he explains. This was his introduction to the big time. Their first exhibition included works by such giants as de Kooning, Rothko, Picasso, and Pollock. Baltimore could not have cared less. The gallery folded.

It was then that Mazoh's entrepreneurial ability surfaced. He had discovered that the catalogue raisonné of the graphic works of Picasso and Chagall contained several original lithographs. "I ordered a batch of these books, cut out the lithographs, matted them, got into my Volkswagen, drove down to Georgetown, and peddled them for ten dollars apiece," he recalls. "My circumstances required an income of about sixty dollars a week. I lived in a one-room flat with an electric fan, a bed, and a couple of chairs."

During one of these forays, in 1964, he heard that a woman who owned a used-clothing store in Virginia had a de Kooning for sale. "I found the owner among secondhand

The Picasso over the living room mantel, *opposite*, is a domestic scene: Françoise, Claude, and Paloma with toys said to have been made by the artist. The canvas resting below is an oil by Paul Klee. *Above:* Small bronzes by Matisse and Degas are flanked by 16th- and 17th-century Italian pieces on a table under a Léger painting from 1921. Behind the Regency settee, a Rodin bronze plays off against a 1961 Franz Kline. *Below:* The pale yellow walls of the dining room set off the Bonnard centered over an 18th-century side table attributed to Matthias Lock.



Ever since his days in a one-room apartment in Baltimore, space for pictures has been Mazoh's primary decorating dictate





One room is devoted solely to looking at pictures, among them an early David and a Degas oil on paper from the 1870s at the left, a nude and an oval portrait by Rubens in the center, and, on the wall, a religious scene by 17th-century painter Jacob Jordaens.

marked-down negligees, foxtail-trimmed coats, and feathered hats and meekly asked after the work," Mazoh says. She went to the back room and brought out two de Koonings, a Rothko, a Warhol, and a Rosenquist. "They had been left to her to sell by the estate of a niece of a former curator at the Museum of Modern Art. My eyes popped out. The whole collection was worth, at that time, about $130,000." Mazoh's family bankrolled him to one de Kooning; he sold it, bought the other, then took the remaining pictures on consignment and sold them. And the rest, as they say, is history.

Almost. After all, no single lifetime is apt to produce two used-clothes ladies with de Koonings. But Mazoh's timing held. Mies van der Rohe had just completed an apartment complex in Baltimore with an art gallery—and the manager was a classmate of Mazoh's. It was agreed that if Mazoh rented one of the apartments (for $127 a month) he would be given exclusive right to use the gallery. He opened the gallery with prints by Leonard Baskin, followed by Picasso prints, then paintings by Sam Francis, Kline, Pollock, and members of the Ashcan School. This time Baltimore was ready.

Mazoh's living arrangements have clearly undergone remarkable improvement. Settled in New York since 1970, he lives and works in a house built in 1931 by Delano & Aldrich, who, like Mazoh, got their start in Baltimore. While he does not believe in having more furniture than is absolutely necessary, what he does have is first-rate: a mid eighteenth century side table with carvings of masked Hercules with lion's pelts is very similar to one attributed to Matthias Lock in the collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. In the living room there is some sculpture of an *(Continued on page 136)*



A 17th-century Cupid by Guido Reni reclines over the fireplace in the master bedroom. At the left are two Holy Family paintings, one by Ubaldo Gandolfi and the other by Francesco Trevisani.

niture as absolutely necessary; clutter is not his style



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Resources.

Great Rooms

Expanses of solid color control the clutter

By Carolyn Sollis

Great Rooms

"LAYERING IS ALIVE AND WELL," SAYS decorator David Salomon of his sitting room for the American Hospital of Paris 1991 French Designer Showhouse in New York. In the spirit of Proust, Salomon created a walk-in scrapbook filled with "remembrances of times past"—photographs, postcards, invitations, even paper fans, all held in place by a lattice of golden elastic ribbons.

What propels this nod to nostalgia right up to the present is strong color. Above a wainscot of reed garden fencing the walls are a vivid green. The door is brilliant red, the stock moldings blond faux bois. These areas of solid hues control the clutter. The furniture, from Reymer-Jourdan Antiques, ranges from a painted Venetian secretary to a humble metal garden chair; the fabrics were chosen to complement but not to match one another.

Salomon insists that every room needs a surprise that pulls the whole scheme together. Here it's the mantel, a checkerboard of tiles in unexpected shades, which gives the room its focal point. And the tumbling twigs? Straight from Central Park. ▲



A vivid palette propels this nod to nostalgia right up to the present



A teal blue 18th-century Venetian secretary and a Louis XIV giltwood chair covered with velour piecework, *above*, stand out against the bright red door. *Right:* The green walls, painted by artist Gail Leddy, almost disappear behind layers of mementos tucked into a lattice of ribbons. *Left:* The collaged walls, the reed wainscot, and the Persian carpet from Doris Leslie Blau create a rich backdrop for 19th-century European furniture from Reymer-Jourdan Antiques, in fabrics from Quadrille.

Lost Generation

(Continued from page 114) satin with great embroidered tulip-shaped flowers in all colors with a runner in the middle." The fingerbowls were scented with lemon verbena. Inside and out, Villa America was her parents' joint creation, Honoria recalls. "They'd pick materials together. They'd shop together. They did everything together."

In *Sara and Gerald*, the 1983 book she wrote with Richard N. Billings, Honoria recounts events from the happy summer of 1928: breakfast under the linden tree, visits to her father's studio, and daily trips to the beach, La Garoupe, where Dow-Dow, as the children called Gerald, methodically raked away the carpet of seaweed, a scene Fitzgerald memorialized in *Tender Is the Night*. Gardening, sketching, and swimming at Eden Roc filled the afternoons before the adults and their friends gathered for cocktails and formal dinners. "I was witness to so many conversations, listening to Hemingway and MacLeish," says Honoria. "I absorbed it all."

It is this aura of a golden life that clings to the expression "Living well is the best revenge," a Spanish proverb Gerald quoted and the title of Calvin Tomkins's book about the Murphys. Honoria sees the saying differently: "It has been misinterpreted so much, I think. It was really that my father would seek the simplest thing, like the shop that had the nicest peaches. It didn't mean spending a lot of money necessarily." The notion of living well as revenge occurred to Gerald not in the 1920s, when the family was happily ensconced on the Riviera, but in the mid 1930s, after his two sons had died, one of spinal meningitis and the other of tuberculosis, and he himself had given up painting and taken charge of debt-burdened Mark Cross. "It was when he was at his bitterest and most upset about the boys' deaths that he took that proverb and tried to figure out what life is about," Honoria says. "Living well can't possibly counteract what happens to you, but it helps."

Her parents' style and courage never faltered. They welcomed their friends to other residences—in Manhattan, at Sneden's Landing in the Hudson River valley, and on the old Wiborg estate in East Hampton, where they demolished what Gerald called "the big bad house," converted the garage and chauffeur's quarters into a summer cottage, and held bonfire picnics on the beach on nights when the moon was full. Gerald, whatever his discomfort with what Honoria calls "the wheeling and dealing part" of running Mark Cross, saved the company. (Now under different ownership, Mark Cross has twenty-two stores.) "He was an artist as well as a businessman. He'd go on buying trips and find the most extraordinary things in Europe, and he'd translate them into products for the store." He even modeled a shoulder bag, which became a best-seller, after a donkey's feed bag he bought from an Italian farmer. "On all the models that appeared in the magazines or in the shop," Honoria says, "he'd have my initials, HM."

Villa America was sold in September 1950. Two months later Honoria married William Donnelly ("the love of my life") and settled in California. But she still summers with her children and grandchildren in the East Hampton cottage that was her parents' last home, just two houses down from the spot where Dunes once stood. She recalls sharing breakfasts with her grandfather during her summer visits: "We'd have Wheatena with thick cream and brown sugar in blue bowls—he had all blue things. Food was so different when we'd come to America. It fascinated me."

"That heavy dark furniture," she gestures, "that was in the hall of my grandfather's house." But the small pink house also holds reminders of Villa America. "There are some chairs my parents brought from Antibes, along with linens and the occasional plate. Arabian boxes. Coffee cups, bright blue with huge white polka dots. And those wonderful black satin mats." In these few things, together with a wealth of letters and photographs, Gerald's paintings, friends' books and poems and memoirs, and Honoria's memories, the Murphy style survives. "The golden bowl is broken indeed," as Fitzgerald wrote to Sara and Gerald in 1937, "but it *was* golden." ♠

California Crossroads

(Continued from page 76) reborn as a lath house for orchids and cuttings from a stock of ancient pelargoniums left on the property.

Wherever possible, Fredricks and Webb took their cue from existing elements of Shepard Mesa. Hardy specimens from the citrus orchard and long-established berry patches were preserved and interspersed with new shrubs. Deep clay on the mesa is covered by only the thinnest layer of topsoil, and the site is subjected to the rigors of Pacific winds and sporadic erosive rains, but the two gardeners have nurtured all sorts of deciduous and evergreen trees—California sycamores thrive alongside deodar cedars and coast redwoods, jacaranda, Monterey pine and cypress, eucalyptus, California pepper trees, macadamia, and sweet gum. Their varied profiles and foliage set off the drifts of native wildflowers that satisfy aesthetic as well as ecological priorities.

The regional water shortage has encouraged Fredricks and Webb to expand their range of Mediterranean plants and to lay more stone paths across the lawns, leaving turf between the pavers to maintain the impression of generous sweeps of green. Everywhere a mulch of hay and manure supplied by neighboring horse farms is an aid in water conservation.

Perhaps the most memorable sights in the garden are the unexpected combinations of plants that defy simple analysis as West Coast or East, American or English. A walk along a winding path offers a glimpse of foxgloves underplanted with the North African morning glory *Convolvulus mauritanicus* blooming near orange and litchi nut trees. At the edge of a terrace, silhouetted against meadows and distant hills, the twisted skeleton of an avocado tree—a relic of the old orchard—provides a rustic trellis for intertwined wisteria and 'Belle of Portugal' roses. These startlingly beautiful vignettes are a tribute to the meeting of minds that has made Shepard Mesa a little world unto itself. ♠

Poetry of Walls

(Continued from page 121) moved to new locations according to plans by Los Angeles–based landscape architects Mia Lehrer and Scott Sebastian. While planting within the walled precincts is spare, the edges of the property are verdant, blending into the lush landscaping of the adjacent properties. The antiques from the old house were also transplanted, although the scale was different. "A living room couch in the old house became a library couch in this one," says Audrey Greenberg.

It is a house one senses. The stucco walls are hand-troweled inside and out, with a texture that invites the touch as it materializes the light; the polished stone floors carry echoing voices as well as the splashing of fountains. With ceilings at different heights and walls that alternately narrow and widen, space in the house contracts and expands, alternately intimate and grand, but always delivers people into large rooms. Materials are simple and few—stone, stucco, glass—accented with natural wooden beams and some floors of distressed pecan. Huge earthenware pots on the rear terrace emphasize the elemental nature of the house, while the sun etches fleeting silhouettes of jacarandas onto the walls.

Powerful and still but awash with color and transient patterns of light and shadow, the Greenberg house, like a sunflower, comes to life with the sun. ▲

Private Eye

(Continued from page 130) appropriately domestic scale, including small bronzes by Degas, Matisse, Rodin, and various sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Italian artists. But it is wall space for pictures which is paramount to Mazoh's decorating dictates. Today the paintings on his walls range from the early seventeenth century to the present—from Rubens, Guido Reni, and Jacob Jordaens to de Kooning, Franz Kline, and Cy Twombly, with David, Delacroix, Degas, Mondrian, Matisse, and Picasso along the way.

The last time I was in his office Mazoh was outlining a travel schedule worthy of the president of a multinational, from New York to London to Basel to Paris and back, all in three days—"and I'll catch the Concorde back to New York and have John drive me out to Long Island for lunch." It's amazing what a few courses in philosophy will do. ▲

Classicism Updated

(Continued from page 63) Italy, for instance, and the carpets for the hall and gallery were specially woven of sewing thread and linen by Sam Kasten in Stockbridge, Massachusetts."

Charles Le Brun, the Adam brothers, Stanford White—the list of those who effortlessly carry out a grand decorative scheme in every detail is not long, and John Saladino certainly has aspirations. Steve and Alice Bostic's bravura ensemble in Atlanta is clearly the work of someone—and someone with definite, not to say draconian, ideas about taste and use. This house makes nonsense of the idea that great classical interiors always have to look as if they had been composed over generations by many different hands. The battery of antique ornament and architectural form is deployed here without being cute. Surfaces and finishes are often cool, as cool as the stone rotundas of English country houses, but they are warmed and dressed with light and texture. Saladino remembers telling Alice Bostic that most great houses have names because they have personalities. "Live like this and perhaps you will be happy" is the powerful message of this house. Steve Bostic says, "It's like going from a motor scooter to a Lamborghini." ▲

Russia's Past

(Continued from page 95) Cottage in the former children's schoolroom, where the walls are painted, as Nicholas I specified, to look like a military tent.

Not all of Russia is so vulnerable to invasion. Abramtsevo, an estate two hours north of Moscow, has been a safe retreat for generations of Russian artists and writers. In 1843 an eminent theater critic, Sergei Aksakov, moved here after having been fired by Nicholas I for softness as a literary censor. In rural peace Aksakov discovered a deep literary gift, recording the delights of hunting, fishing, and family life in his books and diaries. He also had an enormous circle of friends: his simple gray wooden manor house served as a gathering spot for intellectuals of all ideological leanings, a salon in the forest where Nikolai Gogol read aloud and Ivan Turgenev stalked grouse.

Exhibits at Abramtsevo record much of this life in the form of family photographs and Aksakov's library of inscribed first editions. Visitors today, however, are more likely to be awed by the contributions of a later owner, the immensely rich railroad magnate Savva Mamontov, whose patronage helped spearhead Russia's national arts revival. Mamontov and his wife, Elizaveta, financed everything from architecture to opera and even chose to live for periods with the people they supported. An astonishing number of Russia's major artistic, theatrical, and musical figures of the late nineteenth century received inspiration from this pastoral haven. Abramtsevo was the site of furniture-making workshops for the local peasants, sculpture studios, and homemade theaters (Mamontov himself wrote plays and staged productions in which Stanislavsky, among others, took part). The wooden buildings Mamontov had raised on the estate replicate peasant styles and mark the moment in Russia when artists began adapting folk motifs to modernism. Today the complex is a thriving museum with an ongoing program of exhibitions. "We continue to work with contemporary artists," explains curator Olga Arzumanova. "We are always in the process of creating our own history." ▲

Resources

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DESIGN
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Page 52 Stephen Dweck Home Collection one-of-a-kind woven-bronze bowl with cast-metal brim, $120,000, grapevine sterling serving spoon set with gems, $2,570, blue abalone dish with bronze/brass foliage, sterling beetle, $2,370, pink abalone dish with sterling foliage, $1,920, to order at Neiman Marcus; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; 24 Collection, Bal Harbour; Janice Rudy, Houston. Stephen Dweck sterling grape leaf brooch with citrine, garnets, gold beetle, $3,250, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; M. H. Reinhold Jewelers, Puerto Rico; to order at Neiman Marcus; 24 Collection, Bal Harbour; Etc., Birmingham; Tootsies, Houston. Stephen Dweck jeweled cabochon bronze beaded bracelet with beetle, $1,750, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Polly Adams, Laredo; to order at Neiman Marcus; Body Art, Denver; Knit Wit, Philadelphia Stephen Dweck Home Collection one-of-a-kind bronze chandelier with hand-assembled glass grapes, $8,800, for stores (212) 764-3030.

CLASSICISM UPDATED
Pages 56–63 Decoration, by John F. Saladino, NYC (212) 752-2440 Architecture, by Robert Frank McAlpine Architecture, Montgomery (205) 262-8315. Contracting, by Dan Dover Builder, Marietta (404) 977-1965 Stonework, by Delta Granite & Marble, San Antonio (512) 525-0800 Landscape architecture, by Daugherty/Anderson & Assocs., Atlanta (404) 873-3123 **56–57** Calla upholstered chairs, Club sofas, Sleigh beechwood chairs, Lantern Drum lit table, to the trade at Saladino Furniture, NYC (212) 838-0500. Custom hand-looped carpet, similar to the trade to order from Hokanson (800) 255-5720 Directions wool wall-to-wall carpeting, to the trade at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000. Linen gauze (#1206) for shades, linen wallcovering (#3903), to the trade at Henry Calvin Fabrics, for showrooms (415) 565-1950 Custom Italianate table, by Niermann Weeks, to the trade to order from J. Lambeth & Co , Washington, D.C. (202) 646-1774. Gloriana silk stripe on Sleigh chairs, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Renshaw viscose/linen (#1028/35) on sofas, to the trade at Grey Watkins, for showrooms (212) 371-2333 **58** Hand-carved marble table (#86-19A), to order from Absolute, London (71) 589-2795 Custom ribbed rugs, similar to order from Sam Kasten Handweaver, Stockbridge (413) 298-5502 Quarto sconces, by Tobia Scarpa, from Flos, for dealers (516) 549-2745 Luna round coffee table under stairs, to the trade at Saladino Furniture (see above) **59** Velours de Lin on armchairs, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Marissa calfskin on sofa, to the trade to order from Spinneybeck (800) 482-7777. Courtisane Silk Stripe sea green stripe (#190654) on two pillows, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, London, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Troy, Washington, D.C. Eddington Bemberg/cotton/silk stripe (#92572) on two pillows, to the trade at Greeff Fabrics, for showrooms (800) 223-0357. Cantate Taffeta silk for pillow, ottoman, to the trade at André Bon, for showrooms (212) 355-4012. Empire inlaid bone table (#F330), to the trade at Ambience, for showrooms (212) 688-0170. Custom handwoven chenille throw, similar to the trade to order at Jeffrey Aronoff, NYC (212) 645-3155. Regent armchairs, ottoman, Quadrant coffee table, to the trade at Saladino Furniture (see above). **61** Architectural murals, by David Keith Braly, Auburn (205) 844-5445. Corvallis wool carpet, leather wall tiles, to the trade at Stark (see above). Tertius cocktail table, Amphora lamp, Saladino Plexiglas lamp on end table, to the trade at Saladino Furniture (see above). Peacock ash/teak chair, by Hans Wegner, to the trade at Design Selections International, for showrooms (212) 751-1321. Thai Tartan silk on pillows, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, for showrooms (212) 674-3993 Calla chairs, Tube lamp, both in dining room, to the trade at Saladino Furniture (see above). Matisse wool carpet, to the trade at Stark (see above) Scheherazade silk (#2634) on chairs, to the trade at Gretchen Bellinger, for showrooms (518) 235-2828 **62** Paris Chintz on lounge chair, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Cotton rep (#2939-111) on desk chair, pillow, to the trade at Kravet Fabrics, for showrooms (212) 421-6363 Liberty Tulips Woven Texture cotton/viscose for bedcover, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above) Custom wool carpet, to the trade to order at Stark

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(see above). Amphora table lamp, Tripod cocktail table, Bay sofa, to the trade at Saladino Furniture (see above). Brass floor lamp (#C1240L), by Casella Lighting, for dealers (415) 626-9600. Calibre silver fire tools (#4158GS), at Danny Alessandro, NYC (212) 421-1928. Emoi moiré cotton (#5316-62) for bedcovers, Kypa cotton stripe (#5702-19) for panels, headboards, pillows, to the trade at Boussac of France, for showrooms (212) 421-0534. Spiral chaise, Tube lamp, to the trade at Saladino Furniture (see above). Umbria wool carpet, to the trade at Stark (see above). **63** Comb Back chairs, to the trade at Saladino Furniture (see above). Sovereign Niagara nickel-silver bath set, from Kallista, for dealers (415) 895-6400. Cheery mulberry bark paper, to the trade at Maya Romanoff, for showrooms (312) 465-6909. Chintz Uni for throw, headboard, shams, to the trade at Yves Gonnet, for showrooms (212) 758-8220. Sampeng silk stripe on bedcover, by Jim Thompson Thai Silk, to the trade at Ian Wall, NYC; for other showrooms (707) 935-0316. Cassandra chair, to the trade at Saladino Furniture (see above). Umbria carpet, to the trade at Stark (see above)

PETE'S PLACE
Pages 64–71 Decoration, by Thomas Callaway & Assocs., Los Angeles (310) 447-2889 fax (310) 447-0112. **64–65** First Cabin teak chaise (#FC214), to the trade at Summit Furniture, for showrooms (408) 375-7811. Bench, similar at Dwellings Revisited, Taos (505) 758-3377. **66–67** Soutine club chair with hand-antiqued leather, San Ysidro wood bench/sofa, to order from Thomas Callaway Bench Works, Los Angeles (310) 447-1795 fax (310) 447-0112. American Primitive flaming urns, old Western stool with hooked upholstery, similar at Nonesuch Antiques, Santa Monica (310) 393-1245. California plein air paintings, Alfred Morang painting against wall, similar at Nonesuch Fine Art, Santa Monica (310) 458-3773. Reproduction Monterey chair, antique hub lamp with rawhide shade, at Hemisphere, Santa Monica (310) 458-6853. Indian trade blanket for upholstery, similar at the Rainbow Man, Santa Fe (505) 982-8706. Portuguese sun tile, similar at Throckmorton Fine Art, Santa Fe (505) 988-1698. Antique Provençal pitchers, similar at Wallach & Jiavis Antiques, Los Angeles (310) 278-5755. Antique Mexican bowl on table, similar at Richard Worthen Galleries, Albuquerque (505) 764-9595. **67** Betheny Rayure linen/cotton on sofa back, Christina Marabout wool fringe, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 56–57). Antique Mexican chairs, similar at Foreign Traders, Santa Fe (505) 983-6441. Retablos, similar at Federico, Santa Monica (310) 458-4134. Plein air painting above sofa, similar at Nonesuch Fine Art (see above). **69** Savoire chairs, to order from John Hall Designs, Santa Monica (310) 393-0305. Rug, similar to the trade at Richard Mulligan/Sunset Cottage, Los Angeles (213) 650-8660. Custom reproduction Shaker wire chandelier with ball and American colonial iron chandelier, to the trade to order from Richard Mulligan (see above). Vintage Mexican bowl on table, similar at Nonesuch Antiques (see above). Antique Spanish plate on sideboard, similar at Hacienda de San Francisco, Ranchos de Taos (505) 758-0477. **70** Mexican chairs, at Artesanos Imports, Santa Fe (505) 983-5563. **70–71** Navajo blankets, Mexican wall shelf, similar at John Isaac Antiques, Albuquerque (505) 842-6656. Kilim-covered chaise, at Hemisphere (see above). Niña club chair with hand-antiqued leather, to order from Thomas Callaway Bench Works (see above). Antique candlesticks for lamps, similar at Dewey Galleries, Santa Fe (800) 327-7721. Acoma pot above bed, similar at Nonesuch Antiques (see above)

CALIFORNIA CROSSROADS
Pages 72–77 For information, Gary Fredricks Landscape Design and Joseph M Webb Architectural Design (805) 684-0841

MAKING A SPLASH
Pages 78–79 Decorative art, design, decoration, by Nancy A. Kintisch, Los Angeles (213) 666-2795 Assistance on decorative art, by Lorraine Heitzman, Los Angeles (213) 663-3335. Custom dressing table, $5,000, custom Chaise du Mer, $4,500, George Jensh 1938 painting of lady, similar to order from Nancy A. Kintisch (see above). Pastel to left of dressing table, similar to order from Deanne Paul, Los Angeles (213) 666-9015. Custom upholstery, at Lloyd's Custom Furniture, Los Angeles (310) 652-0725. Carmen Miranda Stripe cotton bark cloth, Cairo cotton bouclé moss fringe, both on chaise, Palm Beach cotton tassel fringe, to the trade at Full Swing Textiles, for showrooms (401) 849-9494. Custom poplar/birch folding screen (without painting), to the trade to order from David Perry, Los Angeles (213) 666-7510. Dolphin armchair, Arlington accessory table (both without decoration), to the trade at Nancy Corzine, for showrooms (310) 652-4859. Caroline silk taffeta (without gilt) on chair, to the trade at Henry Calvin Fabrics, for showrooms (415) 565-1950. Decorative floorcloth, $1,500, similar to order from Neil Korpinen, Los Angeles (213) 661-9861. Cherub bronze/zinc/marble table lamp, $800, by Jerry Van Deelen for Jerrystyle, to order at Jerrystyle, NYC, Venice. One-of-a-kind piqué mirror with creamware disc, $275, similar at Tony Mack, Los Angeles (213) 935-5589. Custom Merpeople metal vanity mirror, designed by Philip Miller and Nancy A. Kintisch, $1,500, similar to order from artist Philip Miller, Los Angeles (213) 483-7711. Plastic shell necklace, crystal choker on table, similar at Connie Parente Private Collection, Los Angeles (213) 650-6882. Custom dried-flower boa across screen, $225, pearl drapings, flowers, to order from Rob Smith of Laurels, Los Angeles (213) 655-3466

PEACEFUL KINGDOM
Pages 80–85 Decoration, by Kitty Hawks, NYC (212) 832-3810. Upholstery, curtains, to the trade at Guy Eklund, NYC (212) 348-7300 **80** Pompeii wallpaper, to the trade at Osborne & Little, for showrooms (203) 359-1500. Reproduction 18th-century wrought-iron chandelier, at Howard Kaplan Antiques, NYC (212) 674-1000. **81** Gauffrage Antique Velvet rayon/cotton on chairs, to the trade at Rose Cumming, for showrooms (212) 758-0844 Carlotta cotton/viscose on armchair, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 56–57). Carpet, similar at Doris Leslie Blau, NYC (212) 759-3715. Antique textiles for pillows, similar at Cora Ginsburg, NYC (212) 744-1352 by appt. DC Natural wool broadloom carpet, to the trade at Decorative Carpets, Los Angeles (310) 657-8840. Kings Highway silk for curtains, to the trade at Upper South Studio, for showrooms (919) 724-5480. 19th-century wood fan, similar at Thos. K. Woodard, NYC (212) 794-9404. Louis XVI trumeau mirror, similar at Trevor Potts Antiques, NYC (212) 737-2756 **82** 19th-century cupboard with book spine doors, similar at Trevor Potts (see above). **83** Chairs, similar at Newel Art Galleries, NYC (212) 758-1970. Carpet, similar at Doris Leslie Blau (see above). Sikandra silk on chairs, by Zimmer-Rohde, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, for showrooms (212) 674-3993. **84–85** Setalana Sheer wool/silk for curtains, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 56–57). Halsey Linen Stripe linen/rayon on bed, to the trade at Payne Fabrics, for showrooms (800) 543-4322. Natural Chenille cotton/flax on chaise, by Joseph Noble, to the trade at Mimi London, for showrooms (310) 855-2567 Monte Carlo linen/cotton for curtains, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen (see above). Antique fabric on bench, similar at Cora Ginsburg (see above)

GEHRY IN FOCUS
Page 99 Gehry Collection laminated bentwood furniture, to the trade at KnollStudio, division of the Knoll Group, for showrooms (800) 223-1354

FAUVE COUNTRY
Pages 106–11 Paris–New York–Kent Gallery, Kent (203) 927-4152; Bachelier-Cardonsky Gallery, Kent (203) 927-3129

THE LOST GENERATION
Page 114 Suede bucket bag (#0656), at Mark Cross, for stores (800) 533-3814.

THE POETRY OF WALLS
Pages 116–123 Architecture, by Ricardo Legorreta of Legorreta Arquitectos, 285-A Palacio de Versalles, Mexico City 11020; (5) 251-96-98. Landscape architecture, by Mia Lehrer and Scott Sebastian of Lehrer & Sebastian, Los Angeles (213) 664-4747. Decoration, by James P. Sams, Los Angeles (310) 659-9723. Contracting, by Leonard Bovee & Son, Saugus (805) 296-1417. **121** French provincial daybed, to the trade to order at Rose Tarlow–Melrose House, for showrooms (213) 651-2202. Venezia silk on daybed, by Prima Seta Textiles, to the trade at Bradbury Collection, Los Angeles (310) 657-3940. Villa Fauteuil oak chairs, to the trade to order at J. Robert Scott, Los Angeles (310) 659-4910. Lambert cotton on dining chairs, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 59).

GREAT ROOMS
Pages 133–34 Decoration, by David Salomon, NYC (212) 874-2695. Wall painting, by Gail Leddy of Oasis Studio, NYC (212) 247-0915. Upholstery, to the trade at Furniture Masters, Brooklyn (718) 599-0771 **133** Bardelli tiles, at Hastings Tile & Il Bagno Collection, for showrooms (212) 674-9700 17th-century Dutch mirror, faience urn, similar at Reymer-Jourdan Antiques, NYC (212) 674-4470 **134** Secretary, Louis XIV chair, similar at Reymer-Jourdan (see above). La Scala linen velvets on chair, to the trade at Quadrille, for showrooms (212) 753-2995 Wire reed fencing, at Charles H Demerest, Bloomingdale (201) 492-1414. Malayer carpet, c. 1915, similar at Doris Leslie Blau, NYC (212) 759-3715. Biedermeier sofa, similar at Reymer-Jourdan (see above). Belvoir viscose/cotton on sofa, Madagascar natural fiber on pillows, to the trade at Quadrille (see above). Baltic neo-Gothic table, c. 1830, French chair, c. 1825, similar at Reymer-Jourdan (see above). Byzantium cotton chenille on French chair, to the trade at Quadrille (see above). Biedermeier wing chair, similar at Reymer-Jourdan (see above). Madelaine linen/cotton on wing chair, to the trade at Quadrille (see above). J. S. Consultants brass floor lamps (#L936), to the trade to order at John Boone, NYC, for other showrooms (212) 688-7838.
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Eclectic Aesthetes

(Continued from page 104) made him famous in 1857; at the 1859 exhibition of another dramatic landscape, *The Heart of the Andes,* he met the woman he would marry. The following year he bought Wynson Breezy Farm, 126 acres of good land just below what he already thought of as "his" hilltop, and built a modest house designed by Richard Morris Hunt. During the next few years Church enjoyed playing at farming. All the while, he was waiting to buy the land at the summit of the hill where he had set his heart upon building his *real* house. His chance came in 1867, but he had to pay dearly for those last few precious acres.

Hunt provided a grand design for a new house in the style of a château, but Church did not approve it. He was still casting around for ideas when he suddenly uprooted the family and set off for England, Europe, and the Near East. Toward the end of their two-year journey, Church wrote home to a friend: "I have got plenty of capital ideas and new ones about house building." On their return to New York he engaged Calvert Vaux, an English architect who had been Frederick Law Olmsted's partner in laying out Central Park. Church began to make hundreds of detailed drawings for the house and it was clear from the outset that Vaux's primary role was to interpret Church's vision.

Work began with the stables and carriage house, which served as workmen's lodgings. It was two years before the family was able to take possession of even the upper floors of the main house, and several more years before the principal rooms were completed to the artist's exacting designs. Church himself drew every ornamental motif, designed every stencil for the walls, and worked out every color scheme, keying samples and swatches to hues mixed on his own palette. In several rooms he based colors on tones in the pictures that were to adorn them.

It used to be thought that the name Olana was taken from the Arabic for "our place on high," but a closer derivation has recently come to light in a book in Church's library. A volume by the ancient geographer Strabo, given to the painter by his wife, identifies Olana as a treasure house near Mount Ararat. The reference calls to mind an endearingly smug letter in which Church boasts: "Almost an hour this side of Albany is the Center of the World—I own it."

Architecturally Olana is at once daunting and alluring, monumental and subtle. Massive walls and a great pyramid-capped tower are embellished with fanciful Persian arches and polychrome decoration, and a delicate colonnade joins the imposing block of the house to the pinnacled pavilion containing Church's studio and an observatory. As soon as one enters the house, it is apparent that the interiors have been planned to convey a sense of harmonious continuity from one space to the next. The heart of Olana is the Court Hall, inspired by the open courtyards of the East. A purple in the arches echoes the color of the vestibule, and pink trim introduces the scheme of the parlor in which Church hung his view of the rose-hued temple at Petra.

After Church's death in 1900 the property stayed in family hands, virtually untouched until 1964. Two years later Olana was acquired by New York State as a historic site. James Ryan, a knowledgeable and sympathetic site manager, is leading the effort to return the house to its authentic appearance, both inside and out. Most recently, research has concentrated on restoring the surrounding landscape. Here, finally, lies the crucial difference between Leighton House and Olana. The London house is an urban, inward-looking structure, with few windows that even command a view of the garden, whereas Olana is all about vistas: Church wrote of how he had built his windows as frames for the landscapes beyond. Seen alone, each house reflects a distinctly individual vision. Taken together, they epitomize the nineteenth-century ideal of the palace of art as a magical realm where disagreeable realities never intrude upon beautiful dreams. ♠

For visitors information: Leighton House, 12 Holland Park Rd., London W14 8LZ, England; (71) 602-3316. Olana State Historic Site, RD2, Hudson, NY 12534; (518) 828-0135.

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Gandee

AT LARGE

Niall Smith, antiquaire as thespian

If Niall Smith the Greenwich Village antiques dealer were ever to become Niall Smith the one-man Broadway show—and he should—the man in the one-man show would have to be played by Maggie Smith. Yes, absolutely, Maggie Smith. (No, Virginia, gender is not a problem. Remember, back in 1977 in Stratford, Ontario, Miss Smith did a fine job playing Rosalind, who, as we all know from our sophomore Shakespeare class, transforms herself into Ganymede in *As You Like It*.) Why, you ask, must Maggie Smith be the one and only one to play Niall Smith? Because if you keep your eyes and ears open, Maggie Smith and Niall Smith are virtually indistinguishable. The voice. The manner. The riveting, unabashedly shameless theatrical panache. "My blessed mother, Birdie—God rest her poor soul—dragged me to every preview of every auction in the south of Ireland," trills Niall, eyes wide, dramatic emphases in all the right places, slight secret smile when his mellifluous Irish brogue hits its audience.

I know all this because I showed up at the shop of "der Meister von Biedermeier" early one afternoon and introduced myself. "Why don'tya cum innn?" said Niall, sort of bossy, sort of friendly. "And seeet yarself down heeer." He gestured grandly toward a little Biedermeier cherry side chair. Niall himself sat in a much larger Biedermeier cherry armchair, which he keeps positioned next to a Biedermeier dining table that holds his black rotary dial telephone.

"Tell me everything," I said.

"There's nothing to tell," said Niall, who talked until it got dark

"Tell me everything," I said. "There's nothing to tell," said Niall, who talked until it got dark. His roller coaster–style soliloquy began with his childhood in Cork as the son of a "completely bourgeois" horse trainer and Birdie, of course, the inveterate collector. After a stint with British Transport Hotels, Niall escaped the Emerald Isle "on the old *Queen Mary*" for Manhattan in search of "freedom." It was 1965. He was twenty-six. What he found was a job as a waiter at the Running Footman. "It was the Mortimer's of its day," recalled Niall with pride. Four years waiting tables proved plenty, however, so with a little help from Birdie, Niall rented a 200-square-foot shop on Bleecker Street for $250 a month and hung out his shingle. An antiquaire was born.

"I have one maxim in business: you've got to be exclusive. And the only way you can be exclusive is by limiting admission; I think that is the secret of my success." Although it's true that anyone can walk into Niall's Bleecker Street shop, or his relatively new outpost on SoHo's Grand Street, the bulk of his booming business is from a 5,000-square-foot warehouse in Long Island City filled with neoclassical treasures. So who gets into the inner sanctum? "Mainly trade and the selected private client. My criteria is how nice the person is. It doesn't matter whether they have money or not." Although money does help if an item such as a $250,000 suite of Russian furniture catches your eye.

Niall continued regaling me with stories. About the time Catherine Deneuve showed up: "She walked in that door and I just went jelly. She had an aura about her. It was sexual but not in the sexual sense of Marilyn. She was stunning. Utterly drop-dead." About the first time Paloma Picasso appeared: "I came back from the supermarket and she was leaning against the window. I said, 'Can I help you?' I hate saying that to anyone, but I said it to her. She said, 'Yes, I'm looking for a present for my brother.' She chose an abacus, which was $225, and I thought it was too expensive for her. I had no idea who she was, but she mentioned a mutual friend and I offered her a ten percent discount. We became very palsy-walsy, and before she left she offered me two tickets to the opening of the Picasso show at the Modern. I said, 'How can you get me two tickets? It's the hardest bloody ticket in New York.' She said, 'I'm Paloma Picasso.' I said, 'Give me back that bloody abacus and buy something decent!' and from that day to this we've been great friends."

Our conversation was interrupted twice. First by a young man who missed a decimal point and tried to buy a $950 lamp with a ten-dollar bill. "That hasn't happened in a long time," said Niall, rolling his eyes with delight. Then by the very dapper uptown decorator Keith Palazzola, whom Niall greeted with a warm howl: "Slumming are you?"

Charles Gandee



Niall Smith's cabinet of curiosities.

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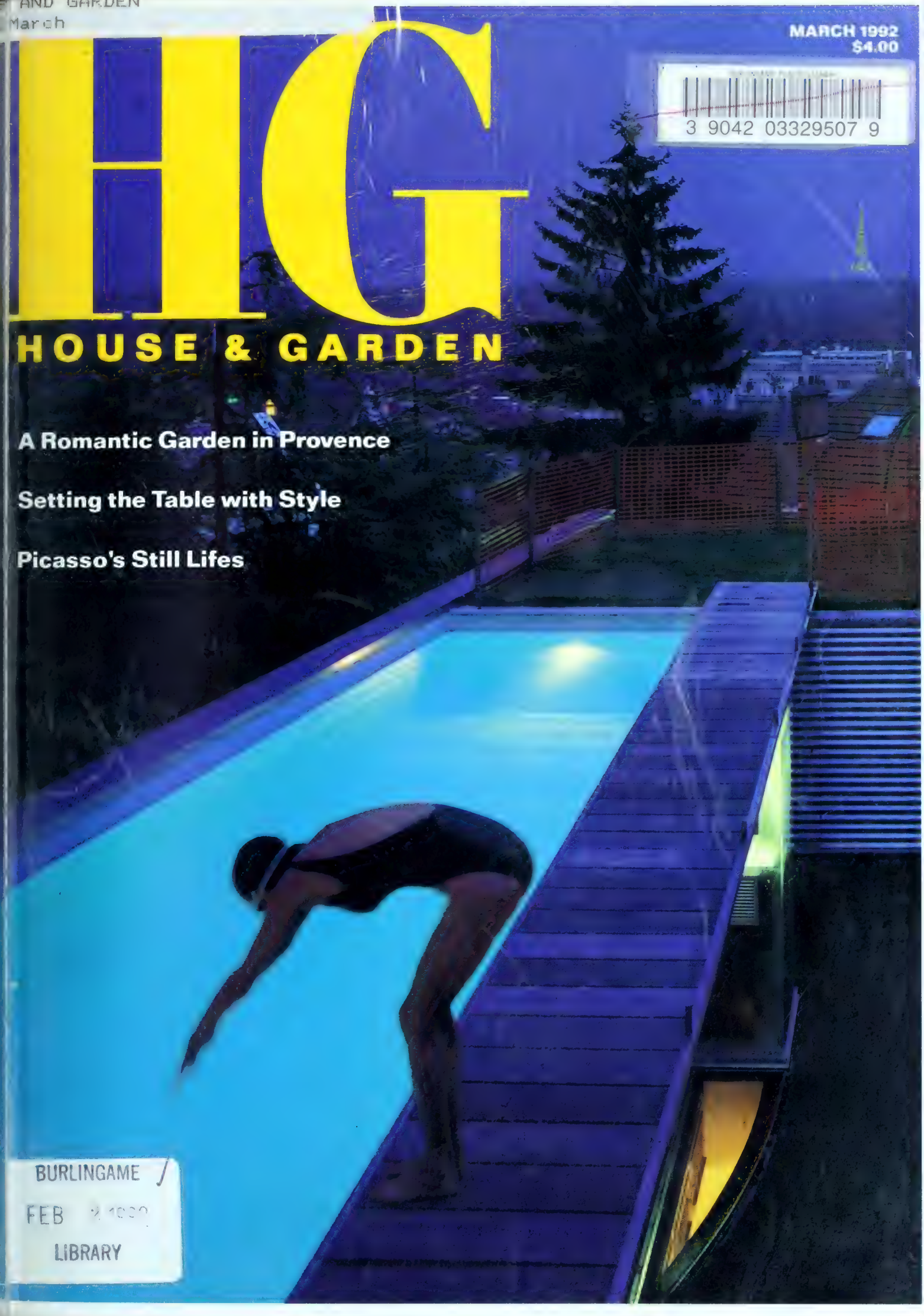
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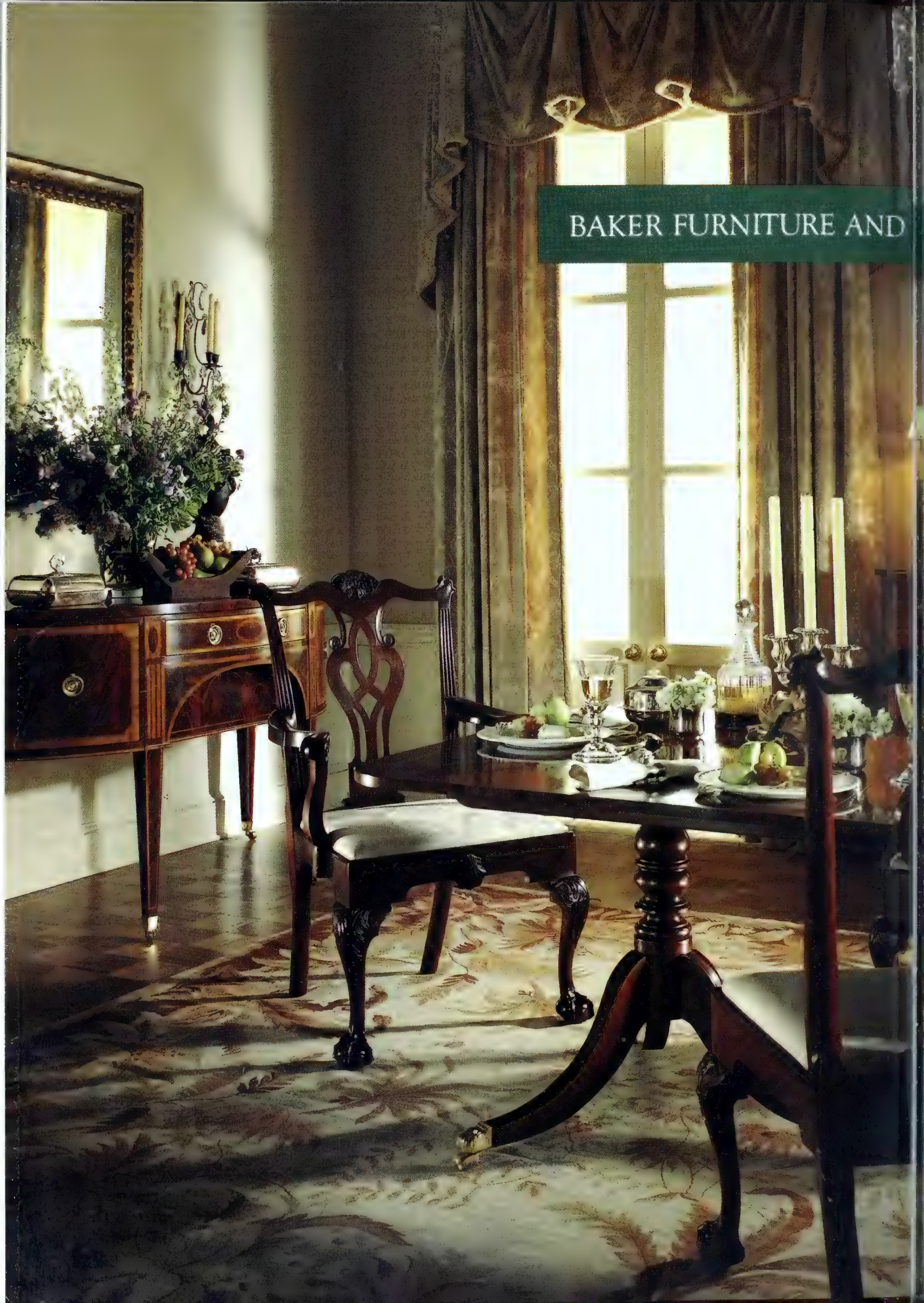
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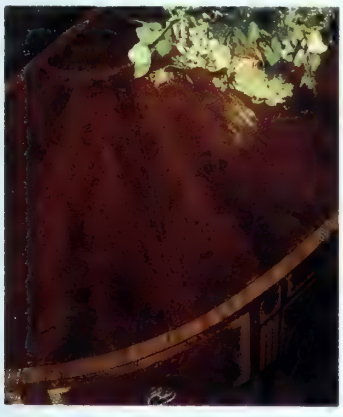
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The 959 shown on the left possesses a silhouette that would make it seem you have seen it often. Yet, it is one only 200 such "rolling test beds" in existence. A 200 mph Supercar project that allowed our engineers to explore wh would be possible by the turn of the century. Literally a physics lab on wheels.

Which brings us to the new 968, shown on the right. In typical Porsche fashion, it is an amalgam of everything v have learned to this moment. Futuristic thinking, melded with the classic Porsche essence. So it is only natural it would be a resemblance to the 959, along with other forebears. Is it heresy that a new $39,850* production car look so strikingly like a car that collectors pay close to $1,000,000 to acquire? No, it's simply part of the evolution which provides Porsche drivers with a heritage unduplicated in automotive history.



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*$39,850 MSRP on 1992 968 coupe excludes taxes, license and registration fees. **Comparison of EPA Federal Test Procedure results for 968 coupe and 944S2 coupe.

Porsche 9

million bucks.

The 968 not only shares lines with the 959; it shares thinking, as well. You will find evidence of the 959 in the new ·eel design, carefully sculpted to reduce rotating mass and improve brake cooling. You will find it in the body aerody- ·nics, which actually use airflow for purposes such as directing rain spray away from the windshield. The principle of ·ternal aerodynamics" carries over as well, in which meticulous shaping of underbody components speeds the flow ·f air through the chassis to reduce drag and lift, while providing more prodigious cooling.

Then again, the 968 brings along new thinking of its own. Like the patented new Porsche VarioCam™ which ·tinuously varies valve timing to burn fuel more thoroughly and efficiently, providing more power and instant throttle ·ponse while dramatically reducing emissions.** Plus details like a patented new headlamp system that uses the prin- ·le of a bee's eyes, employing over 1,000 reflective facets to provide variable point focus and cut reflected glare.

As you can see, even since the 959, with the new 968 we have moved on. Call 1-800-252-4444 for more information, or to arrange a private viewing at your authorized Porsche dealership.

The fact is, based on pure daily practicality, the 968 is probably an even more desirable Porsche to have in your garage. Of course, if someone thinks they see you loading groceries into a $1,000,000 car, why quibble?



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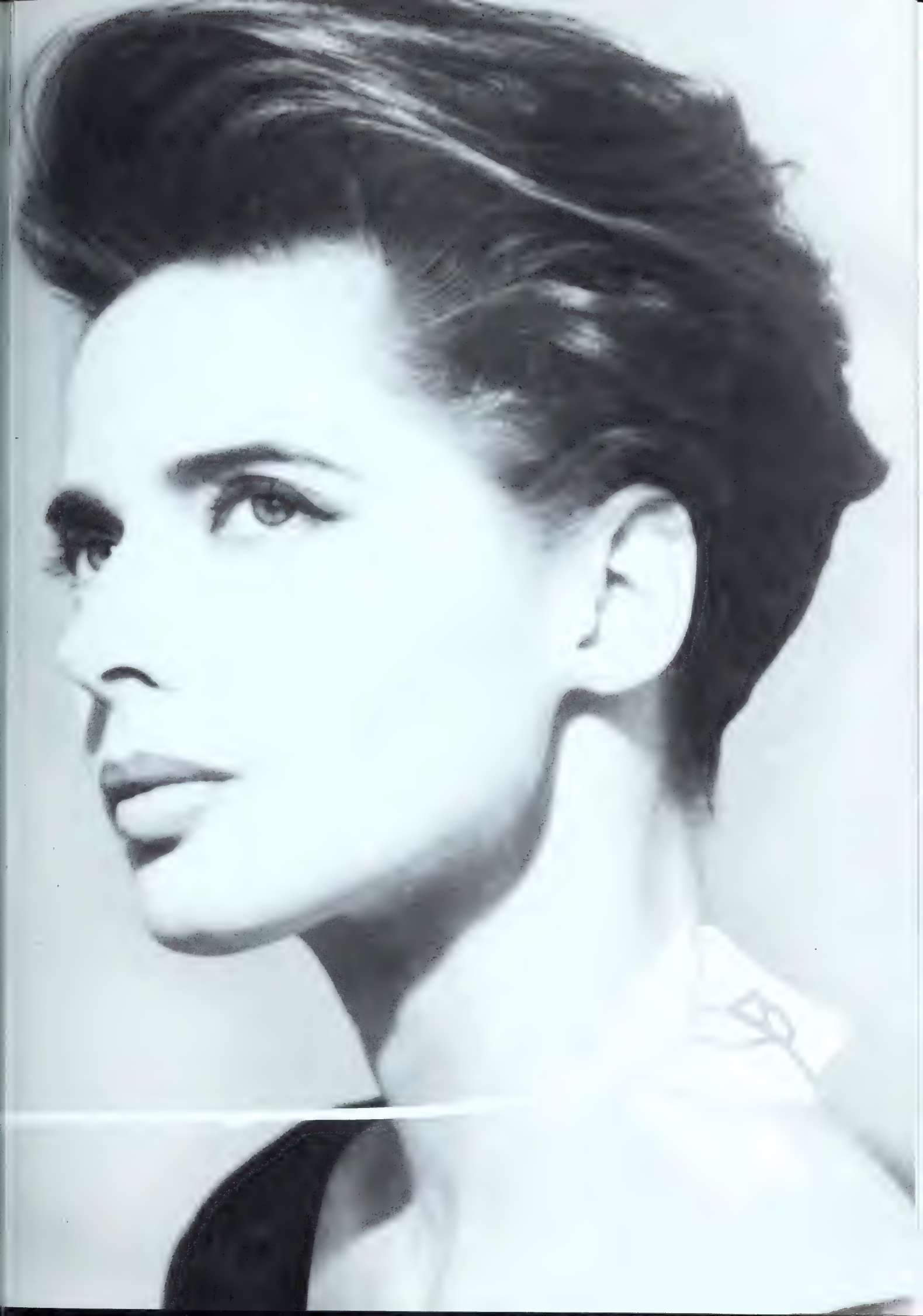
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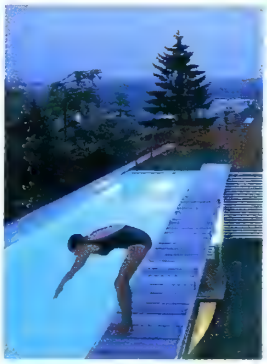
Eccentric antique and modern pieces in photographer Mario Testino's Paris apartment, left. Page 128.



American rococo slab table, above, at the Metropolitan Museum. Page 154. Left: Rose-covered trellises in a Provençal garden. Page 12

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Rem Koolhaas's rooftop pool outside Paris. Page 158. Photograph by Peter Aaron.





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Dutch architect Rem Koolhaas builds a modernist landmark overlooking the Eiffel Tower



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Brightly colored vases and bowl from Barneys New York. Page 167.

MARCH

HG



François-Xavier Lalanne's studio, above, near Fontainebleau. Page 50. Right: Ashley and Allegra Hicks's room, named L'Archive des Chaises, for last fall's 1991 French Designer Showhouse. Page 58.



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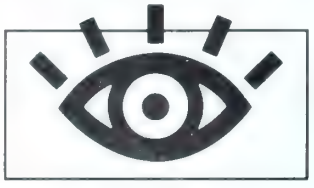
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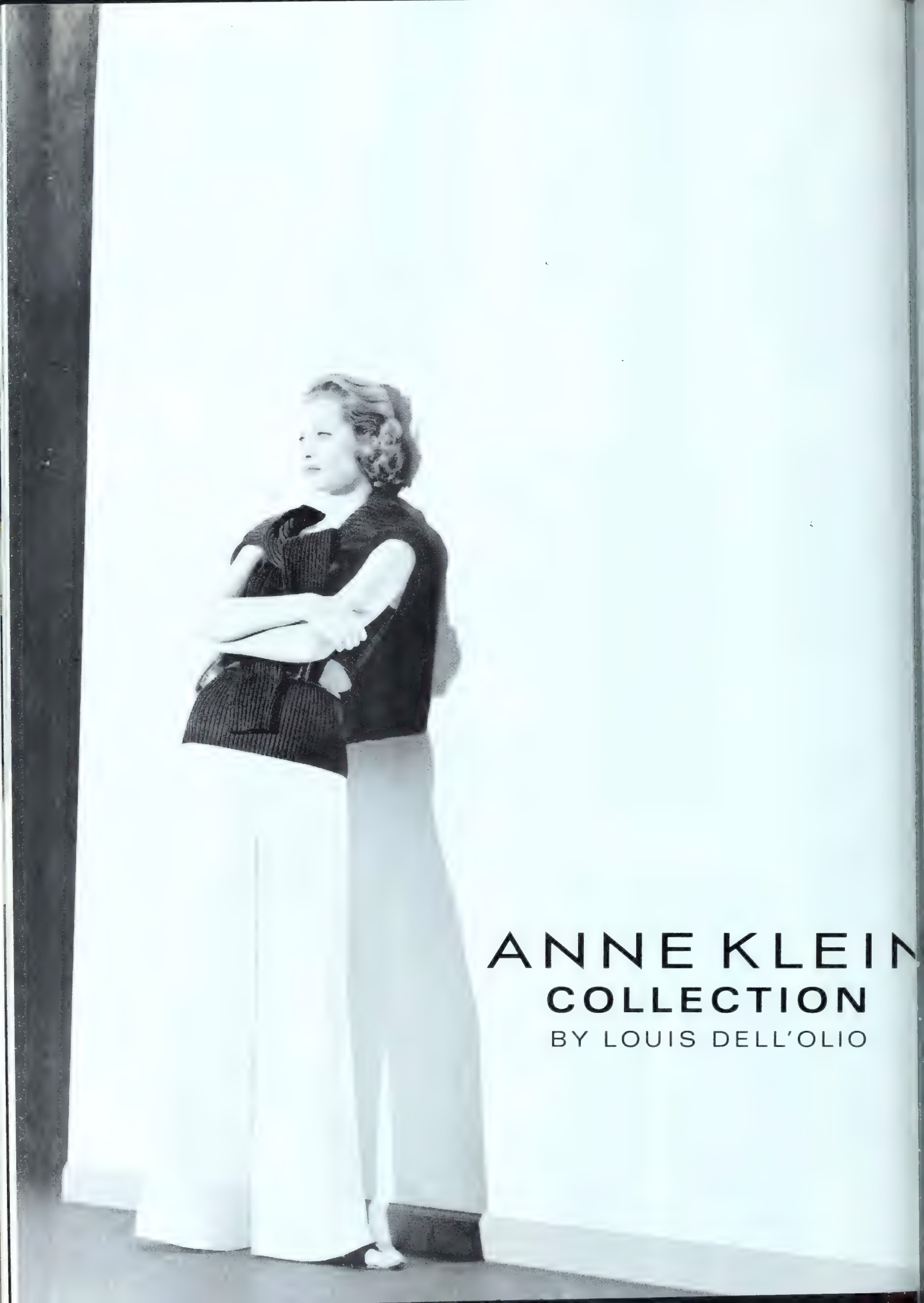
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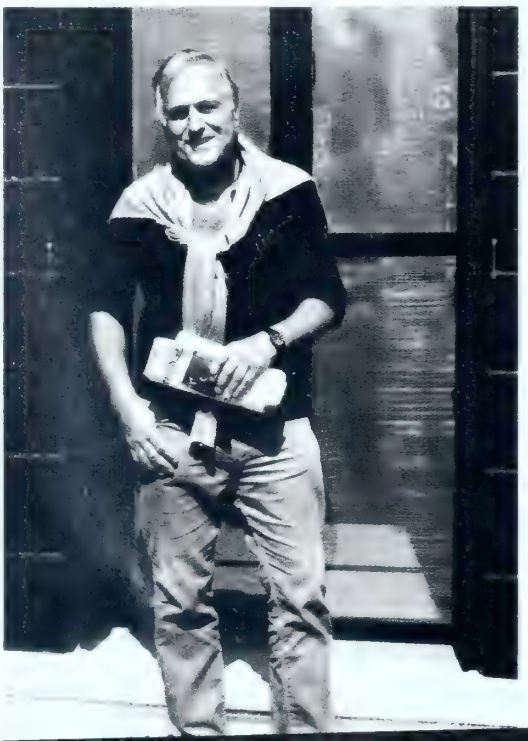
SIMON FLURY

Mario Testino, a fashion photographer celebrated for his electric palette and stylized architectural backdrops, aims his lens at his own apartments in Paris and London for HG. "The camera captures what it is I love best—saturated color and layers of objects, everywhere," says the Peruvian-born Testino, who admits to spending far more time at flea markets than in the darkroom.



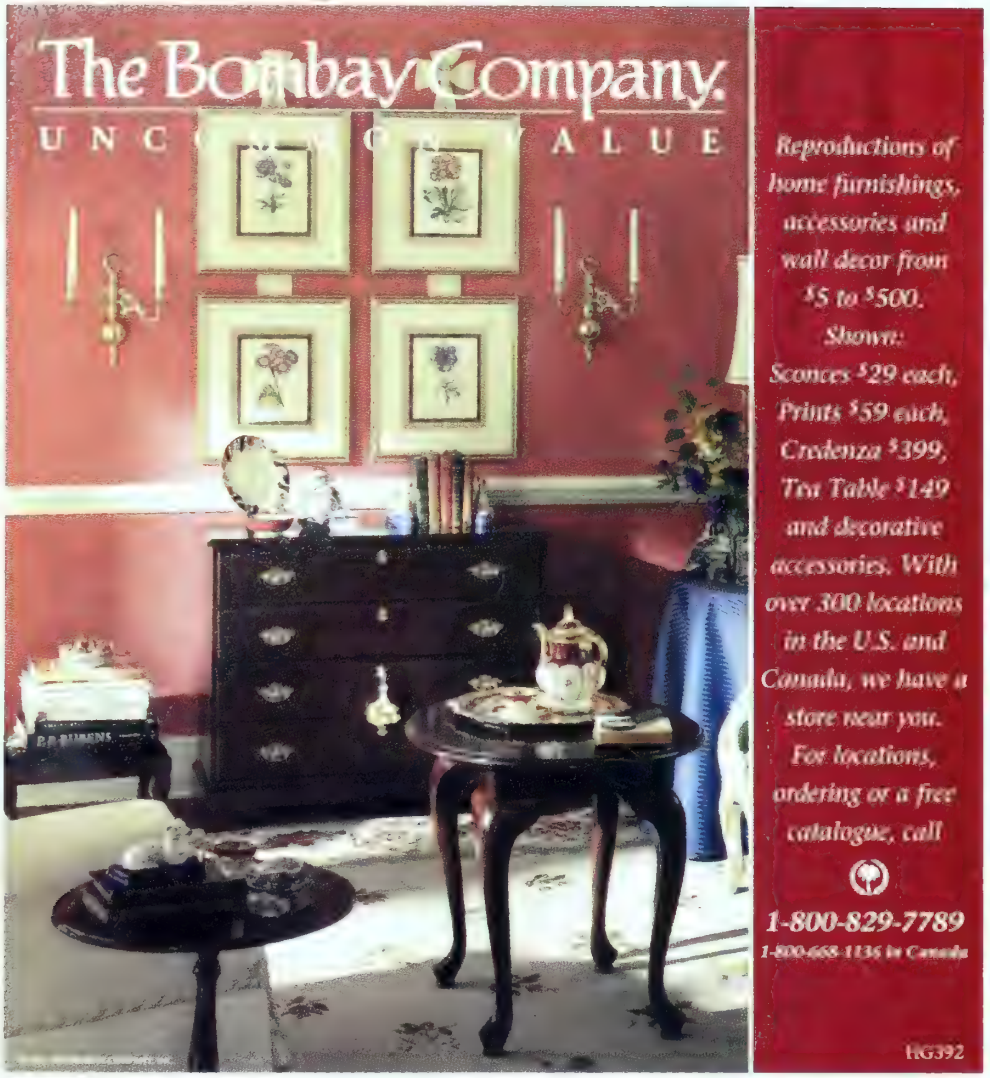
JANET O'HARA

Suzanne Hart joins decorator Bob Denning in his kitchen and discovers a meat-and-potatoes man behind the damask and tassels. Hart is a free-lance design, fashion, and food writer and an avid cook. Like Denning, she finds that preparing the feast is far more fun than entertaining.



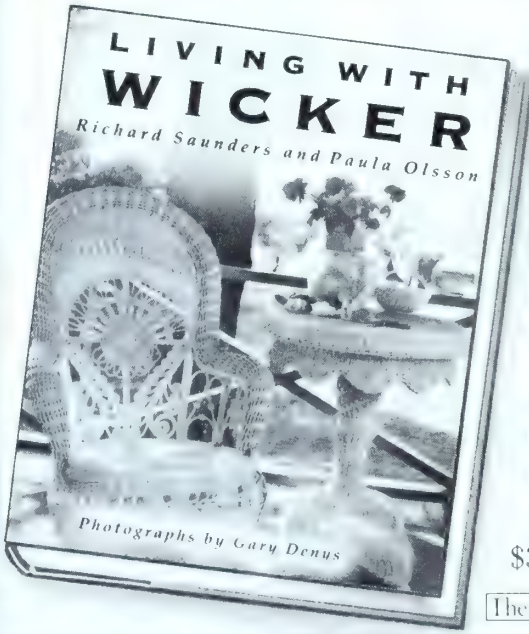
John Richardson is an art historian and an HG editor at large. This month he reports on the Cleveland Museum of Art's still-life exhibition "Picasso and Things," which he considers the "most important show of Picasso's work in more than a decade." A friend of the artist's when they both lived in Provence, Richardson is the author of the critically acclaimed *A Life of Picasso*, published early last year by Random House; the second of the four-volume series is due in the fall of 1993.


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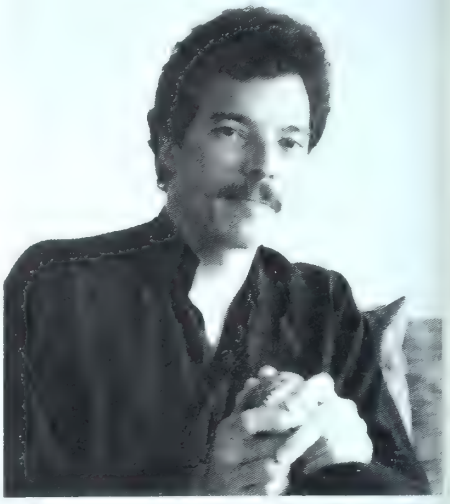
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Jerry Harpur, who photographs gardens exclusively, focuses on the hillside terraces of La Casella in Provence. The villa's owners, Claus Scheinert and Tom Parr, chairman of Colefax & Fowler, have "achieved a garden that combines the best of English and Provençal styles," says Harpur, who laments, "I rarely get down in the dirt of my own garden in Essex. Instead I spend my time photographing other people's places."



Jeffrey Book explores the renewed appeal of mud as a construction material in HG's "Architecture" column. "Natural materials are energy- and pollution-conscious; they're also typically indigenous to the site. Ancient approaches to building are economical and therefore very modern," he says. A freelance journalist and the coauthor of *The One-Minute Maniac*, a spoof on fanatical time management, Book is also a furniture designer whose work includes the Earthquake bookcase and the Hot Seat chair.

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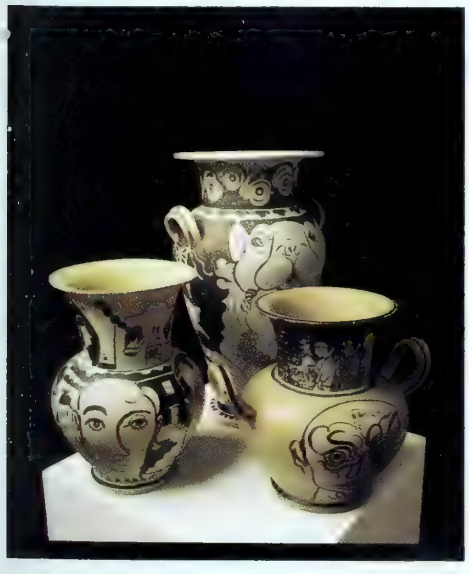
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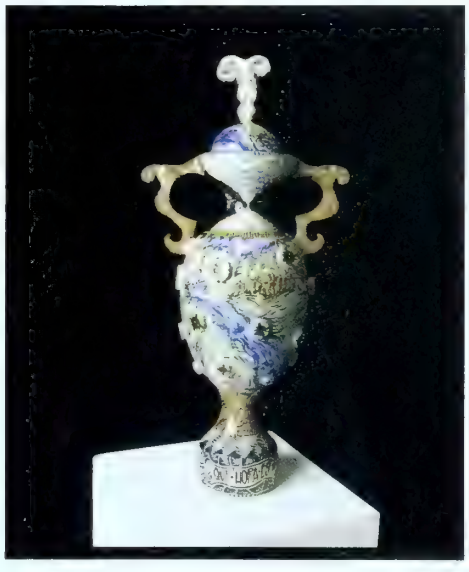
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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold

At Archon,
Edward Pate and his artists have more to show than their ceramic, wood, and metal creations. "Almost every piece is a commentary on today's values," says Pate (*right*), with a Bob Russell light sculpture Pate calls deconstructivist: "Cocteau meets Liberace." Among the ceramists whose work appears in Pate's New York showroom (*below from left*), David Barthold combines classical shapes and his own take on mythology; Matt Nolen names his porcelain urn *Qué hora es?* to point up the fragility of civilization; and Caryn Kreitzer employs graphic glazes to call attention to the organic forms of her earthenware. A Nolen platter (*top center*). (Archon, 212-581-1909 by appt.)











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View Master Hans Bol's 16th-century panorama of Antwerp Harbor (*above*) is among the wares at the European Fine Art Fair, March 14–22, Maastricht, the Netherlands. For further information (73) 14-51-65.



Sporting Goods Cups from Royal Worcester (*above*) evoke 1930s illustrations. Call (609) 866-2900.

Basket Case Wood, bamboo, and wicker (*below*) combine to hold magazines and more, $72, from Tulip Tree Collection, Washington Depot, CT (203) 868-2802.



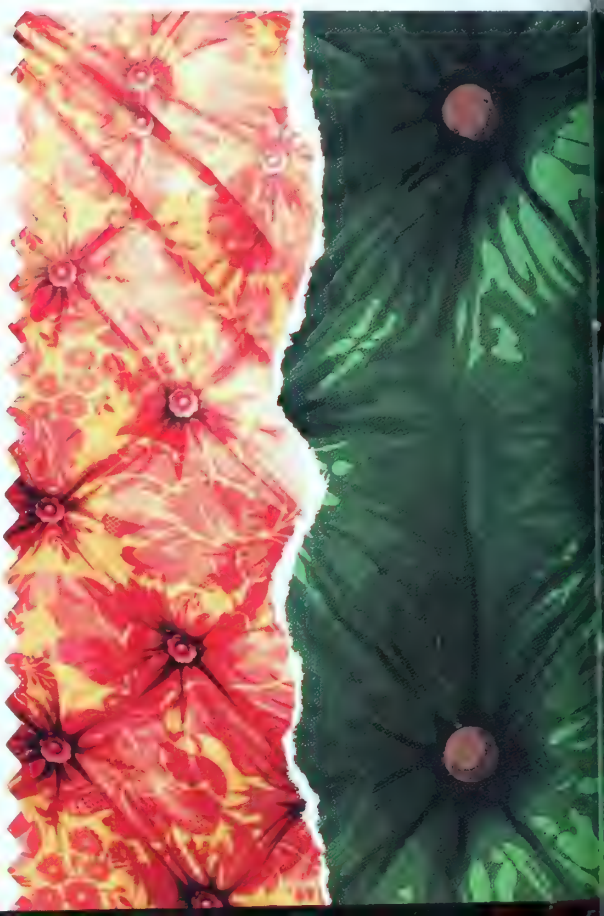


Grecian Formula Ionia garden chair (*above*) in cast aluminum by Veneman. For stores (714) 951-2010.

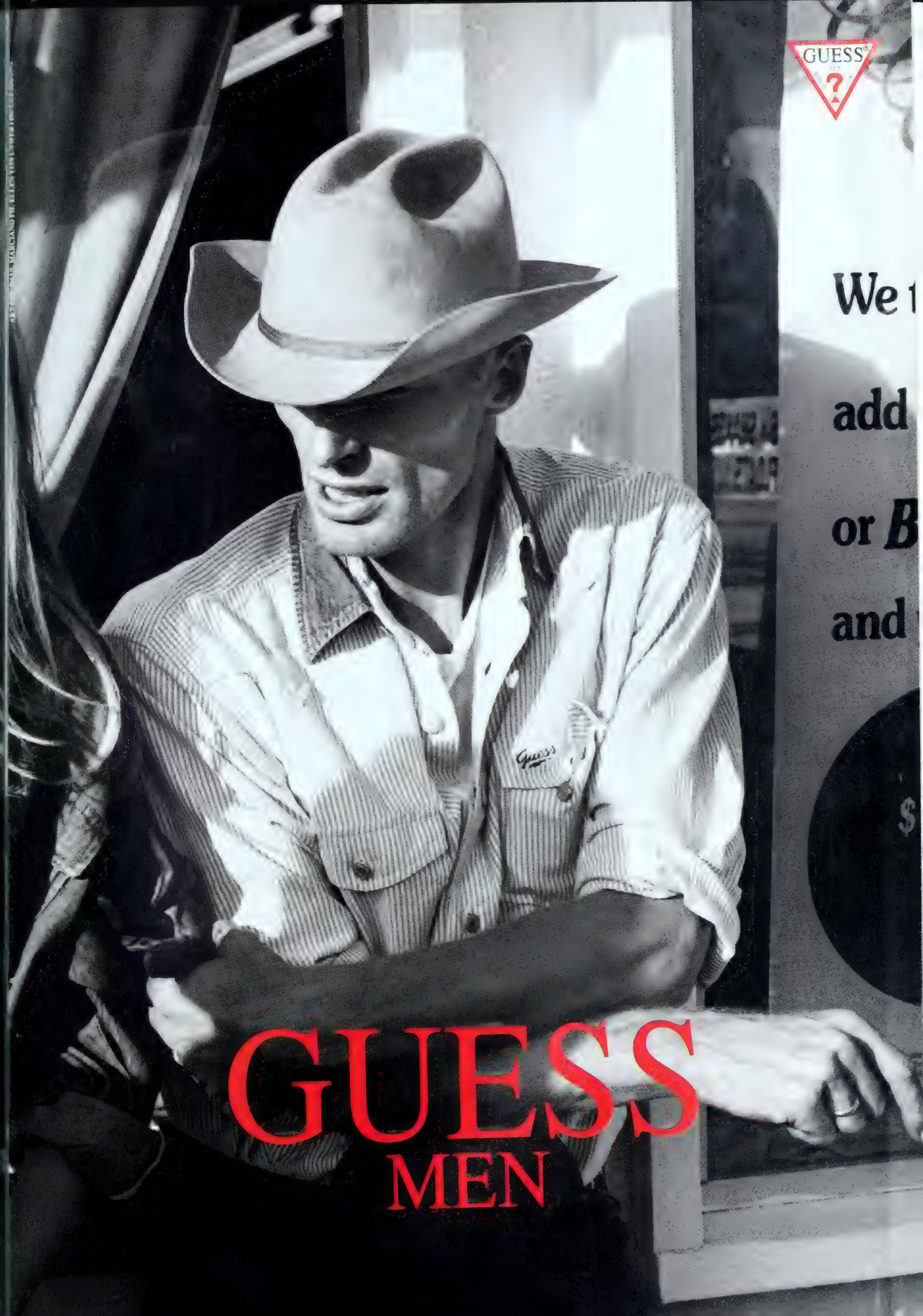
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Rest Stop The "fainting couch" (*right*) from a Vermont inn reinterpreted for Thomasville's Country Inns and Back Roads Collection. For showrooms (919) 472-4000.





Tuft Enough Philippe Deshoulières's plate with faux tufted border (*left*); for stores (212) 684-6760. Rosecliff cotton from Scalamandré's Newport Collection (*right*); for showrooms (212) 980-3888. Zuber's trompe l'oeil wallcovering (*far right*); for showrooms (212) 486-9226.


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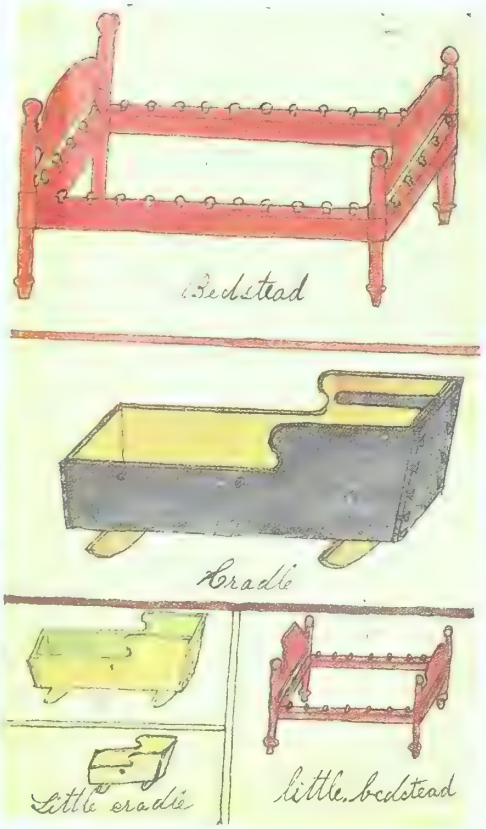


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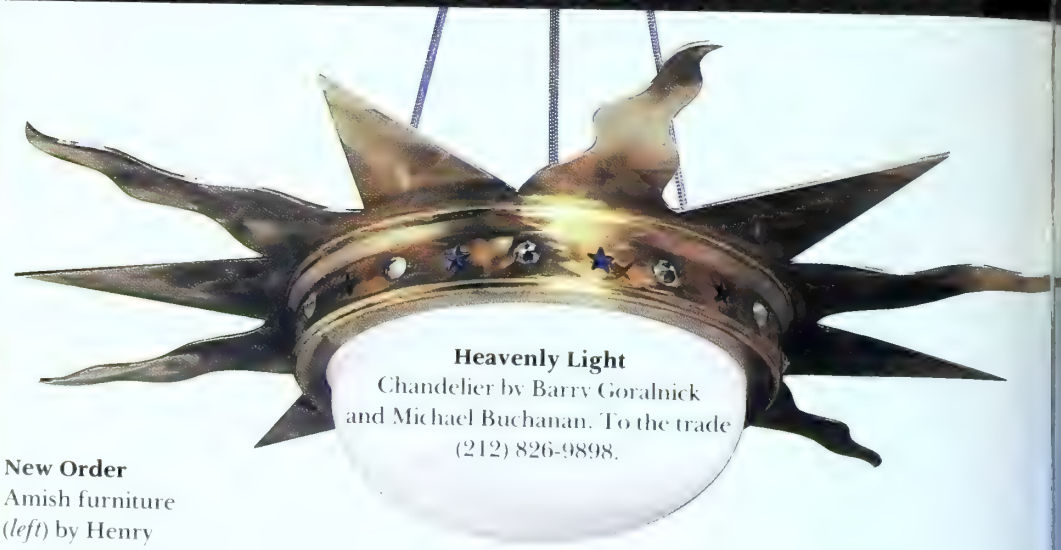
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L.A. Edens Huntington Library shows Florence Yoch garden designs through June 1; (818) 405-2141. Yoch garden tour caps a symposium at Scripps College, Apr. 3–5; (714) 621-8000 ext. 8326.



Perennial Border
Copies of Florence Yoch terra-cotta garden tiles (*above*), $20 each, from Hollyhock, L.A. Call (213) 931-3400.

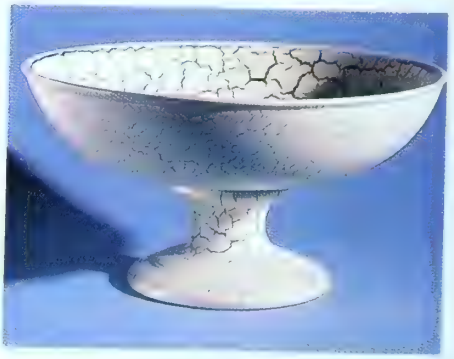


Early Bloomers
Jane Fearnley-Whittingstall's *Ivies* (Random House, $35); Katherine Whiteside's *Classic Bulbs* (Villard, $40).

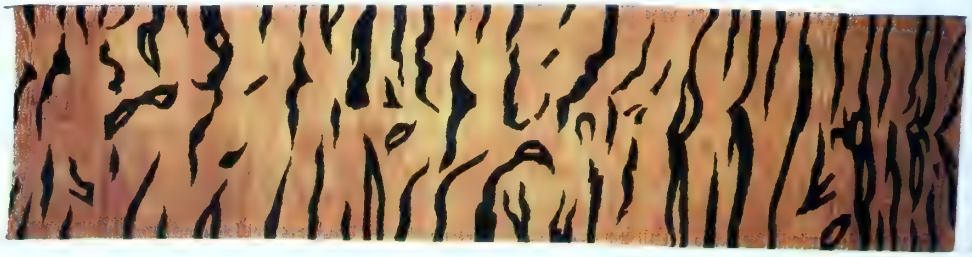
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Snappy Crackle Footed bowl (*below*), $150, from the Weekend Retreat collection at Sarreid. For stores (919) 291-1414.



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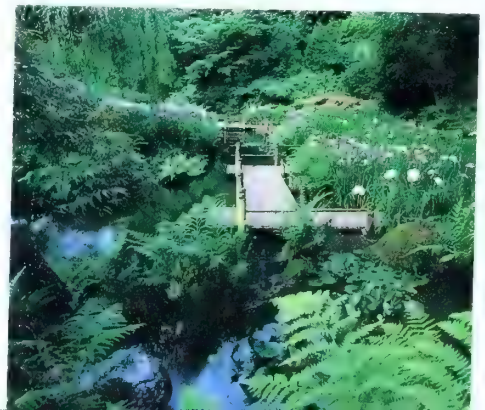
Pacific Overtures

The Northwest offers a sampling of Japanese garden types

BY PETER SELIG

Gardeners who travel don't always have more inspired gardens than those who stay close to home, but travelers—armchair or otherwise—can hardly help broadening their horticultural horizons. Until recently, the favorite destinations abroad for American gardeners were England, France, and Italy, countries whose precepts still dominate our own backyards. But in the past few years the Japanese garden—once viewed as the exotic province of a few connoisseurs—has begun to loom ever larger as a source for design ideas applicable to our landscape.

For thirteen centuries Japanese garden makers have successfully addressed challenges that many of us now face in this country: small and often irregular plots of land and the desire for a year-round sense of harmony with nature despite a sometimes hostile environment. The miniature idealized landscape of the Japanese garden can provide seemingly limitless vistas within fixed boundaries. Stones are always the single most important element in shaping the terrain; plants are conventionally used as a foil to achieve subtle contrasts of texture, shape, and hue, despite a predominantly green palette. There are no elaborate borders with the sorts of flowers that refuse to flourish far from an English cottage garden. Moss, ground covers, and gravel are preferred over lawns. Although it is possible to introduce obvious Japanese garden features like stone lanterns, teahouses, and bonsai to an American setting, they can easily look as contrived and out of place as Italianate topiary or parterres de broderie. Better to seek the essence of Japanese style, its spirit of accessible tranquillity. In gardening, as in literature, the most literal translation may not be the most accurate or elegant.



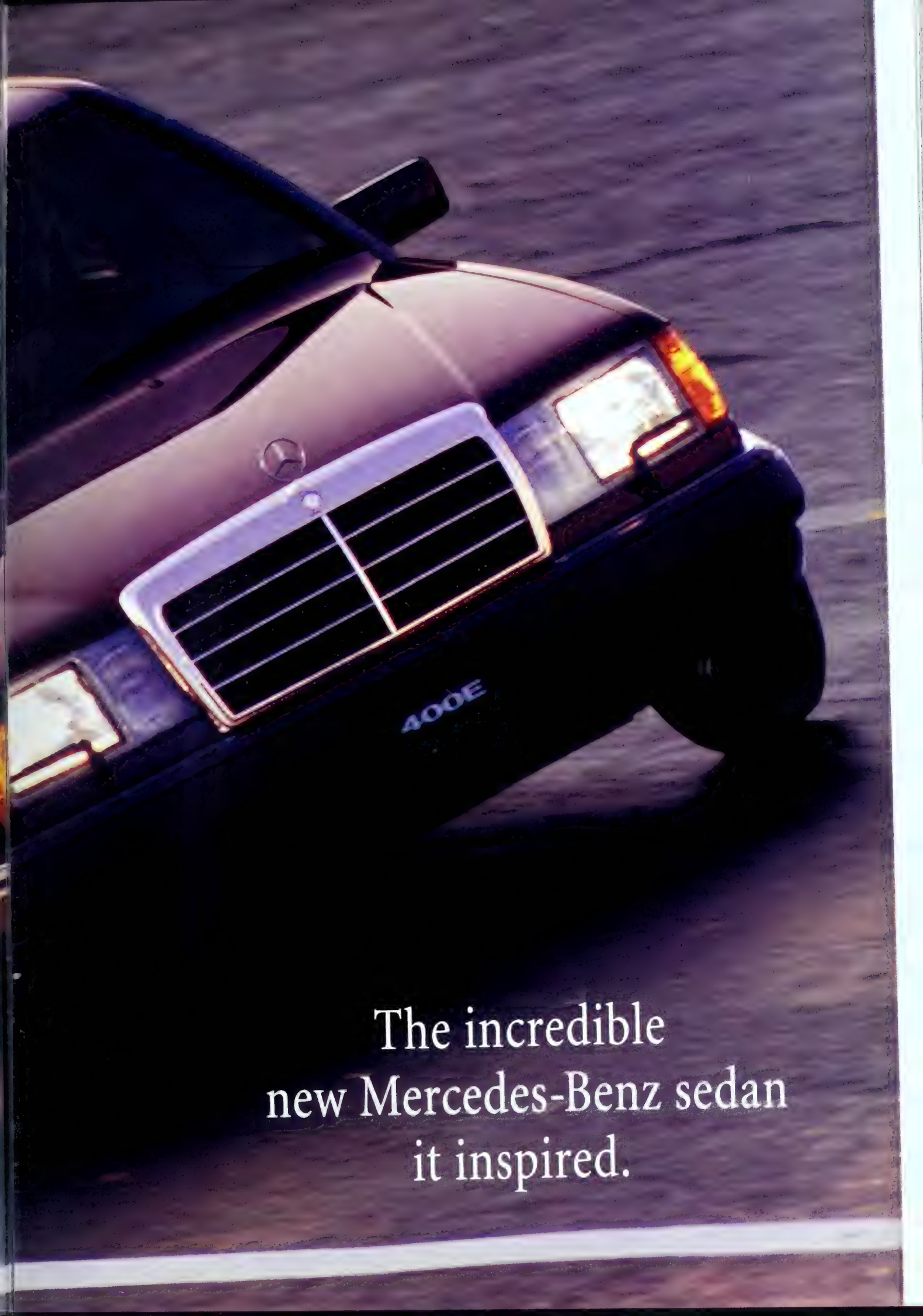
A blanket of snow in the Japanese Garden at Washington Park in Portland, Oregon, above, sets off an all-season composition. Left: Iris bloom in the park's green Strolling Pond Garden.

Fortunately, a trip to the Far East is not the only way to encounter the spirit of Japanese landscapes firsthand. Three of the finest examples outside Japan can be visited in the Pacific Northwest, a region whose large Japanese-American population and proximity to Asia have left their mark for generations. Major gardens at Washington Park in Portland, Oregon, at Seattle's Washington Park Arboretum, and at the Bloedel Reserve, also in the Seattle area, were created by Japanese designers who have adapted ancient traditions to the New World. Their

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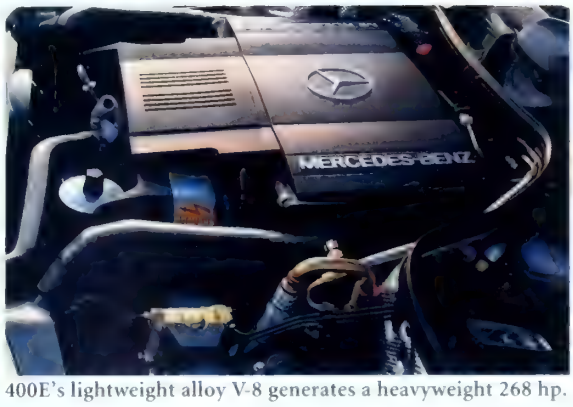
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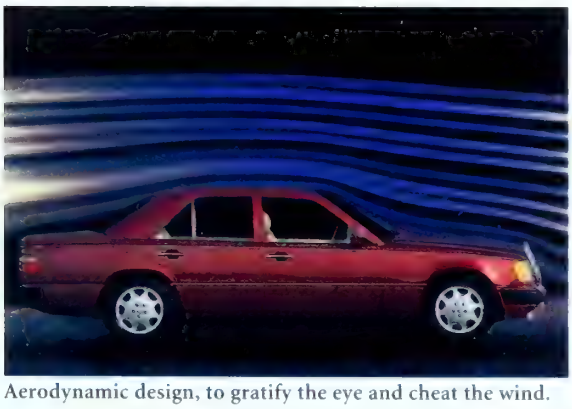
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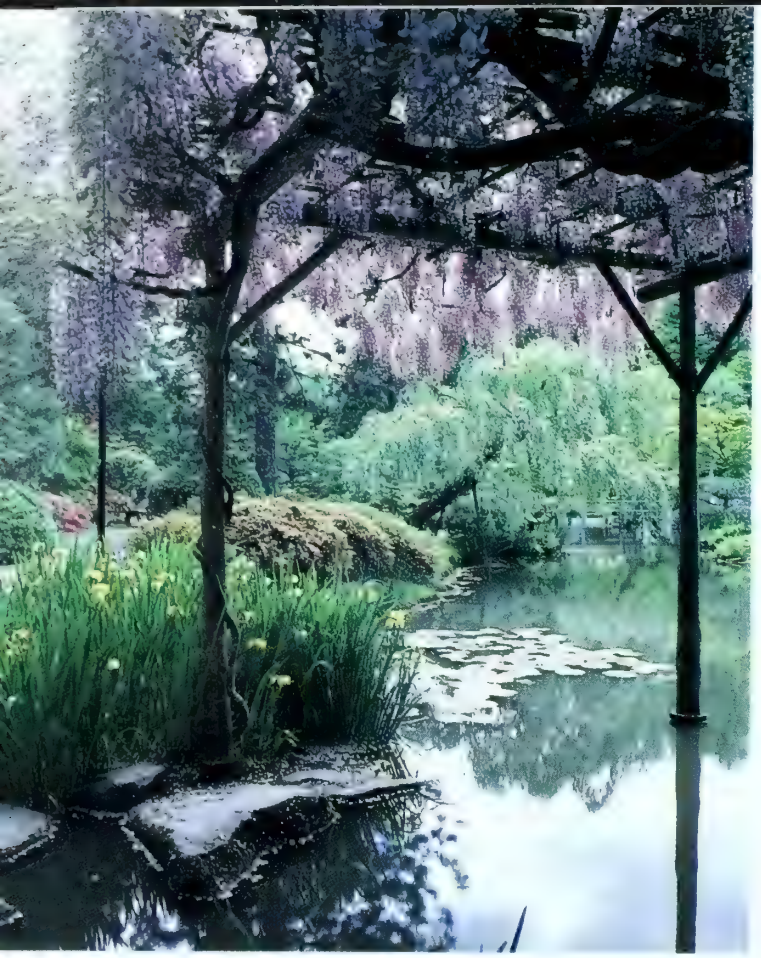
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The economy of means through which this bond can be achieved—with or without Pacific Northwest rainfall—is nowhere clearer than in the classic dry garden (also, not surprisingly, an economical means to water conservation). Usually associated with Zen Buddhist temples, it is composed of stones, gravel, and sand, whose placement can suggest mountains, seas, rivers, and vegetation. The variety of natural imagery and symbolism these few materials can conjure up is difficult for the Western mind to grasp in the abstract, but easy to experience face-to-face. A superb example is the Seki Tei at the five and a half acre Japanese Garden in Portland, which in fact comprises five separate gardens. Designed nearly thirty years ago by P. Takuma Tono, these landscapes are extraordinarily faithful to Japanese originals—both in style and in level of upkeep. The dry garden, for instance, is spread with the same sand used in the classic Ryoan-ji Zen garden in Kyoto (this sand is said to retain its raked patterns even in a heavy downpour), and some of the more sculptural stones have also been imported. But throughout the entire complex, such exotic specimens have been combined with stones from the area of Mount Hood and eastern Oregon as well as locally grown trees and shrubs. Paths meandering over the wooded hills lead to other variations on age-old themes, such as the Tea Garden; the Flat Garden, where white sand appears to ebb and flow against islands of thyme and banks of moss and evergreens; and the Strolling Pond Garden, with its ever-changing views of still and moving water.

All three and a half acres of the Japanese Garden at Washington Park Arboretum in Seattle were laid out in 1960 as a stroll garden, a type that can be traced to the pleasure grounds of sixteenth-century villas and the aesthetic tenets of the tea ceremony. The design—a seven-man collaboration headed by Juki Iida of Tokyo—takes full advantage of a technique known as hide and reveal, the composition of controlled views that gradually unfold along a winding path. These vignettes may focus on a waterfall, a man-made mountain, or even a single perfect rock.

At the start of the Seattle project, Iida later recalled, "I could not imagine how a large-scale, formal (shin-style) Japanese garden could be built outside of Japan where Japanese stones, trees, and plants would not be available and where only non-Japanese and foreign-born Japanese gardeners would be at my disposal. . . . How wrong I was!" Iida went to the Cascade mountains to handpick some five hundred boulders, which were individually wrapped in bamboo matting for protection in transit and placed on-site according to exacting plans. Azaleas, camellias, flowering fruit trees, and rhododendrons were then planted along with conifers, mosses, and ferns. Iida noted: "The one thing we had in great abundance was the Washington State flowering tree, the rhododendron. I therefore was obliged to use these gaudy plants, but I tried to hold the color down as much as possible." Another patch of color is provided by a wisteria trellis beside a pond that forms part of a landscape in the "fishing village" style, with compact "mountains" and "foothills." A





A wisteria trellis, top, in the Japanese Garden in Seattle's Washington Park. Above: The Bloedel Reserve's dry garden. Right: Native trees and Japanese-inspired terrain at Bloedel.

The more a woman has to be on her toes, the less you see her in 4" heels.



Liz Claiborne

SHOES

For thirteen centuries Japanese garden makers have successfully addressed challenges that many of us now face

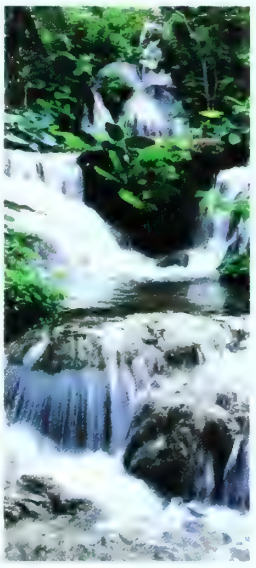
hedge of box, cedar, and osmanthus surrounds the Tea Garden where visitors can occasionally participate in tea ceremonies organized by the Shosei-kai Tea Club.

The venerable principle of borrowed landscape—the incorporation of external scenery into the garden design—plays a large role in making the cultivated areas in the Portland and Seattle parks seem larger than their actual dimensions. Whatever scenic borrowing occurs at the Bloedel Reserve is purely an aesthetic gesture. This is a 150-acre private estate on Bainbridge Island, of which sixty-six acres are landscaped in the midst of a forest (open to the public by appointment, the estate is forty-five minutes by ferry and car from downtown Seattle). Reflecting the wide-ranging taste of its founders, Prentice and Virginia Bloedel, the reserve incorporates European and American garden styles as well as Japanese. Fujitaro Kubota, a Washington landscaper, was commissioned to design the Bloedels' first Japanese garden in 1965, next to the site of a then unbuilt guesthouse—the glass and wood structure completed two years later blends elements of Japanese temples and Northwest Native American longhouses, a suitable addition to a culturally hybrid setting.

Working without drawn plans, Kubota and his two sons arranged stones and plants in the landscape until the result—an interpretation of the "pond and hill" style—pleased his eye. (Kubota's own twenty-acre garden, now a Seattle city park, may also be visited.) Seven years ago, Koichi Kawana of UCLA designed an exquisite dry garden of gravel and rocks with granite edging on the opposite side of the guesthouse, where it seems to float among towering Douglas firs. Though the nearby moss garden initially designed by Seattle-based landscape architect Richard Haag follows no specific Asian model—and is planted with native moss, hemlock, fir, red cedar, and alder—any Japanese gardener would feel at home in its green-carpeted sanctuary. There could be no better reminder that "borrowed" landscape ideas may inspire some of a gardener's most cherished views. ▲

For visitors information: Japanese Garden at Washington Park, 611 Southwest Kingston Ave., Portland, OR 97201; (503) 223-1321. Japanese Garden at Washington Park Arboretum, 1502 Lake Washington Blvd. East, Seattle, WA 98155; (206) 684-4760. Bloedel Reserve, 7571 Northeast Dolphin Dr., Bainbridge Island, WA 98110-1097; (206) 842-7631 by appt. Kubota Garden, 9817 55th Ave. South, Seattle, WA 98118; (206) 725-4400.

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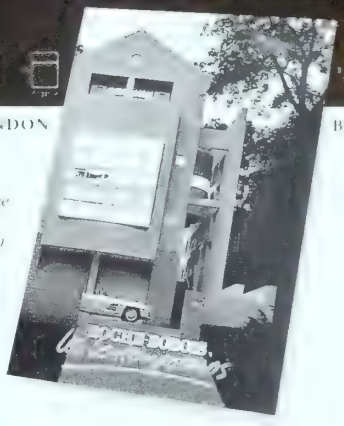
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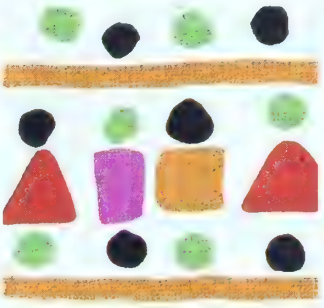
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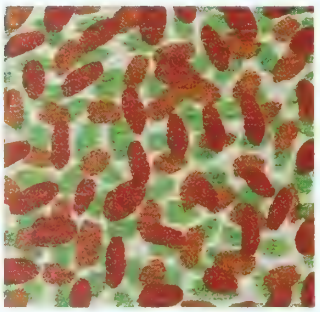


Evans combined his own textiles with solid fabrics on two chairs he designed.









Fabric of Art History

Abstraction animates the textiles of designer Gregory Evans

BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC

Gregory Evans has never officially studied design, though he has decorated interiors and run his own shop in L.A., specializing in objects and custom upholstery, and has now produced a collection of printed linen fabrics. Nor has he ever formally studied art, though one could say that he earned more than an MFA by working with David Hockney for seven years on stage designs for opera and ballet. "We were painting sets at the Teatro Lirico in Milan," recalls Evans, "when it first occurred to me that there was no reason the interior of a house couldn't be just as theatrical. After all, the home is where dramas are played out every day."

Evans arrives at most of his textile designs by painting on cardboard. Cutout shapes are pushpinned to the walls of his Hollywood bungalow, and vibrant compositions are assembled into panels and collages—Evans's domestic adaptation of stage sets. Not only is cardboard an inexpensive material to experiment with, its color provides a neutral background akin to the natural linen on which Evans prints his designs, most of which are rooted in painting. Stripes are loose lines, dots are irregular; one fabric catches the frenzy of a brush darting between palette and canvas, another displays Léger-like geometric shapes. A de Stijl show inspired his method of assembling planes of fabrics, both solids and prints, in a single piece of furniture.

Evans used to dabble in bright pinks, blues, and greens, but he has moved in the direction of "richer, more primitive tones," especially reds, twenty shades of which appear in his living room. His latest textiles are color-charged in a relaxed, natural way. Says Evans, "My fabrics seem happy to me." ▲

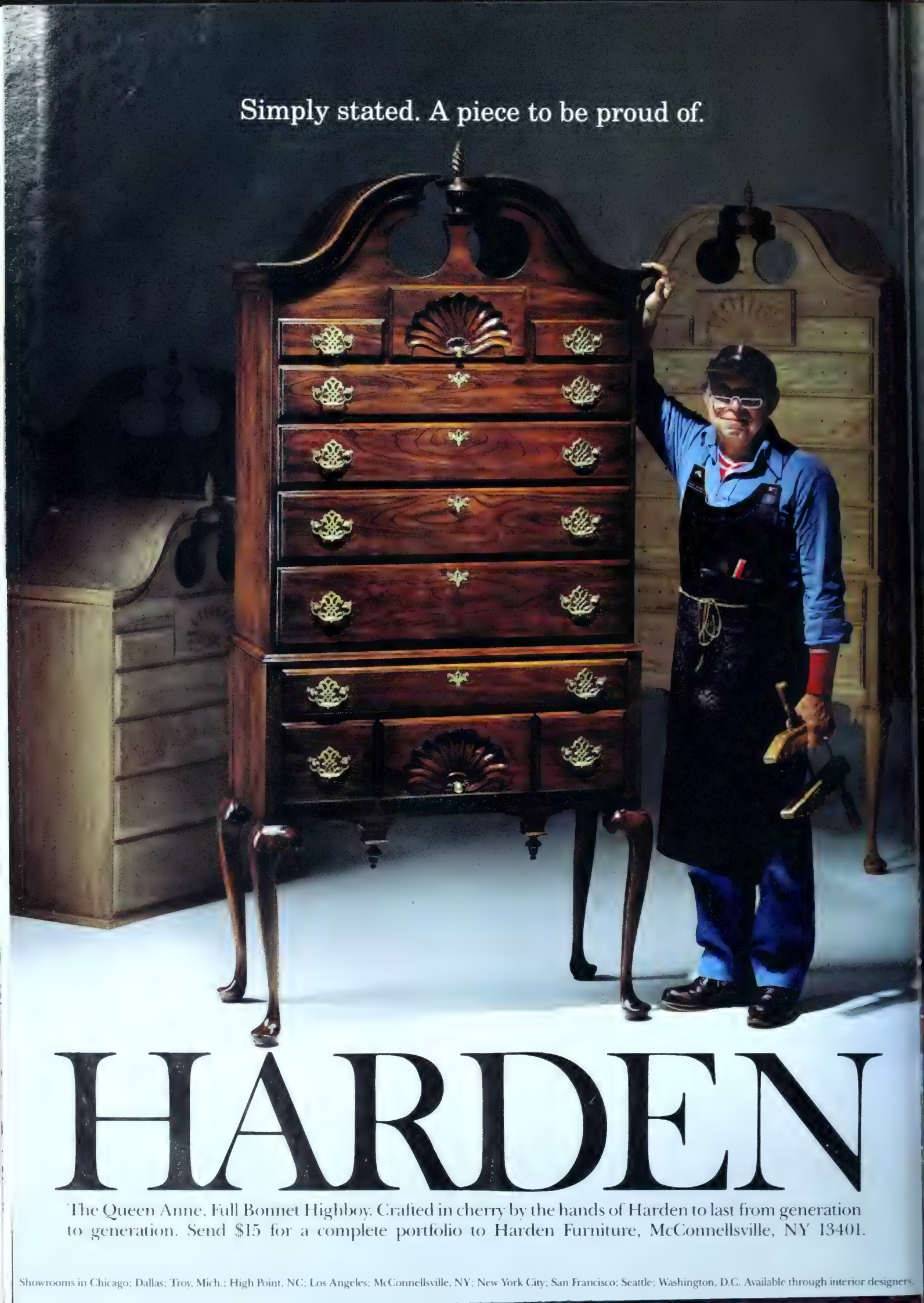


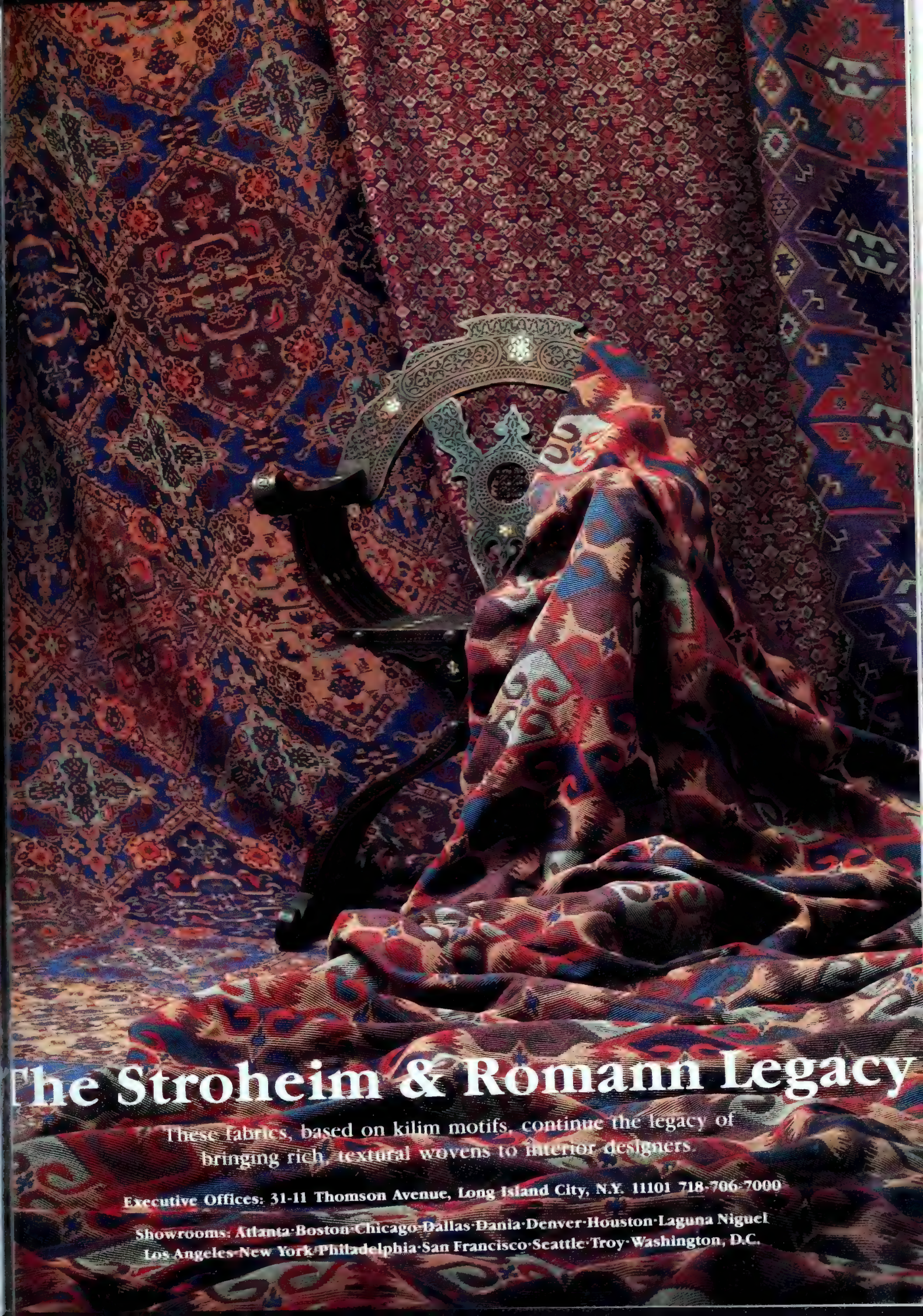
Designs in progress pattern Evans's wall.

Gregory Evans, top right, on a sofa he adapted from a doodle. Above left: Three prints from his collection. Details see Resources.

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Mother Nature's Feast

François-Xavier and Claude Lalanne invite flora and fauna to dinner

BY FRANÇOISE LABRO

For thirty years François-Xavier and Claude Lalanne have been living in a surrealist world filled with animals and plants of their own making. At their studios near Fontainebleau, he sculpts an astonishing bestiary—"Animals have always fascinated me, perhaps because they are the only beings through whom one can be in contact with another world"—while she creates botanical forms in bronze, copper, gold, and silver. Now, for the gallery Artcurial, in Paris and Munich, they have turned their fancy to the table.



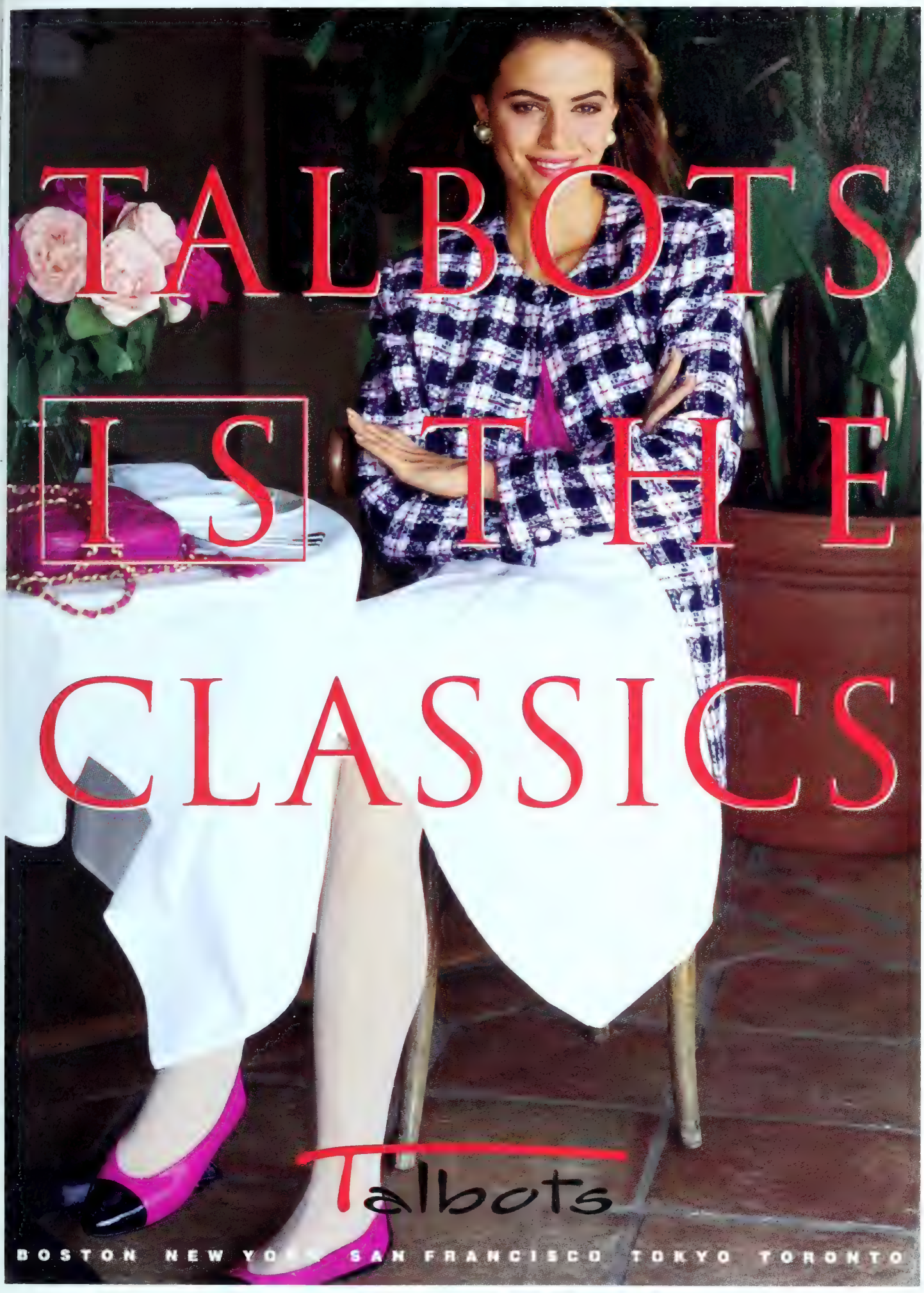


François-Xavier has designed a Limoges porcelain dinner service with a border of animals in silhouette—elephants, rhinoceroses, giraffes, gazelles—and a silver coffee service engraved with the same outlines. The profile, he says, is the most explicit expression of animals' mass. Claude has made flatware with the presence of jewelry—silvered bronze, sterling silver, or silver-gilt formed, cast, and chiseled into the shapes of shells and plants of the earth and the sea. "The work is the same for a piece of jewelry or a large sculpture," she says. "What counts is the form and what it conveys to me." She adds that it can take months to "find the form, the weight, the handle, the right balance" for a set of flatware. "You cannot require of guests too acrobatic a dinner." ▲





François-Xavier and Claude Lalanne, inset above. Animals encircle his porcelain, top left, and coffee service, above, while her flatware, left, recalls shells and plants. Details see Resources.



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As the Table Turns

The history of the American centerpiece reflects changing times and tastes

BY JODY SHIELDS

With her shrill instruction that plates should be "hot, hot, hot" and centerpieces "low, low, low," decorator Elsie de Wolfe came off slightly tamer than her usual avant-garde self. Never fear. Unmentioned were the details of the practices she preached, like the radical table she set in 1934: carved chunks of rock crystal on a silver lamé tablecloth. In the history of the American centerpiece, Elsie's glamorous rocks-and-lamé landmark was halfway between the follies of the Victorians and the equally silly indulgences of the 1960s. Every decade in this century has had its own ephemeral centerpiece style, inspired by a sometimes unlikely grab bag of sources, from clothing to window displays, from current events to cartoons.

Sturdily conservative Victorians favored variations on the formula of epergne, candlesticks, vases, and garlands. These objects were symmetrically laid out over the entire table with the precision of a golf course. Fodder for the standard flower arrangement included ferns, irises, roses, carnations, tulips, violets, and daisies. Nothing too violently colored—or strong smelling—became a table decoration before 1914, apparently with good reason. "I shivered through a whole meal where blue plates swore at a raw-green vase holding purple asters," confessed one sensitive reader to *Good Housekeeping* in 1909.

More adventurous was the school of the fantastical centerpiece, which flourished well into the early 1900s. Although they might appear to be derivative of a kiddie birthday party, these goofy prop-laden tableaux were for adults only—paper lanterns, fans, parasols, birch-bark canoes, baskets, and toy bunnies ranked as decorations. Theme centerpieces recognized timely topics, such as the flight of a dirigible or women's suffrage. Centerpieces also celebrated the hostess's skills with flowers, scissors, and ice pick, as many of the items were handmade. Several examples, described in *The Table*, a 1904 decorating guide, helped the hostess create a cooling atmosphere for a summer meal. One centerpiece was built around a big block of ice, hollowed out to hold a bowl of water and live goldfish. Evergreen sprigs might be strewn on the table and newspaper clippings about blizzards pasted on the place cards. *Harper's Bazaar* tried to stem this ornamental rambunctiousness in 1910, scolding, "There is such a thing as carrying originality beyond the limits of good taste, forgetting the beautiful and the appropriate in our desire for the unusual."

Bouquets were a casualty of the modernist table

By the early 1920s the magazine had its way. Fashionable hostesses abandoned arts and crafts projects for store-bought knickknacks, which reigned over tables for decades. China birds, cupids, Pierrots, and nymphs were de rigueur. In the 1930s, surrealism and Walt Disney's new cartoons triggered a fresh round of knickknack mania. Elegant as well as silly objects (seashells, polar bear figurines) were "floated" on mirror glass as comic conversation pieces.

While a timid bouquet and Georgian silver bowls still held a hallowed place on some tables, they were regarded



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as unutterably dull by the truly chic 1930s hostess. Her mission was to conjure up a centerpiece that was shockingly original. Table setting contests across the country showcased this creativity. Women had to hustle (or hallucinate) to equal the tin pan extravaganza dreamed up by a Chicago clubwoman in 1930. On a cream satin tablecloth, she topped cookie sheets with angel food cake pans filled with cattails and kitchen molds heaped with pineapples, kumquats, and silver-painted boxwood. In 1936, *House & Garden* met her effort more than halfway with a centerpiece of bristly coral, prickly pears, pomegranates, pineapples, and seashells. Cecil Beaton used the same type of hilariously bizarre prop juxtapositions in his fashion photographs for *Vogue*.

Meanwhile, the modern mode caused a centerpiece casualty—the bouquet lost its cachet. It was replaced by a lonely white orchid or gardenia floating in a glass bowl. An equally cold-blooded glass-and-glitter scenario was engineered by industrial designer Walter Dorwin Teague in 1933: a mirrored bowl and crystal prisms deployed amid black plates on a mirrored table.



Coco Chanel used an alarm clock centerpiece to claim her share of talk time

Faced with wartime privations in the forties, even decorators like Dorothy Draper who enjoyed expensive larger-than-life effects suggested thrift shops as a source for frugal table ornaments. With a nod to the victory garden, the humble vegetable was put to work, occasionally teamed with fruit or flowers. Typical table ornaments: baby carrots on a bed of lava rocks and yellow pottery, candles mixed with cabbages and peppers, and calla lilies in a wooden chopping bowl. A charmless utilitarian item, the lazy Susan, was now dignified as a "centerpiece."

Although edible decorations continued to play a starring role after the war, they lost their stagy exaggeration in the 1950s. That decade stands as the stylistic low point in the history of the centerpiece. Even *House & Garden* lost its courage, putting grocery-laden arrangements in the spotlight: a melon shell stuffed with berries, tiers of nuts and mints, a pedestrian bowl of salad or basket of bread.

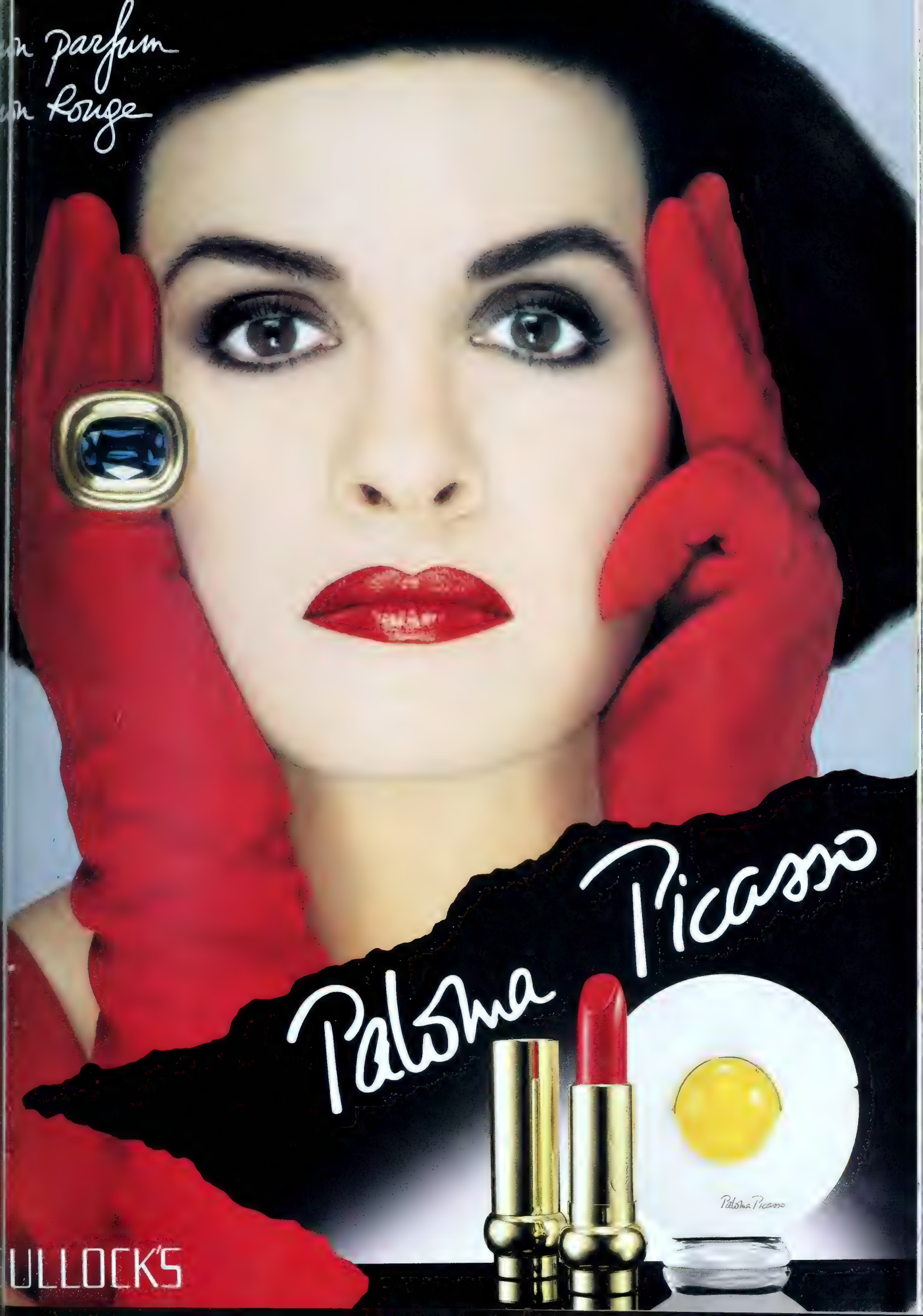
The table was roused from its stupor in the sixties by a number of innovations. First, towering topiary-like arrangements: everything from shrimp to pea pods was toothpicked to florist's foam, which had just been introduced. Another standard was the faux naïf style, resurrected in the eighties. Mushrooms and ferns were presented in a silver basket, turnips piled in a Wedgwood bowl, stalks of rhubarb bound with velvet ribbon. By mid decade personal collectibles made for self-conscious tables. The fashion designer Arnold Scaasi philosophized that the dining table "where we spend only an hour or two can better afford to be 'far-out' than anything else we live with." True to his word, Scaasi dished up a visual feast of rare shells, ivory utensils, a bell jar of butterflies, and brass objects squeezed in with jade cups and flowered plates.

The casual lifestyle promoted by the counterculture made the dining room—as well as the table itself—passé. Guests were seated at multiple small tables or on floor cushions. Centerpieces shrank to fit—or disappeared altogether. Those that survived had a handmade throwaway style. Society and society's dropouts alike created "happening" tables with painted plastic poppies, bread sculpture, peacock feathers, handicraft candles, and blinking lights. For those so inclined, drug paraphernalia and ashtrays were practical accoutrements.

After this flower child glory, entertaining took a conservative turn: by 1973 the stylish had turned to Ultrasuede tablecloths. Despite the example of Halston—as well as minimalist art and nouvelle cuisine—centerpieces never took on a spare elegance. Hostesses in the seventies remained enthralled with the sixties passion for clusters of esoteric objects. For its readers, *Vogue* showed tables loaded with ivory candlesticks, tortoiseshell cigarette boxes, mother-of-pearl ashtrays, and lacquered Chinese boxes. The flip side was the au naturel look: flowering quince branches shoved into a copper milk can, dwarf spruce trees, and garden variety plants in terra-cotta pots spilling soil onto the table.

Persisting into the eighties was the passion for a table littered with small precious objects. However, Judith Price, owner of *Avenue* magazine, had a fresher take on the decade's outlook. For a power breakfast, Price plunked down three video monitors as a centerpiece. On a grander scale were the table settings professional "events designers" concocted for lavish benefits and parties. The decorations at a masked ball for gossip columnist Suzy, held at the Plaza Hotel in 1985, epitomized eighties excess. Each table sprouted a lamé tree trunk drooping with crystal palm fronds, silvered grapevines, moss, and orchids.

While most table ornaments rate only as period pieces, Coco Chanel can be credited with an innovation that transcended fashion. At a dinner party sometime in the thirties, she made an alarm clock the centerpiece to claim her fair share of talk time against another loquacious guest, Salvador Dali. Chanel's clock solved two of the hostess's perennial problems: decoration and conversation. A centerpiece has no higher mission. ▲


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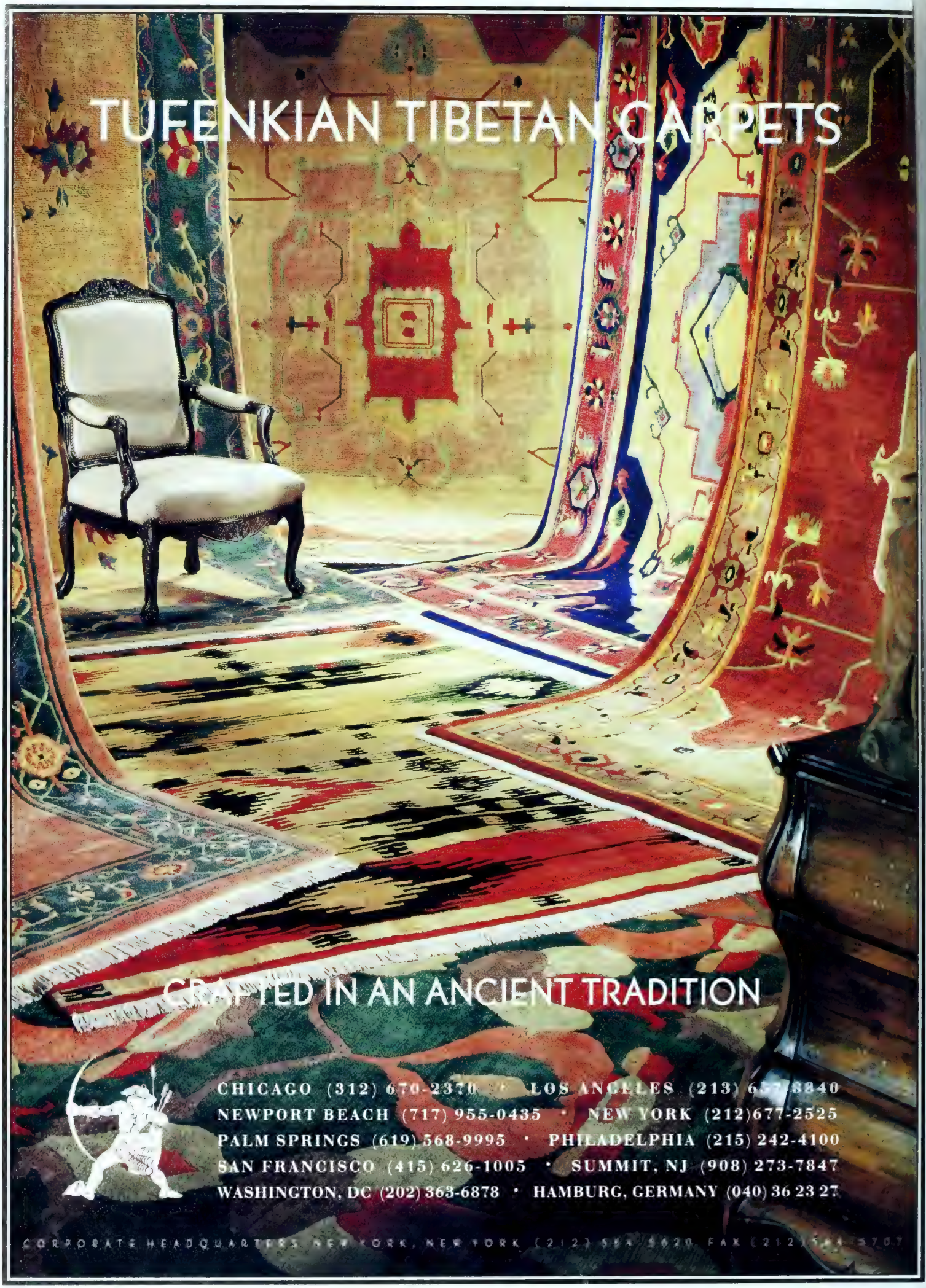
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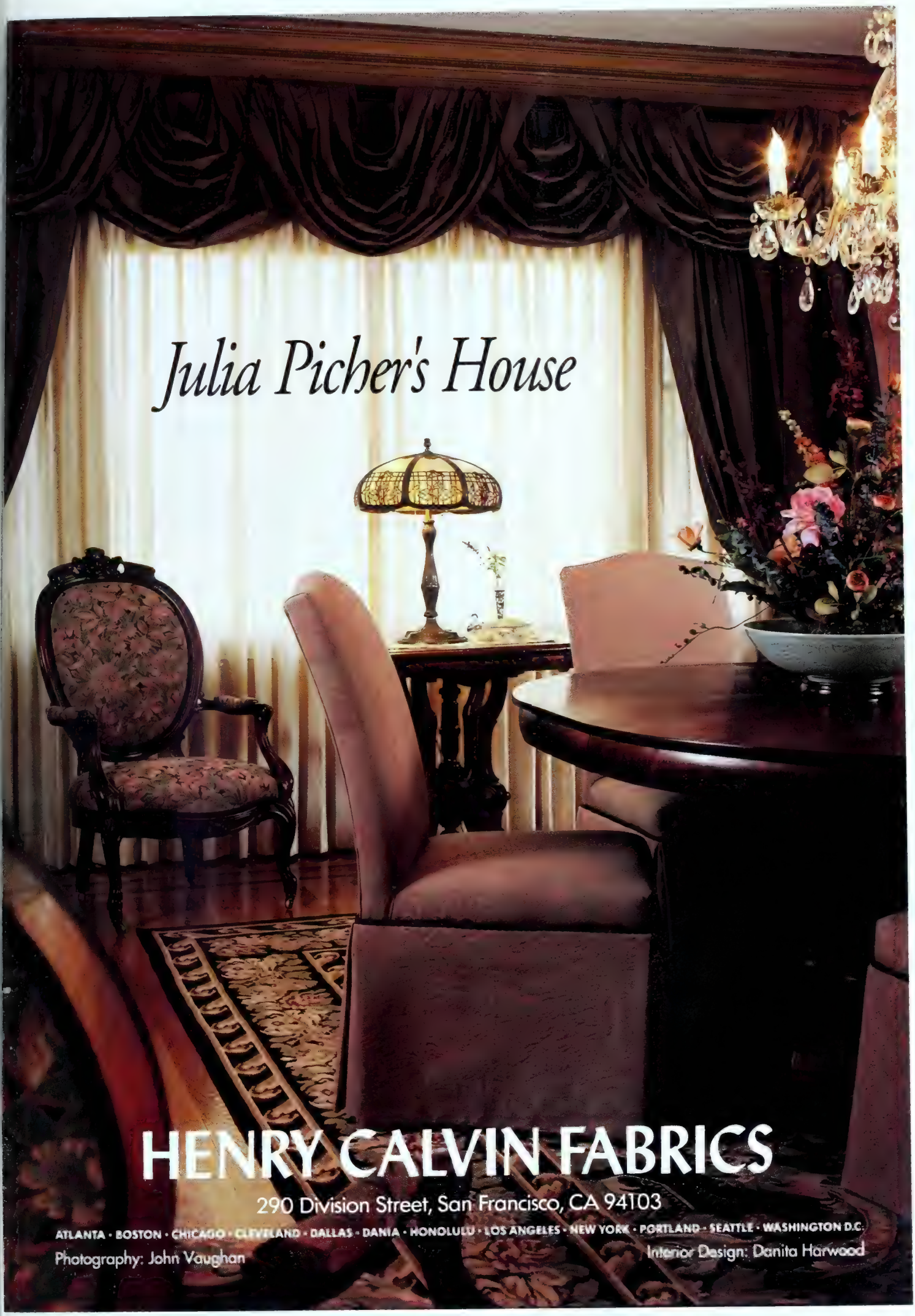
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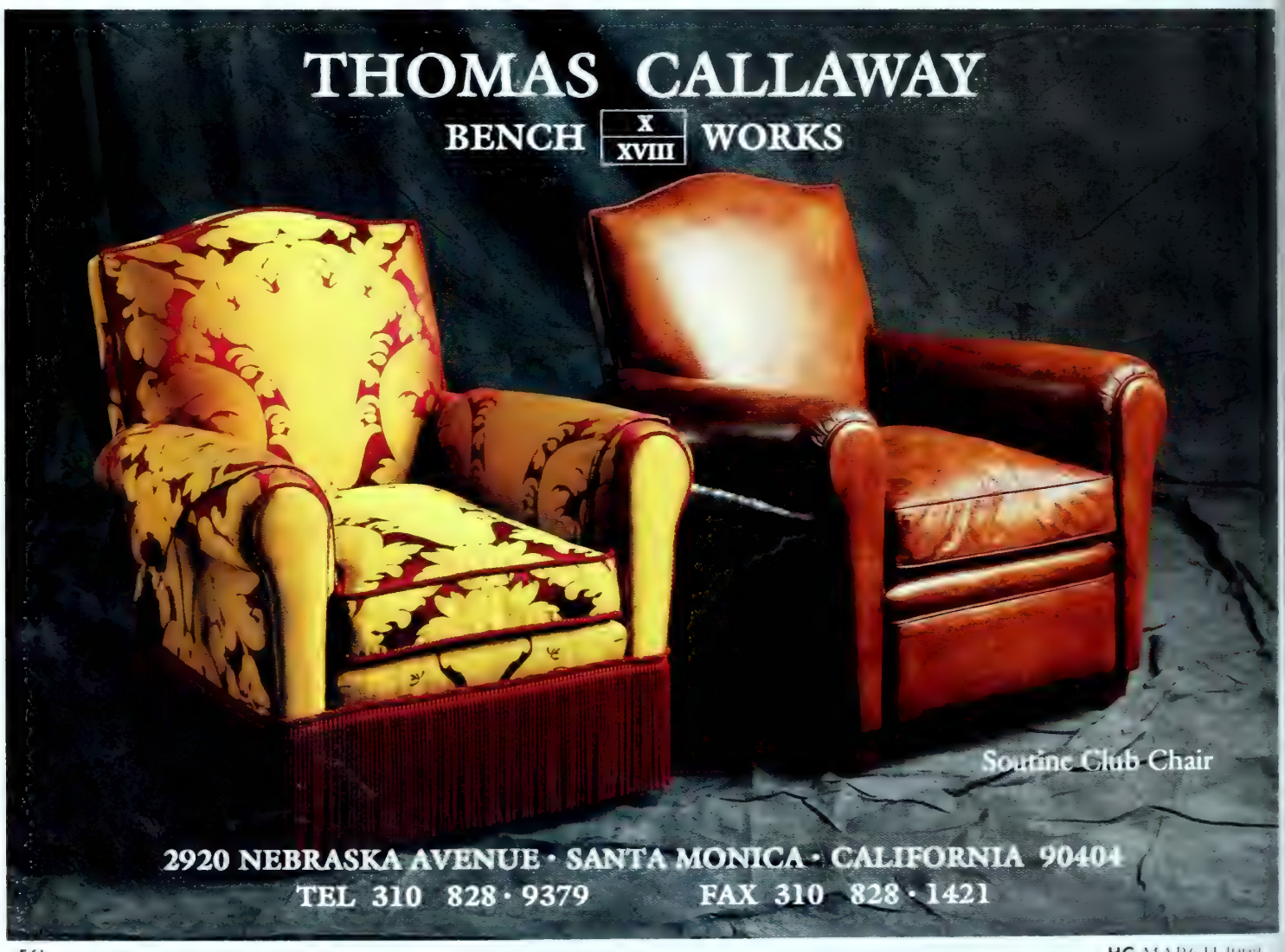
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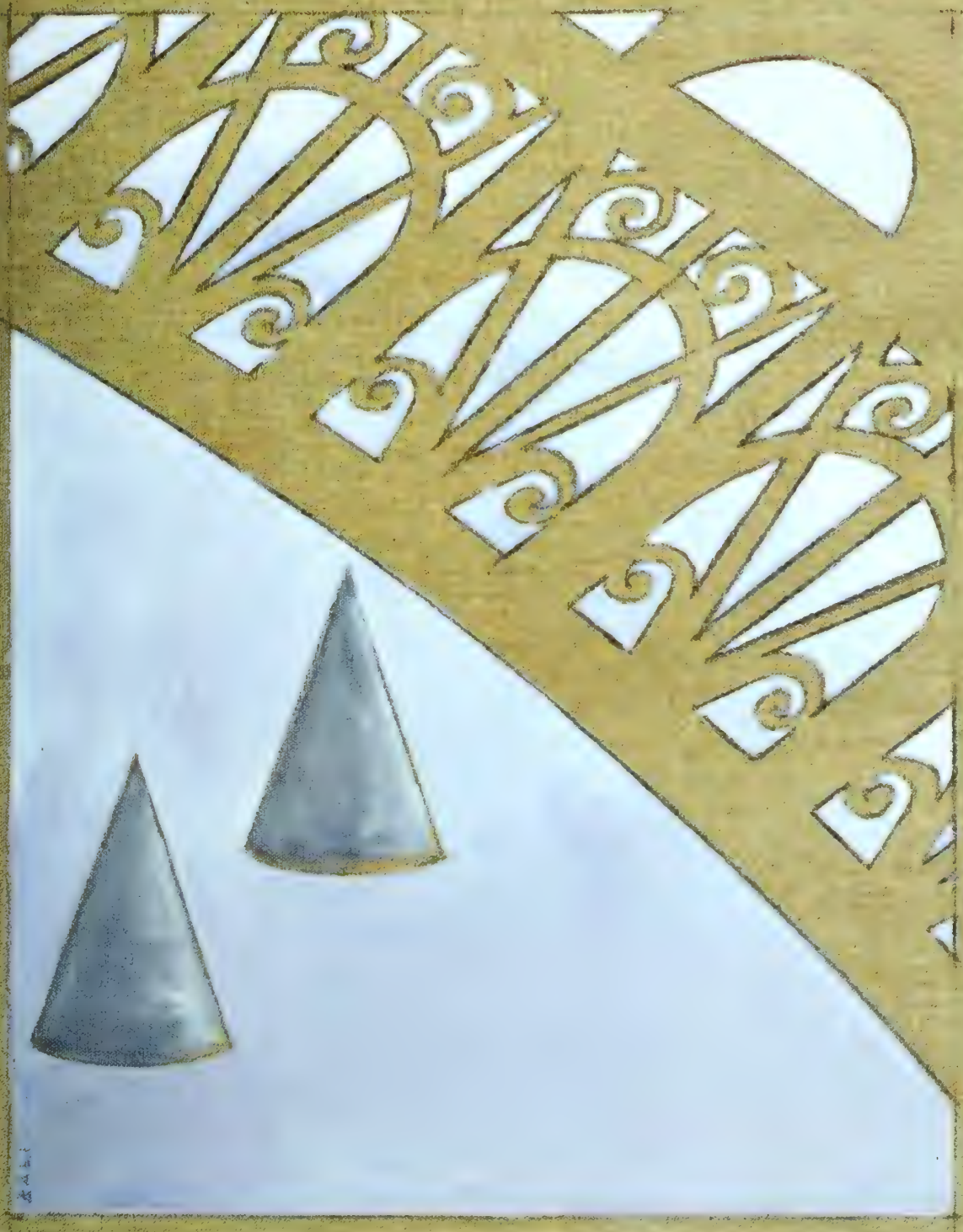
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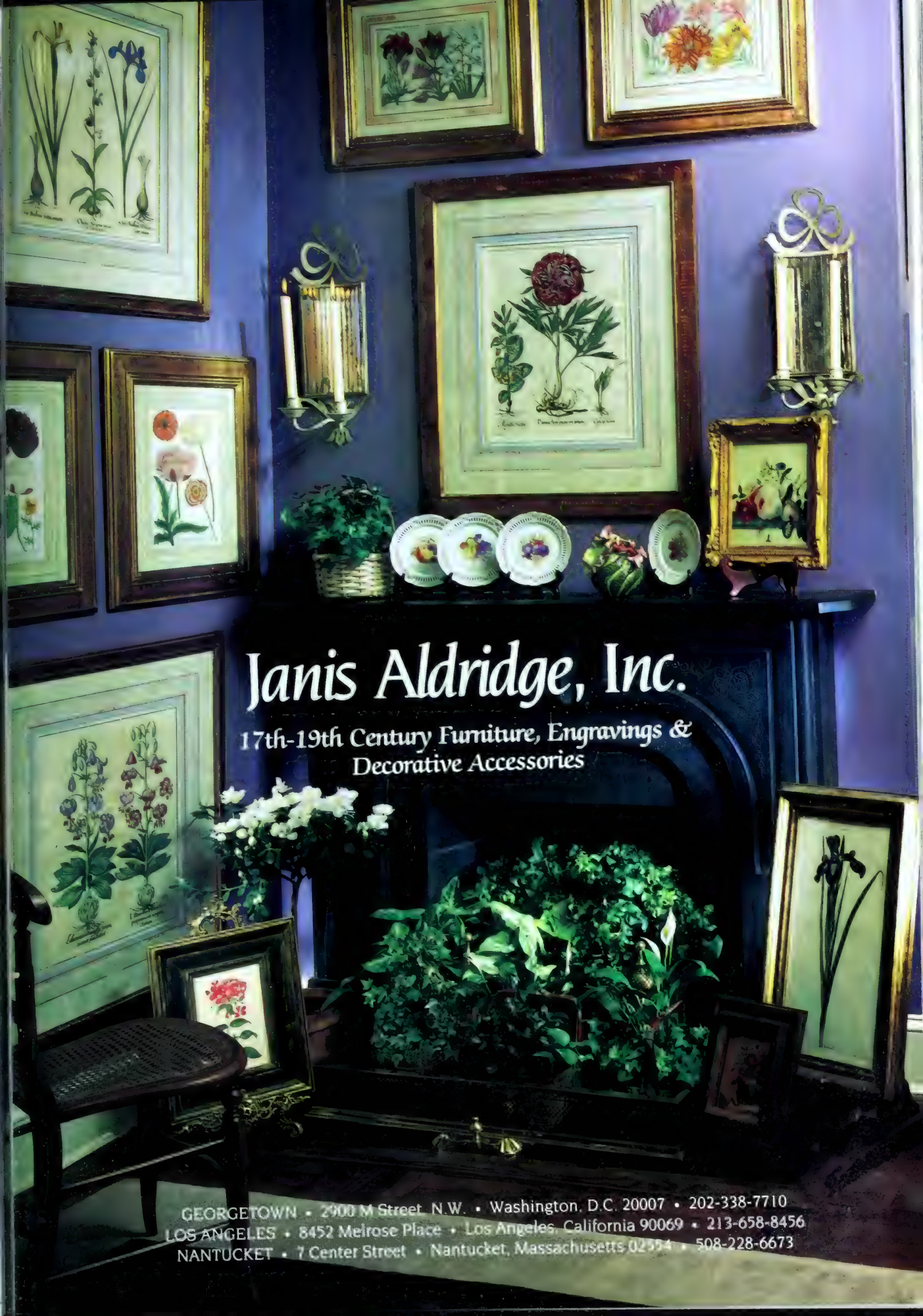
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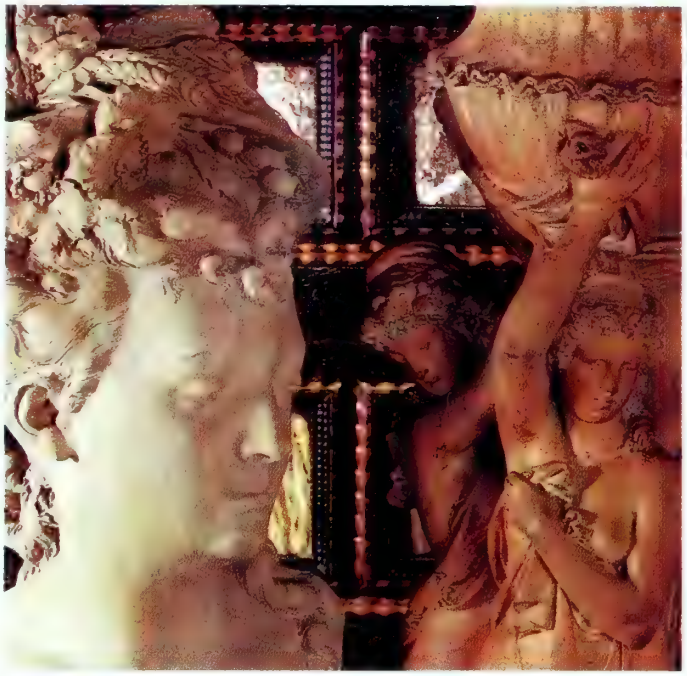
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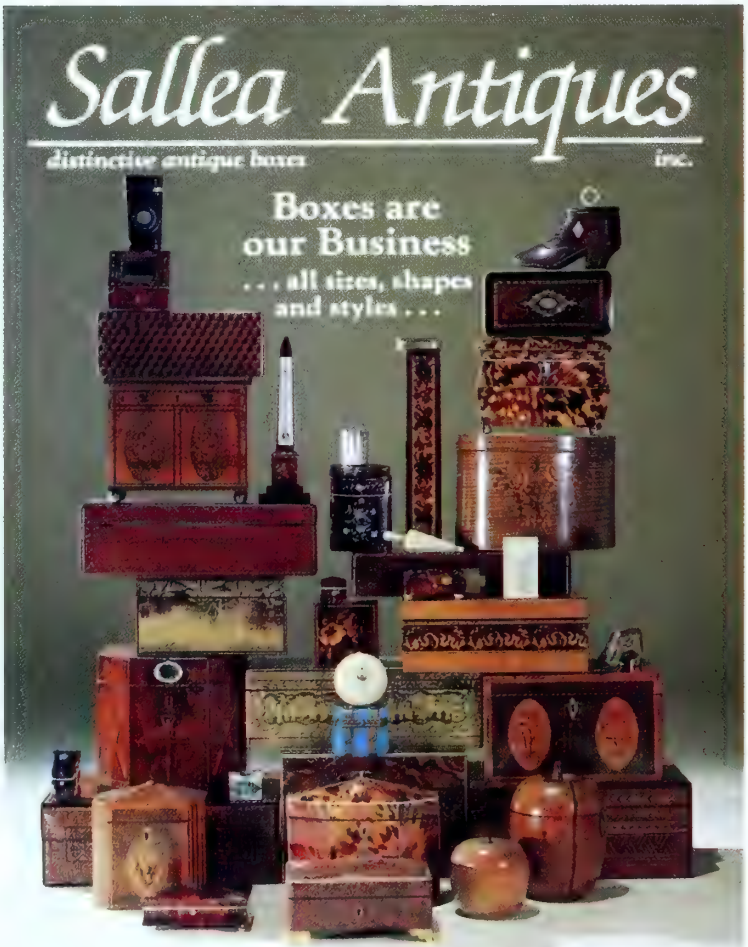
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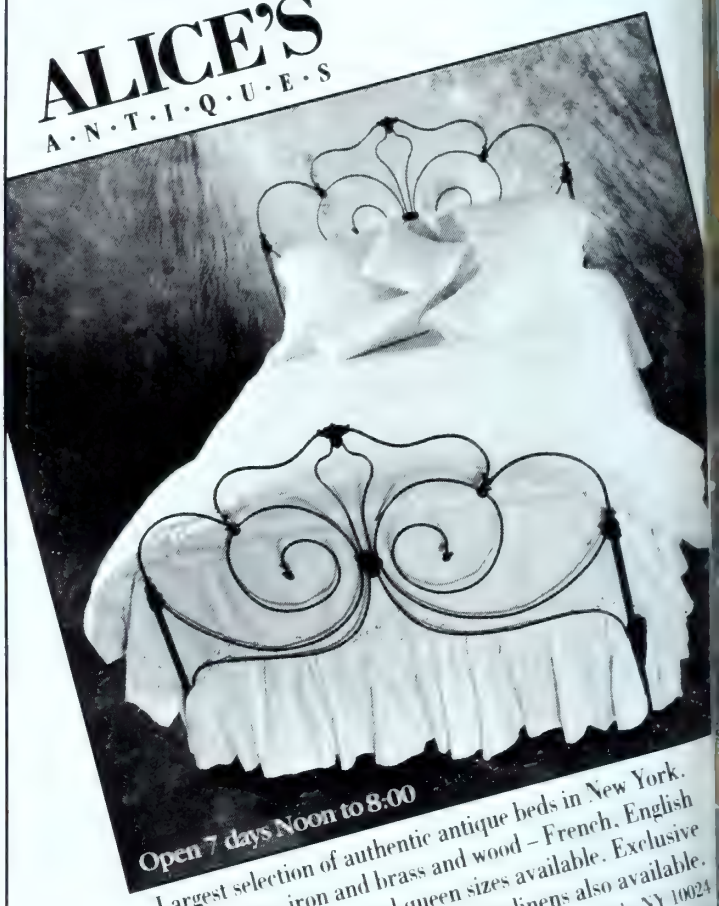


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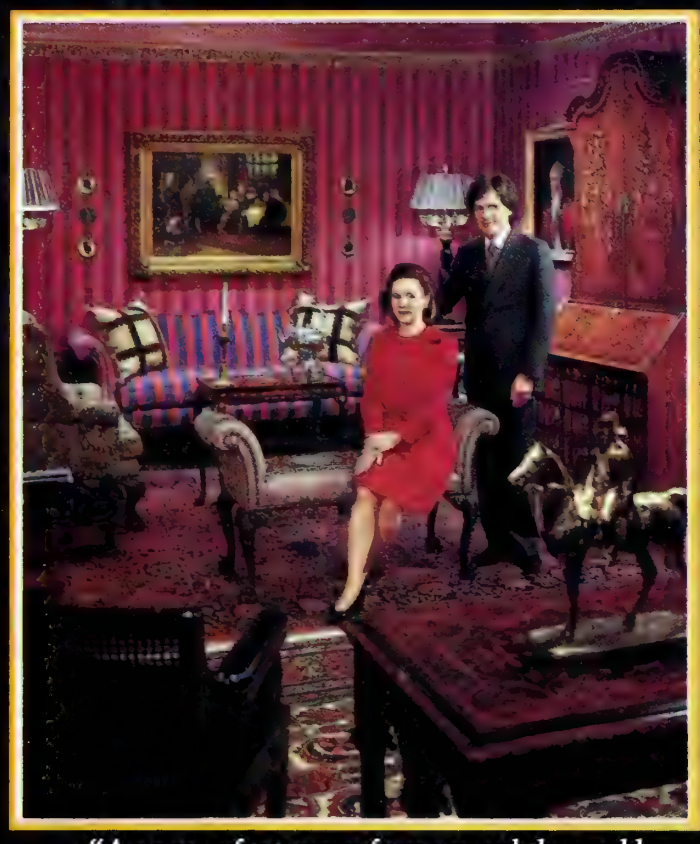
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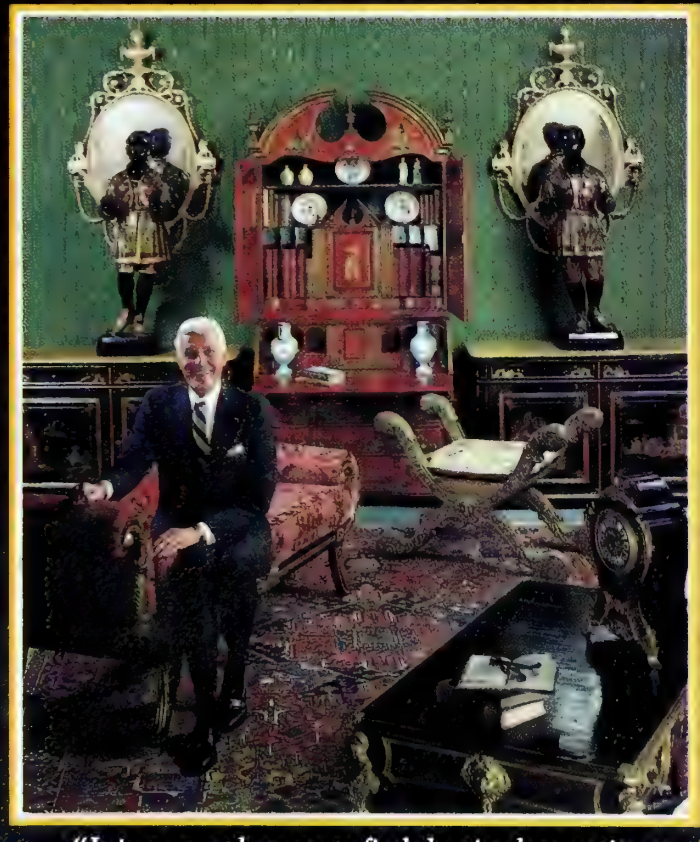
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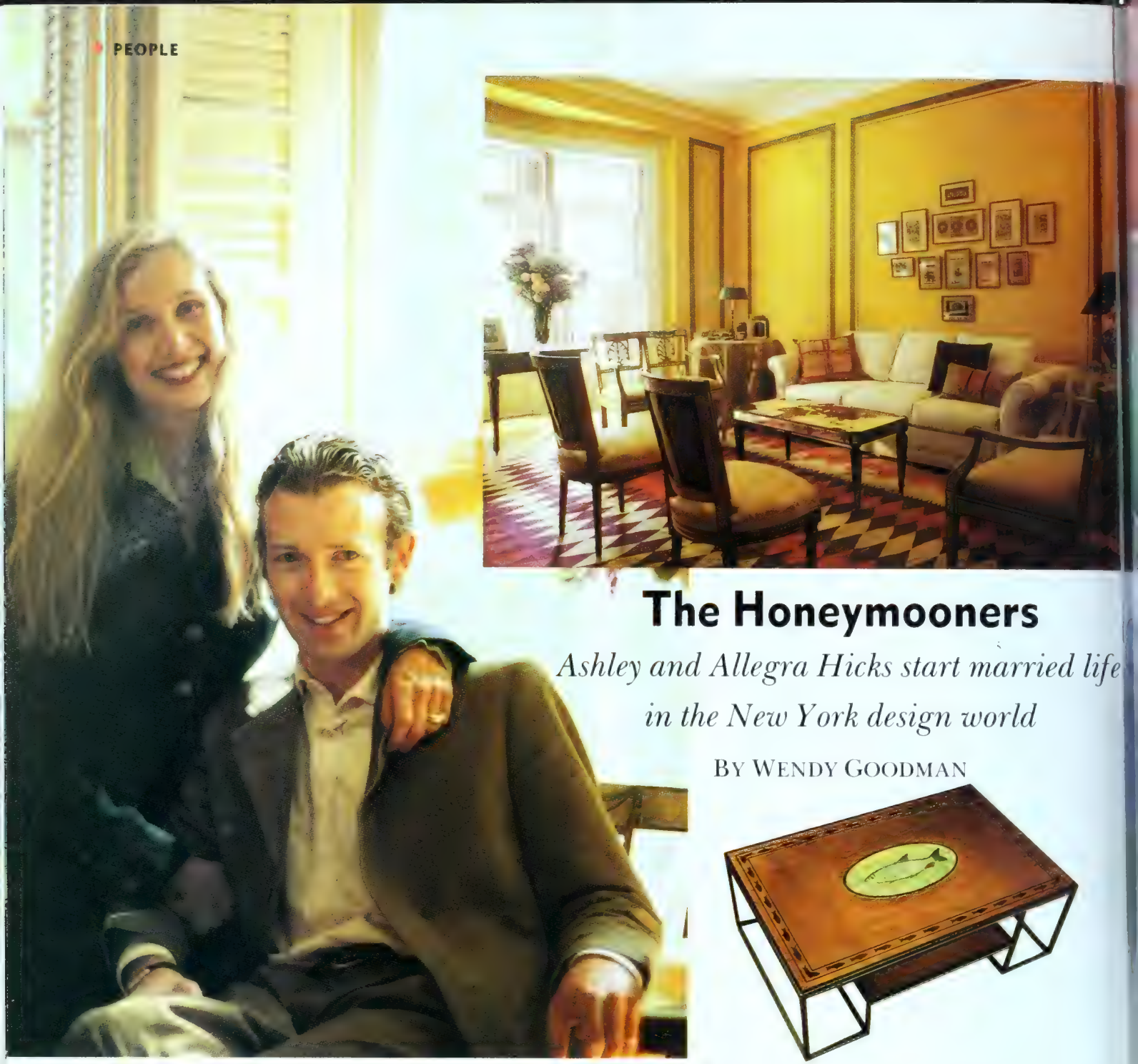


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The Honeymooners

Ashley and Allegra Hicks start married life in the New York design world

BY WENDY GOODMAN

Ashley and Allegra Hicks are sojourning in New York for another year or so. Married in Oxfordshire in October 1990, the young English architect and his Italian designer wife decided to spend some time in Manhattan before settling in London. "It was partly my father's suggestion, New York being such a center for architecture and design," says Ashley, who is working in Peter Pennoyer's office while Allegra designs and paints furniture. "And it's rather romantic to have an extended honeymoon in a place neither of us is from."

Both Ashley and Allegra grew up surrounded by style. The son of celebrated English decorator David Hicks and grandson of the late Earl Mountbatten of Burma, Ashley recalls that "my own rooms as a child were always very spectacular. My first bedroom, when I was about eight years old, was done in khaki fabric that my father must have ordered from my grandfather's tailor. The armchairs were covered in khaki with red felt piping—so was the bed. And the walls were covered in a striped fabric with a tented ceiling. So it was rather like being in a campaign tent and sleeping in a uniform, which was very chic." At Broadlands, his grandparents' home in Hampshire, "I used to spend most of my time in this extraordinary room in the attic where all my grandfather's uniforms were kept. I went up there when they were all out shooting and his valet would be off somewhere, not paying attention."

Allegra and Ashley Hicks, above left, painted their living room, top right, in shades that remind them of their wedding trip to India. Above right: One of Allegra's trompe l'oeil tables. Details see Resources.

Allegra was raised in a thoroughly modern glass house in Turin, a city known for the baroque fantasies of Filippo Juvarra and Guarino Guarini. Her father, industrialist Carlo Tondato, designed the family house after seeing a Frank Lloyd Wright residence in Chicago. She studied faux bois and faux marbre techniques in Brussels, then became a decorative painter in



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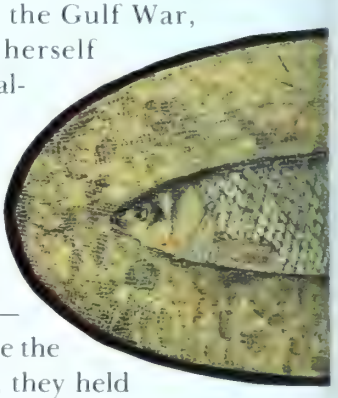
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London, working for clients in Paris, New York, and even Kuwait City. During the Gulf War she saw television footage of tanks gathering in front of a royal residence where she had painted an entire suite; this dramatic demonstration of the advantages of portability helped shift her focus from walls and doors to tables and chairs.

In Manhattan the couple has set up housekeeping in the town house where decorator Robert Couturier used to live. The walls of the living room are now a slightly ochered yellow with gray banding, a scheme inspired by the Hickses' wedding trip to India. "We wanted to have warm color," says Ashley, "as everybody in New York seems to have these off-white walls; especially uptown it's a bit safe and easy. Also we have no light at all, so it would have been very cold without color." The spicy shade also suits the group of Indian miniatures hanging over the sofa. "We bought them in India for less than the cost of framing one of them here," Ashley confides.

Another souvenir of their grand tour—a coffee table whose top is a map showing their itinerary in trompe l'oeil woods and ivory—is Allegra's handiwork. She got the idea, she says, from a table depicting Edwina Mountbatten's travels. Most of the other furniture in the Hickses' New York pied-à-terre came from sales at Sotheby's and Christie's during the Gulf War, when Allegra often found herself bidding in nearly deserted gal-



L'Archive des Chaises was an ideal project for a couple who fell in love wandering in period rooms



leries. The chair seats and tablecloths are raw burlap—thrifty but inspired chic. Since the pair will soon be moving on, they held themselves to a minimal decorating budget.

In the Hickses' room for the 1991 French Designer Showhouse, painted armchairs adorn the wood paneling and a round table, above left, while a printed genealogy of chairs marches across the walls, left. Above right: Allegra's faux mosaic fish.

Meanwhile, Ashley and Allegra are making the most of their time in New York. For last fall's 1991 French Designer Showhouse, they conceived a whimsical room they named L'Archive des Chaises. They transformed the walls into what they call a genealogy of chairs—using the kind of simple printing machine Japanese children use to make greeting cards—and hung at the windows blinds of linen silk-screened with drawings of French antique furniture, the product of Allegra's first venture into textiles. Both Ashley and Allegra designed chairs for the room. Hers are garnished with small painted chairs; so is her wonderful round table on which eighteenth-century fauteuils upholstered in solid colors float over a faux parquet star. The room is an expression of a shared passion for things French—a perfect honeymoon project for a couple who fell in love wandering around the Louis XVI rooms at the Victoria and Albert Museum. ♠



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Lessons in the Wisconsin Soil

Landscape architect Jens Jensen left behind city parks and grand estates to create a school in the midwestern woods BY WILLIAM BRYANT LOGAN



It is late afternoon in Door County, Wisconsin, near the tip of a stony peninsula whose dolomite undergirding stretches all the way to Niagara Falls. On one side is Lake Michigan, on the other Green Bay. Here, the man who put the prairie in the Prairie School—the landscape architect Jens Jensen—spent the last sixteen years of his life creating the Clearing, his own school and his greatest work. To reach the 128-acre tract, you have to go through the town of Ellison Bay. In a roadside apple orchard the architecture of leafless branches stands out against the sky. Gray bands of clouds mirror the cracked and faulted limestone bluffs that front Green Bay. Farmers out here say that the first would-be settler of nearby Ephraim arrived around 1850, put the only handful of good topsoil in his pocket, and left for Milwaukee. So maybe it was only fitting that Jensen would tell his students at the Clearing to break dead branches off the trees, throw them down, and step on them. "You're preparing for the next generation," he'd say.

It was a rough place for one of the most famous American landscapers of the teens and twenties to found what he called a school of the soil. Jensen had planned subtle sinuous gardens of mainly native plants for the estates of the midwestern rich. He had designed or refurbished all the best public parks and playgrounds in Chicago. He had been instrumental in efforts to conserve areas of natural beauty, leading his Friends of Our Native Landscape at gatherings dedicated to the Crabapple Blossom, the Full Leaf, and the Fallen Leaf, and presenting a yearly masque in which the Friend at last vows to protect the Faun's land from the Builder.

All that would have been more than enough for a full life, so it surprised Jensen's faithful secretary, Mertha Fulkerson, when in the winter of 1935 he told her they



Jens Jensen poses at the Clearing in 1936, top, outside the old log cabins he had moved to the "campus" from other locations in Door County. Above: Mertha Fulkerson, at left, teaches weaving at the school. Left: A view of the Clearing from the lodge.


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A council ring for school gatherings on a bluff above Green Bay, left. Right: Jensen's map of the Clearing.

would move north to Door County, where he already owned his 128 acres, as soon as the ground thawed. There was no time to lose. "One of these days I shall be an old man," he explained. He was then seventy-five.

For all but his last two years at the Clearing, Jensen led his school of the soil. By soil he meant far more than just Door County's poor handful of loam: for him it was a principle that brought a true balance to life, a sifter of real values from false ones. His students did physical work in the mornings—helping to build the school mainly—and studied arts and crafts, science, and other subjects in the afternoons. To make the buildings for the wooded "campus" he took apart and reassembled log houses from the area. Jensen's own house and the main school building were constructed of limestone quarried on-site; the quarries later became sunken gardens. Local craftsmen executed the details he designed: the lily pad-like light fixtures, the sawtooth woodcarving of post and rails, and above all the fireplaces with their huge blocks of stone.

Intellect was not only in the people but in the land

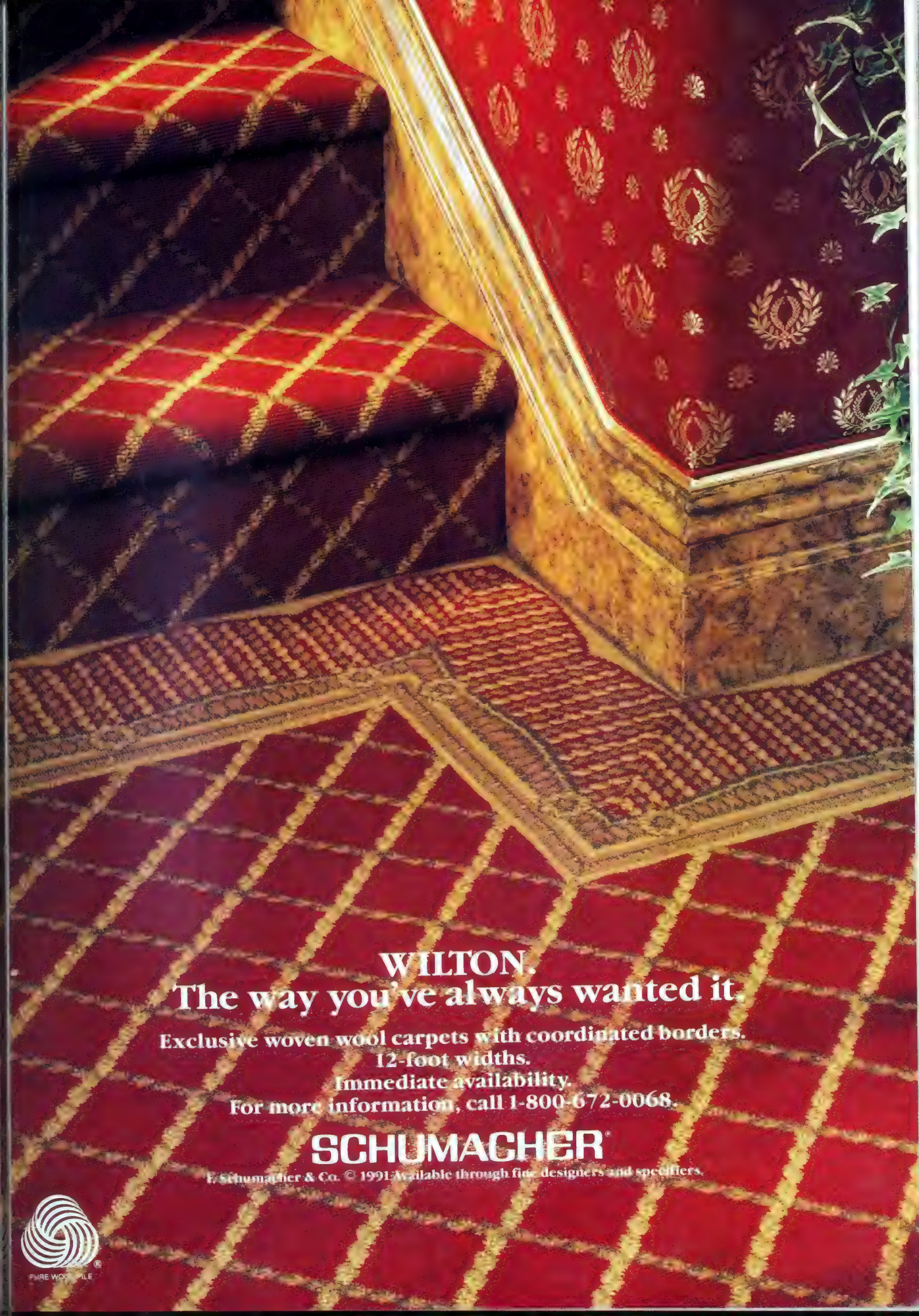
Jensen wrote, "I believe that every community . . . has within it sufficient intellect for a fine culture fitting for that community." At the Clearing he set out to prove it, both through the Door County natives whose help he sought and through the young people he brought here to learn. They would sit around the council-ring fires at night, trying to become friends in the way their teacher said that birches and moonlight were companions. The intellect was not only, or even chiefly, in the people. It was in the land.

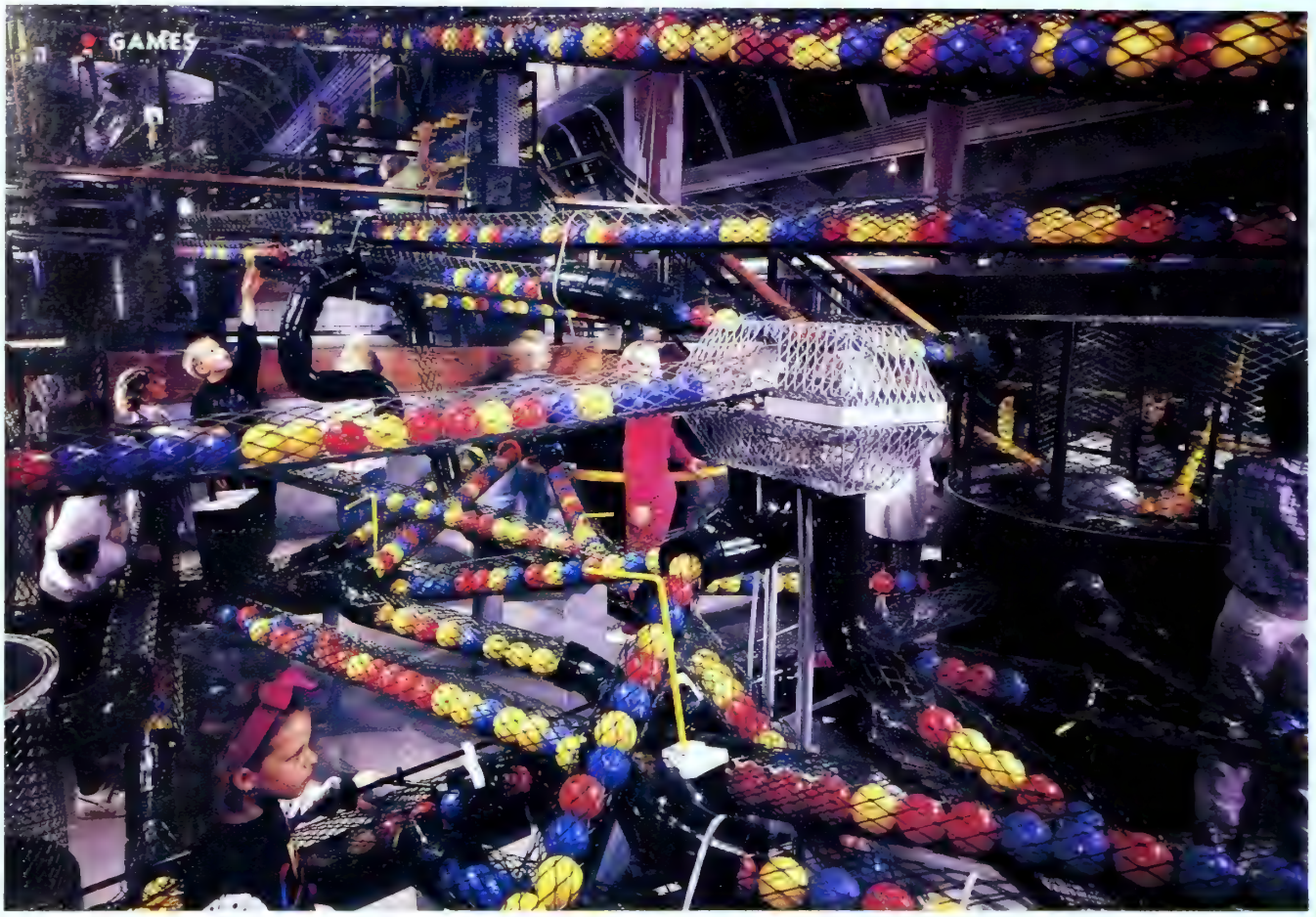
Even today one can see how Jensen gardened, shaped, and built not to imitate nature but to reveal its intelligence. For the most part the Clearing is a simple statement by and about the landscape and the weather. Old fields are kept open to let the sun in, so one can watch the shifting patterns of light and shade. Trails are carpeted with sawdust from local mills to mute the sound of walking and make it easier to listen. (The softness underfoot is exquisite.) Buildings were sited to command the bluffs, and Jensen cleared broad swaths to direct views down to the bay and the setting sun—from which direction, he thought, hope came. And he and his students observed the habits and relationships of plants—the horizontal urge of hawthorns, the tenacity of pines on shoreline rocks, the intimate communities of shrubs, ground covers, and trees—imagining that the laws governing these might also govern human society.

It was and remains a completely wild idea. Jensen was not the only one to hold it. The interaction of science, art, nature, and community that he preached was one face of the movement that included his friends ecologist Henry Cowles, architects Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright, sculptor Lorado Taft, social reformer Jane Addams, and many others. But in Jensen it reached an almost inarticulate pagan purity. The best symbol of this outlook is the little hideaway he built for himself at the Clearing. Set into the bayside promontory, the one-room shack is almost invisible, even when you're standing at the door. The cracked and stacked limestone of the bluffs is so perfectly repeated in the pattern of the stones taken to construct the room that it is virtually impossible to tell where the man-made begins and the glacier-made ends. Inside, a fireplace is hidden like a small recess in the living rock, and the rough wood front of the shack looks west over Green Bay, where storms are born. Here art is nature, and nature art.

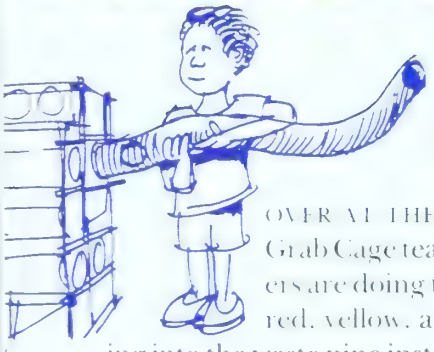
No famous architect or landscape architect came out of Jensen's school. Yet it did actually educate at least one person, a rare achievement for any institution. Mertha Fulkerson had become Jensen's secretary when he maintained offices in Ravinia, Illinois. Having helped him run the Clearing, she kept it open against all odds after his death and until her retirement in 1969. At the start, he'd sent her to Cranbrook to learn weaving from his friend Pipsan Saarinen so she could teach it at the Clearing. A decade after Jensen's death, she was still teaching it. The ladies who now attended the courses would tell Fulkerson they could already weave, whereupon she'd ask if they could warp a loom. No, they couldn't, so she taught them. "Once we learn to control our craft," she wrote in her diary, "the possibilities open wide, and we are free to create the things we desire." Not even Frank Lloyd Wright could have put it better. ▲

The Clearing is open to visitors mid May–Oct. 31 on weekends, 1:00–4:00 P.M., and offers summer courses by enrollment. For information (414) 854-4088.


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In the Innovation Station at the Henr Ford Museum, left, children pull levers turn wheels, and solve the problems of operating a giant machine to sort colored balls. Below: The Hopper Drop crew tips a basket to release the flow of balls.



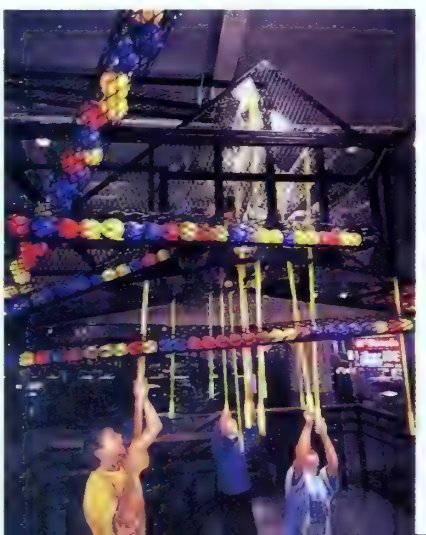
Design for Learning

Innovation is the name of the game at the Henry Ford Museum

BY EDWIN SCHLOSSBERG

OVER AT THE INNOVATION STATION, THE Grab Cage team is in trouble: the three sorters are doing the best they can, but precious red, yellow, and blue plastic balls are flowing into the waste pipe instead of zipping down chutes to the Water Wheel, the Tube Lift, or the Ball Bop. "We need another kid." "Hey, you guys at Pins and Paddles, we're getting too many balls." "Let's try pushing the yellow balls this way."

Two years ago the staff of the Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village in Dearborn, Michigan, asked my firm, Edwin Schlossberg Incorporated, to design an exhibit that would help both children and adults understand innovation—the force behind the Wright brothers' bicycle shop, Edison's Menlo Park laboratory, the original Newcomen engine, and the museum's other remarkable displays. How can you explain the concept of newness, especially to children, to whom so much of what they see and feel is new? Perhaps, as we thought, by concentrating on innovation as a process of taking ordinary things and making something new with them. In this vast fourteen-acre building dedicated to ingenuity, enterprise, and the history of American technology, we wanted to focus the attention and interest of visitors so that they themselves could become innovators. To do this, we realized, would require engaging them in an experience rather than showing them information. In other words, we wanted to create an exhibit that *is* innovative, not just an exhibit that is *about* innovation.



What we designed is a huge closed-system machine that is powered by people. The Innovation Station is a giant learning game, a 3,200-square-foot maze of tubes, pulleys, levers, wheels, ropes, cranks, pedals, valves, and 5,000 balls. As it is usually played, the aim of the game is to separate the balls into three bins according to color—and to experience the kind of problem solving, teamwork, and communication that is at the root of invention.

After a brief explanation from a staff member, twenty to thirty volunteers take their positions. Then the Energizers bring the machine to life: two teams of three players pedaling stationary bicycles, operating step machines, and turning hand cranks move columns of balls twenty-six feet up, then across to a platform near the vaulted ceiling; the crews at the Hopper Drop and the Octo Snake tilt overhead baskets and manipulate tubes to start the balls on their downward flow to the distributors, sorters, and filterers. Ev-



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ery player at every workstation has a job that provides several options; every player can change the outcome of the process; and every player is dependent on other players. Because it requires more than twenty people to run, the Innovation Station reinforces the message that we must all work together and keep in touch with one another—an important lesson in an age of complex technology and complex social circumstances.

From the highest platform, players can see into the displays of trains and cars and furniture and lights; it's like being backstage in the museum.

The Energizers bring the huge machine to life



As one participant put it, "It's real different from looking at things and walking away."

So when you approach the main gallery, you hear shouts and clanging, laughs and wheels whirring. In the midst of all the wonderful tools and inventions that have gotten human beings this far, the Innovation Station provides a new stage from which to explore ways to get us even further. President Harold K. Skramstad Jr. and the staff of the Henry Ford Museum are willing to experiment so that we can all learn together. For me, too, it is a real joy to create tools that enable us to understand more about ourselves and the world. The Innovation Station feels like a new start. (Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village, Box 1970, Dearborn, MI 48121; 800-343-1929) ♠



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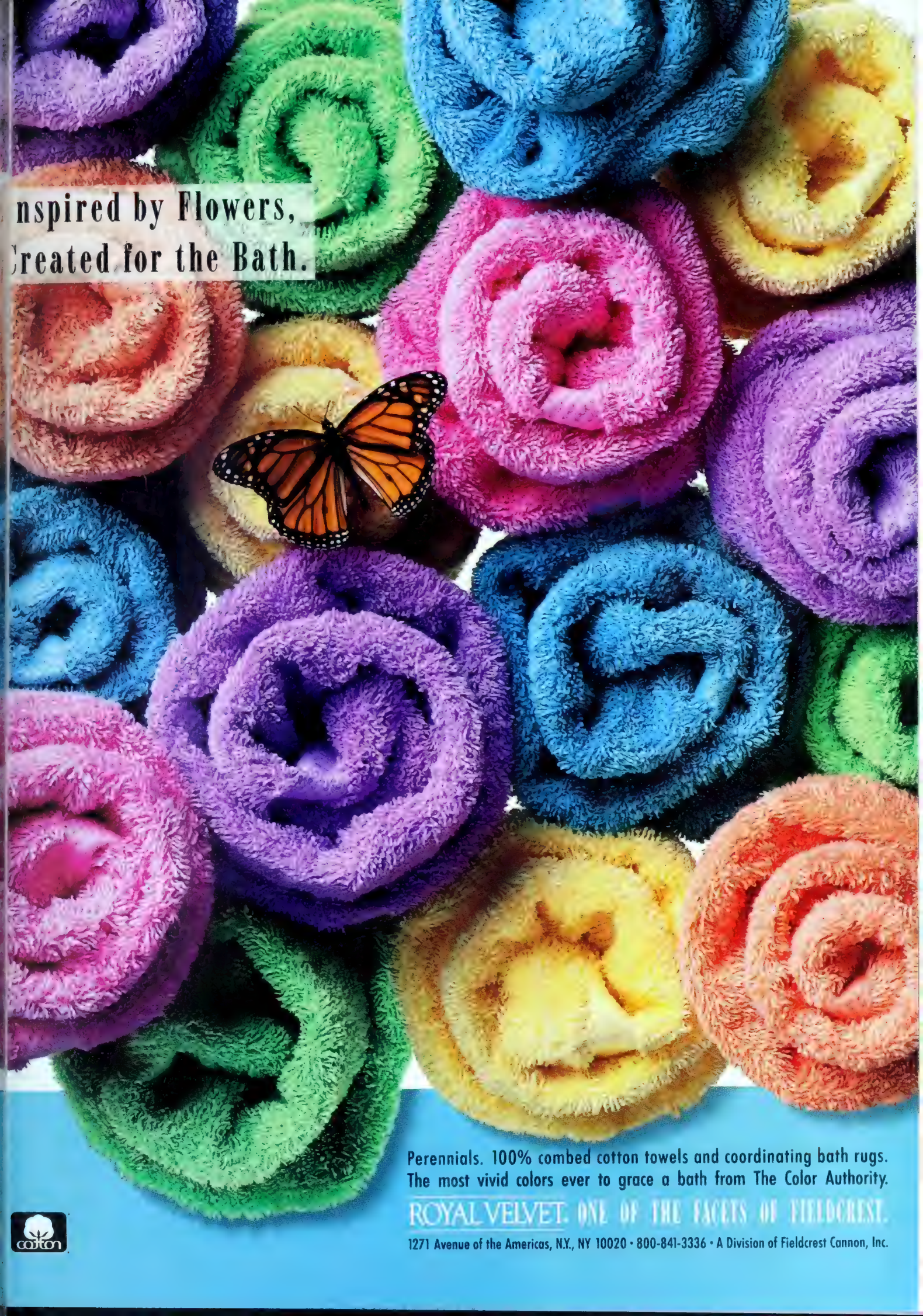
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F. F. & E.'s Julie Reiner and Anthony Price.

Two years ago the Hayes Street area, just blocks from San Francisco's Museum of Modern Art and opera house, was a hinterland of nondescript storefronts. Now few other strips in town can match this one's vibrant and varied collection of design-oriented shops. Run by youthful people who are willing to take risks, they specialize in everything from art furniture (Antonio Conti Art Gallery, 416 Hayes Street) to espresso, paintings, and flowers, all in one stop (Whatever, 601 Laguna Street). For shopping breaks, you can even linger over a cup of Darjeeling and have your fortune told under Byzantine-style fabric domes (Mad Magda's Russian Tea Room, 579 Hayes Street).

F. F. & E. Furniture, Functional & Essential is a showcase for playful color-charged design. Owners Anthony Price and Julie Reiner, both in their twenties, try at once to provide what Price calls the "staples of people's houses," to offer vintage modernist design, and to nurture craftspeople and small innovative manufacturers. Hence the gallery's mix can include 1950s Eames chairs and practical blond-wood cabinets as well as free-form flamboyant sofas by New York–based Dialogica and spidery chandeliers that look like George Booth cartoons gone mad. "This town makes you feel as if you can do anything," says Price. Custom commissions and requests for interior design, preferably in an energetic style, are welcome. (437 Hayes Street; 415-703-0718)

Bell'occhio's Claudia Schwartz and Toby Hanson.



Bell'occhio The attractions of this eccentric little shop are in part nonvisual: the sweet, clean scent evokes the way summer houses smell in our dreams. As for the hard-to-pin-down wares, Toby Hanson, who co-owns Bell'occhio with Claudia Schwartz, describes their requirements as "unpredictability, attention to detail, and sense of humor." That allows for French silk roses, hand-painted marbled ribbon; boxes that resemble overgrown acorns; and flacons of "antihysteria water," a mint-laced Italian potion. Among the weirdest goods are the velvet stick-on beauty marks that come with historically researched advice on placement: a spot on the nose suggests chutzpah; the chin, discretion; and below the eye, coquettishness. "What we sell," Hanson concludes, "is raw material for imaginations." (8 Brady Street; 415-864-4048)

Zonal Proprietor Russell Pritchard, a former New York set designer and prop stylist, believes that success will never spoil the neighborhood. "We're very bohemian, we all have good leases, *and* we like each other," he says. At Zonal the drawing attraction is rust; it covers almost all of the furniture and sculptural artifacts Pritchard sells. It adds a lively orange crust to ordinary lengths of Victorian iron fencing and brings poignancy to a high chair. "If something is too rusty to use," explains Pritchard, "we just hang it on the wall and gaze at it." The shop also contains the not-so-rusty work of a few local artists such as Tommy Steele (no pun intended), who makes spare metal and wood tables and chairs. Pritchard's own contributions are small-scale but unmistakable: he subtitutes crystal doorknobs for finials on dozens of Victorian iron beds, thus transforming them from paint-needy relics into serviceable whimsies. (568 Hayes Street; 415-255-9307)



Zonal's Russell Pritchard with Nipsy.

De Vera Federico de Vera likewise reveres detritus, but in a minimal way. Movable white dividers and shelves display offerings as diverse as rocks dipped in silver and Henry Moore etchings, all united by their pared-down beauty. "The things I choose are beyond many people," says de Vera. "I buy the best of all the best." A few of his wares come from local artisans, including Peter Olsen's somber pillars of woven wire, and the rest have caught his eye at auctions, flea markets, and antiques emporiums in California and his native Philippines. De Vera's taste encompasses three-thousand-year-old Persian glass bracelets, nineteenth-century porridge spoons, fishing line floats, bronze insects, and utilitarian candle sconces made for Michigan miners and improved by de Vera with one-flower glass vases. He devotes days not only to perfecting displays but also to pondering why and how his treasures were made. "Behind everything there is a question," says de Vera, "and the answers do not give themselves away with ease." (334 Gough Street; 415-558-8865) ▲

De Vera's Federico de Vera.





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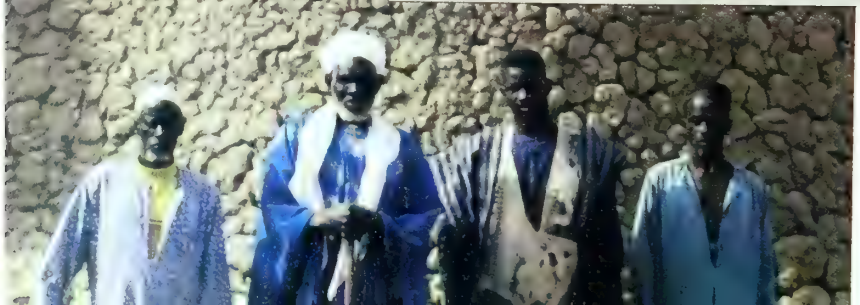
Earth architecture receives a warm welcome everywhere from the third world to outer space

BY JEFFREY BOOK









They dot the arid crescent that stretches from western China through the Middle East to northwest Africa and beyond, to Mexico and the southwestern United States: buildings, fashioned from earth, housing more than a billion and a half people. American pueblos, North African mosques, Iranian villages, Afghan outposts—all very picturesque and, in Western terms, substandard. In fact, as California architect Nader Khalili points out, earth architecture is a highly adaptive alternative to the mixed blessings of first-world progress. "The forms and materials are timeless—they have worked for centuries," he says. "But the third world has tried to imitate the West, becoming more and more dependent on concrete and steel. Modern architecture has almost destroyed the native forms."

Khalili's own conversion from successful designer of high-rise office buildings and parking structures to earth alchemist occurred in the mid 1970s. "I had a dream of sheltering people around the world using the earth under their feet," he recalls. Closing his Los Angeles and Teheran offices, he bought a motorcycle and spent the next five years on an odyssey through the desert villages of his native Iran. He rediscovered age-old patterns of earth architecture, founded on the arch: lengthened, it becomes a vault; rotated, a dome or an apse. Lacking wood for scaffolding or framing, rural builders create entire villages of adobe with traditional methods, such as layering arches at an angle until a vault is formed. As with the Arctic igloo,

Twigs on the 12th-century mud mosque at Dougouba in Mali, far left, offer footholds for replastering. Top left: Built in 1907, the Great Mosque at Djenné, Mali, is one of the world's largest adobe structures. Center left: The Pueblo at Taos, New Mexico, is more than 500 years old. Above left: California architect Nader Khalili designed this prototype house in Santa Barbara County—complete with Middle Eastern wind catcher tower—to be built from prefabricated ceramic modules or formed on-site.


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the environment supplies the best natural defense against its thermal extremes and harsh winds. Thick adobe walls absorb the heat of day, which then warms interiors during chill nights. Vaults, domes, and verandas provide zones of sun and shade. Projecting wind catchers funnel cooling breezes inside, across moist matting or damp roots beneath shady courtyards.

Unlike most other parts of the adobe belt, Iran is subject to severe snow, rain, and earthquakes. House collapse is a routine threat for poor peasants. Inspired by his discovery of a rock-hard abandoned kiln and by the alchemy of Persian mystical poetry, Khalili decided to complete the elemental circle by adding fire to adobe's earth, water, and air. He developed a system to fire earth structures using locally available means: elevated oil drums feeding interior flames, glazes made from ground-up bottles and applied with insecticide sprayers. "I wanted to integrate the arts of ceramics, sculpture, graphics, and poetry into architecture, to get back to its origin as the mother of all arts," he explains. "Niches, benches, shelves—the entire interior of a house could be sculpted, fired, and glazed, including what is normally ceramic, like sinks." Inscribed in glaze, verses from Persian poetry and the Koran became decorative invocations in these ceramic dwellings.

> "Niches, benches, shelves—the entire interior of a house could be sculpted, fired, and glazed"

Khalili and his crew went on to rehabilitate several houses in this way and build and fire a school in Javadabad, Iran. Last summer he returned to Iran for UNIDO, the United Nations Industrial Development Organization, and found the fired buildings holding up well after more than ten years. The architect acknowledges that his tough teapot domes are unnecessary in areas without heavy precipitation and seismic risks. "In Egypt, for example, where Hassan Fathy did his pioneering work on earth architecture, firing would be a waste," he notes. "Firing a house is a trade-off—it uses energy, but so does manufacturing steel, concrete, and bricks. Better to put it into this system, especially in oil-rich Middle Eastern countries. Wood and fossil fuel should be conserved, but they are being used to fire kilns anyway," he adds. "Every time you fire a kiln you waste up to eighty percent of the fuel in refiring the kiln itself. I'm saying, make the kiln your house." This is more than metaphor. A house being fired can serve as kiln for large quantities of bricks and porcelain fixtures, which can then be sold to defray the cost of fuel and justify its consumption.

Through his Geltaftan Foundation, based in Claremont, California, and the Southern California Insti-



tute of Architecture, Khalili presents hands-on workshops and develops better ways to build with earth. "I'm very interested in prefabricated ceramic modules, such as vaults that are constructed and fired vertically, then transported to the building site," he says. "Each one is an integral unit of floor, walls, and vaulted ceiling, a monolithic structure. Placed on a sand or slip-joint foundation, it becomes earthquake-proof."

Khalili wants to take earth architecture to the moon, fusing high tech and low, prehistory and the twenty-first century. "Every pound you carry to the moon is equal to two to three pounds of gold in cost," he notes. "If we can build structures out of moon materials, we can save NASA the equivalent of tons of gold. And it's heaven on the moon, because gravity is one sixth of Earth's. That means arches can be shallower, walls can be higher, domes bigger."

Working with the Space Studies Institute, Alcoa, and McDonnell Douglas, the architect is exploring methods that would harness solar or microwave energy to fire lunar rocks and soil, which contains a high amount of ceramic flux. "One approach is to fire the surface of mounds, which become domes when you excavate underneath," he explains. "Or you could put lunar soil on a gyrating platform—a big potter's wheel—and focus the sun on it as it spins, forming ceramic modules as it cools." He is studying terrestrial lava flows and tubes to learn more about moon magma's potential: "The principles of earth architecture will work anywhere in the universe."

Unfortunately, applying them in the United States is made difficult by building codes and hidebound loan practices. (Most recent examples of what adobe purists deride as "Santa Fake style" are sheathed in stucco.) Khalili hopes to establish an Earth Art and Architecture Institute in the high desert town of Hesperia, California, which has given site plan approval for his multivaulted design. "Any kind of earth building should be encouraged—ceramic, adobe, rammed-earth," he says. "Earth architecture now seems as exotic as martial arts once did. But people are becoming more earth-conscious, more concerned about pollution and energy use. I believe American ingenuity will overcome the obstacles of financing and permits."

He wants third-world policymakers to view earth architecture with new respect, as shelter suitable for astronauts, drawing on the same ceramic technology that underlies space shuttle tiles, new tennis rackets, and tomorrow's car engines. "Nations beg for development money so they can buy concrete and steel, yet what they already have is ten times better suited to their lives than what they import," he says. "And if traditional knowledge is combined with the latest techniques, the result will be even better." Noting the payoff in self-sufficiency and cultural continuity, Khalili always comes back to the spiritual dividend: "Building with earth is sacred work." ▲

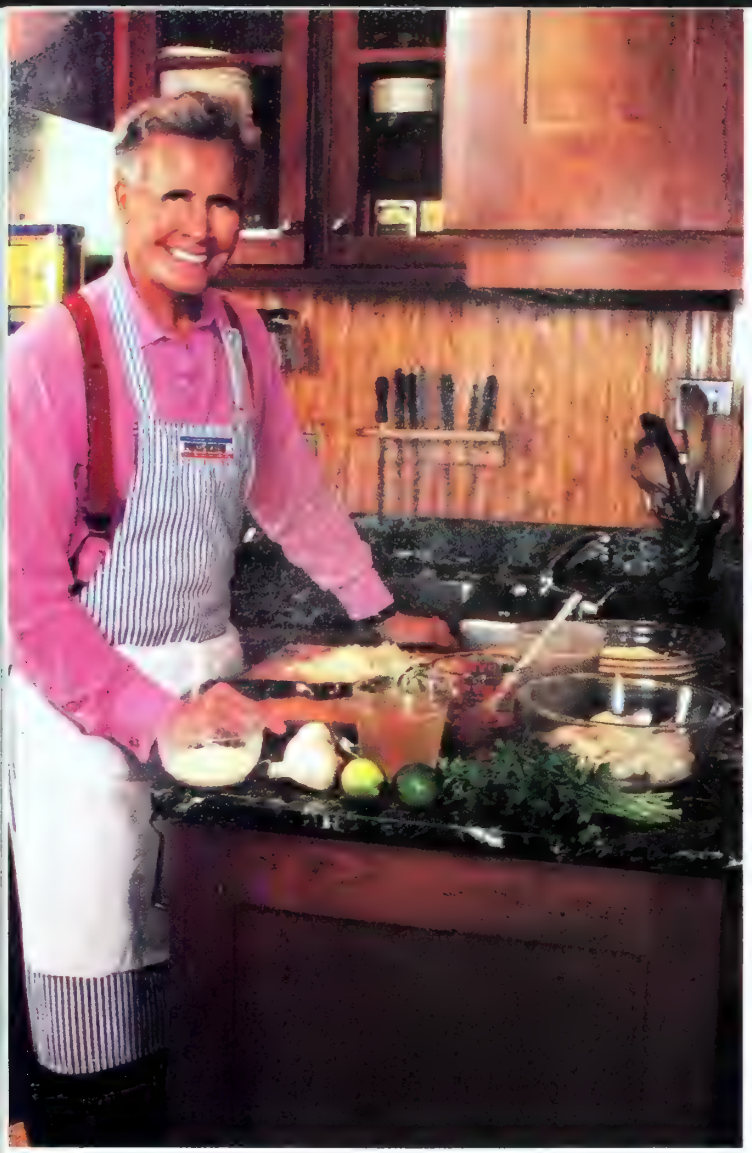
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Denning's Pot-au-Feu

A decorator indulges his passion for cuisine bourgeoise

BY SUZANNE HART

The first thing I do before I start to cook is pour myself a large glass of wine," confides Bob Denning with obvious relish. This seasoned decorator likes nothing better than messing around the kitchen. He is passionate about food: "Cooking is like decorating—it never bores me. I love the preparation, the shopping. I'm fascinated by vegetable stores. I love to do the fluffing up; washing the spinach three times calms me. I'm a big slob, but I'm good to vegetables. I love to dice things, just for the sound of the knife across the board."

Like his decorating, Denning's food mingles the luxurious with the comfortable. A catalogue of favored dishes reads like the most sublime potluck—mashed potatoes with leeks, pot-roasted fillet of beef, second-day chicken in cream sauce. There is a meat-and-potatoes kind of guy beneath that natty urbane exterior. He takes pleasure in flaunting a few plebeian preferences. On the subject of free-range chickens: "Forget about those walk-around birds—they remind me of the chickens I get in Jamaica. I love a big meaty Perdue, one of those juicy Oven Stuffers." And he boasts of his generous hand with butter, cholesterol be damned. His nod to dieting: "I eat one meal a day. I find that it works for me as an old adult."

A self-taught cook, Denning learned from his mother what not to like. "She was one of the first health nuts," he recalls. "Until I was fifteen, I never tasted any seasonings. She always said good cooks have bad stomachs. Anything with butter she called a suicide meal." He credits the French couple who cooked for him for twenty years with having formed his taste for what he calls "bourgeois, not cruise boat, French" and his partner Vincent Fourcade with being his best critic. "He sat in kitchens all his life. He can't cook but he's French and can tell when something is wrong. He tells me when a dish is too fancy."

In cooking, Denning adheres to a principle that is simplicity itself: nearly everything—fish, shrimp, beef, or chicken—can be roasted in a 500-degree oven on a bed of vegetables in a 4½-quart Le Creuset pot. "It's foolproof, even in lousy ovens," he insists. At first his technique sounds a little cavalier: "I read recipes all the time, but I can't follow one, so I fake my way through it" is hardly the stuff that inspires trust. But the hot-oven method makes sense. Once the process is demystified, the cook is free to embellish, to experiment with different vegetable combinations and seasonings—poultry with carrots, celery, whole shallots, and bunches of fresh thyme or a combination of endive, leeks, and peppers with beef.

Ease is important to Denning. "I hate fuss. I'm a slave to the Cuisinart, but I only know how to use the metal blade. One time I lost the attachment and I thought I'd lose my mind. When I finally got a replacement part, I kissed it."

What other equipment does a decorator put in his kitchen? "In the country I have three disposals, three sinks, and two ovens." One of the ovens, a Garland, has never been fired up. "It's filled with pots, and I'm too lazy to take them out. Instead I use an electric oven—terribly low-class but self-cleaning," Denning says.

For a decorator who is known for





Bob Denning, above left, swears by a 500-degree oven and a Le Creuset pot for many favorite dishes, including braised beef with endive, left. Right: Risotto with lime and shrimp. Flatware by Christofle. Details see Resources.

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doing things on a grand scale, he proffers some remarkably practical entertaining advice. His one rule is that soup plates rest on silver dishes: "I hate place mats." For water glasses, his choice is big tumblers, the kind from Pottery Barn. "And I'd love one of those two-tiered side tables from

"Cooking is like decorating—it never bores me," says Denning



Chocolate marquise in a soufflé dish by Spode.

an import store in the dining room stocked with serving spoons so you never have to get up during dinner."

Denning rarely cooks for himself; he thrives on the big production. "Cooking for people is a great joy, but once dinner is on the table, that's the end for me," he says with a smile. "Then I wish they'd all go home."

BRAISED FILLET OF BEEF

4 pounds fillet of beef, trimmed of fat
2 cloves garlic, chopped
8 tablespoons olive oil
9 large endive leaves
2 leeks, chopped
½ large white onion, coarsely chopped
Bunch fresh thyme
Salt and freshly ground pepper
½ cup white wine
¼ cup plus dash Pernod
4 tablespoons vinegar
1 red pepper, cut into strips
1 green pepper, cut into strips
1 yellow pepper, cut into strips
2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Preheat oven to 500 degrees. In a large frying pan, thoroughly brown beef and garlic in 2 tablespoons olive oil over high heat. In a 4½-quart enamel Le Creuset pot or Dutch oven, arrange 6 of the endive leaves, the leeks, onion, and thyme. Season with salt and pepper. Pour wine, ¼ cup Pernod, the vinegar, and 4 tablespoons olive oil over vegetable mixture. Put browned meat on top of bed of vegetables, cover pot, and braise 45 minutes. Remove cover and cook additional 15 minutes. Remove meat from pan and cut into ½-inch slices when cool.

In a separate frying pan, sauté remaining endive over high heat in remaining oil and dash of Pernod until the leaves are lightly coated, but have not lost their shape. Remove from pan. Cook peppers in the same way.

Line bottom of a serving dish with a layer of braised vegetables and top with a layer of sliced beef. Alternate layers of vegetables and beef, ending with meat. Carefully stand lightly cooked endive leaves and pepper strips around the edge of dish. Sprinkle with parsley. Serves 4–6.

ROAST CHICKEN

1 roasting chicken, about 3½ pounds
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
1 white onion, halved
6 sprigs parsley
6 sprigs thyme
3 stalks celery
3 carrots
6 large shallots, peeled
½ pound mushrooms
½ cup olive oil
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
2 tablespoons chopped tarragon

Preheat oven to 500 degrees. Wash and dry chicken. Season chicken inside and out with salt and pepper. Stuff onion, parsley sprigs, and thyme into cavity and truss bird. Cut celery stalks in half lengthwise, then across. Cut carrots into quarters, then halves. Leave shallots and mushrooms whole. Line bottom of a 4½-quart enamel pot with celery, carrots, shallots, and mushrooms. Place chicken on top of vegetables. Pour olive oil over chicken. Roast, basting frequently, until meat thermometer registers 160 degrees when inserted in thigh, about 45–50 minutes. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and tarragon. Serves 4.

RISOTTO WITH LIME AND SHRIMP

6 tablespoons olive oil
½ large onion, chopped
7 large shallots, chopped
2 garlic cloves, chopped
24 jumbo shrimp, peeled and deveined
2 pounds arborio rice
1 teaspoon coarse kosher salt
1 cup white wine
½ teaspoon saffron
1 cup fish broth, heated
3 cups chicken broth
Juice of 3 limes
¼ cup plus 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan
1 bunch Italian parsley, chopped
Freshly ground pepper

In a heavy-bottomed enamel pot, heat 4 tablespoons olive oil and sauté onions, shallots, garlic, and half of the shrimp. As soon as shrimp are cooked, about 3–4 minutes, remove from pan and cut into ¼-inch pieces. Reserve.

Add rice to pot and sauté over medium-high heat, stirring constantly, until rice is coated with oil. Season with kosher salt. Stir in wine, ½ cup at a time, allowing the rice to absorb most of the liquid each time. Add saffron and fish broth, ½ cup at a time. Stirring vigorously, add ½ cup of the chicken broth, then ⅓ of the lime juice, then the remainder of the chicken broth in ½-cup portions. Never allow rice to dry out. Add cooked shrimp and let mixture simmer gently, stirring often. When rice is still slightly chewy, mix in ¼ cup Parmesan and remaining lime juice.

Meanwhile, in a frying pan sauté remaining shrimp over high heat in 2 tablespoons oil. Stir in all but 2 tablespoons parsley and set aside.

In large serving bowl, mound risotto and garnish with whole shrimp. Sprinkle on remaining parsley and Parmesan. Add freshly ground pepper to taste. Serve immediately. Serves 4–6.

CHOCOLATE MARQUISE

½ pound butter
10 ounces semisweet chocolate
8 eggs, separated
¼ cup Cognac
Cocoa powder
Confectioners' sugar

Melt butter and chocolate in a double boiler. Pour into large mixing bowl and refrigerate 15 minutes. Stir 1 egg yolk at a time into mixing bowl with the butter and chocolate until all 8 yolks are incorporated. Add Cognac and stir.

Meanwhile, in a separate bowl beat egg whites until soft peaks form. Gradually fold whites into chocolate mixture until color is even, not streaked. Spoon mixture into 8-inch soufflé dish and chill in freezer at least 3 hours (or maximum of 24 hours). To serve, sprinkle with cocoa powder and confectioners' sugar. Serves 8. ▲

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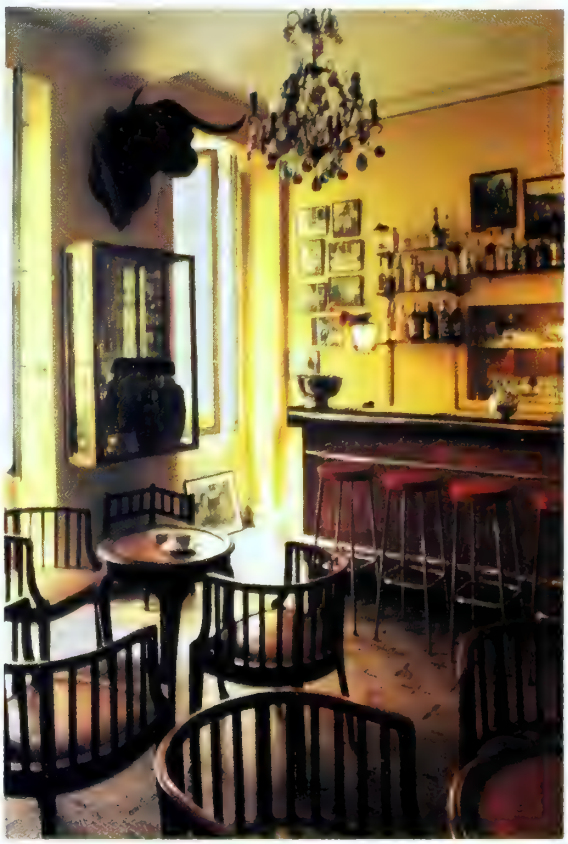
The Grand Hôtel Nord-Pinus renews the attractions that drew everyone from Henry James to Simone Signoret

BY CHRISTOPHER PETKANAS

A hotel with a soul," Jean Cocteau said of the Grand Hôtel Nord-Pinus in Arles. Historian James Pope-Hennessy urged travelers to follow Stendhal and Mérimée and put up at the hotel so that they might "supplement routine sight-seeing with personal observation of the city's rather torpid life." The bon vivant Rory Cameron always chose the Nord-Pinus for the ancient Roman fragments that are incorporated into part of its façade—a reminder that Arles once served as the capital of Roman Gaul. On his "little tour in France" in 1882, Henry James was seduced by the same relics, risking the plate of tripe he feared awaited him inside "for the sake of this exceptional ornament."

"For me as a child the Nord-Pinus was the temple of vacationing society and above all of tauromachy," says couturier Christian Lacroix, perhaps the most famous contemporary Arlésien. "I remember so well Germaine, high priestess of the temple, in her pastel suits—adulated, feared." The redoubtable Germaine, who had once been a singer, and her husband, Jean Bessière, a former music hall clown, took over the hotel in 1927 and propelled it into fashionability. After Bessière died in 1975, Lacroix recalls, "the shutters closed, the walls began to crack, and the salons became inhabited with ghosts. But the antique gods of the Forum had another fate in mind for the Nord-Pinus."







A statue of the poet Frédéric Mistral, top, stands before the entrance to the hotel. Above: Christian Lacroix's Nord-Pinus boutique. Above right: The bar where Picasso caroused after the bullfights. Right: Wrought-iron beds and antiques in suite number 10.

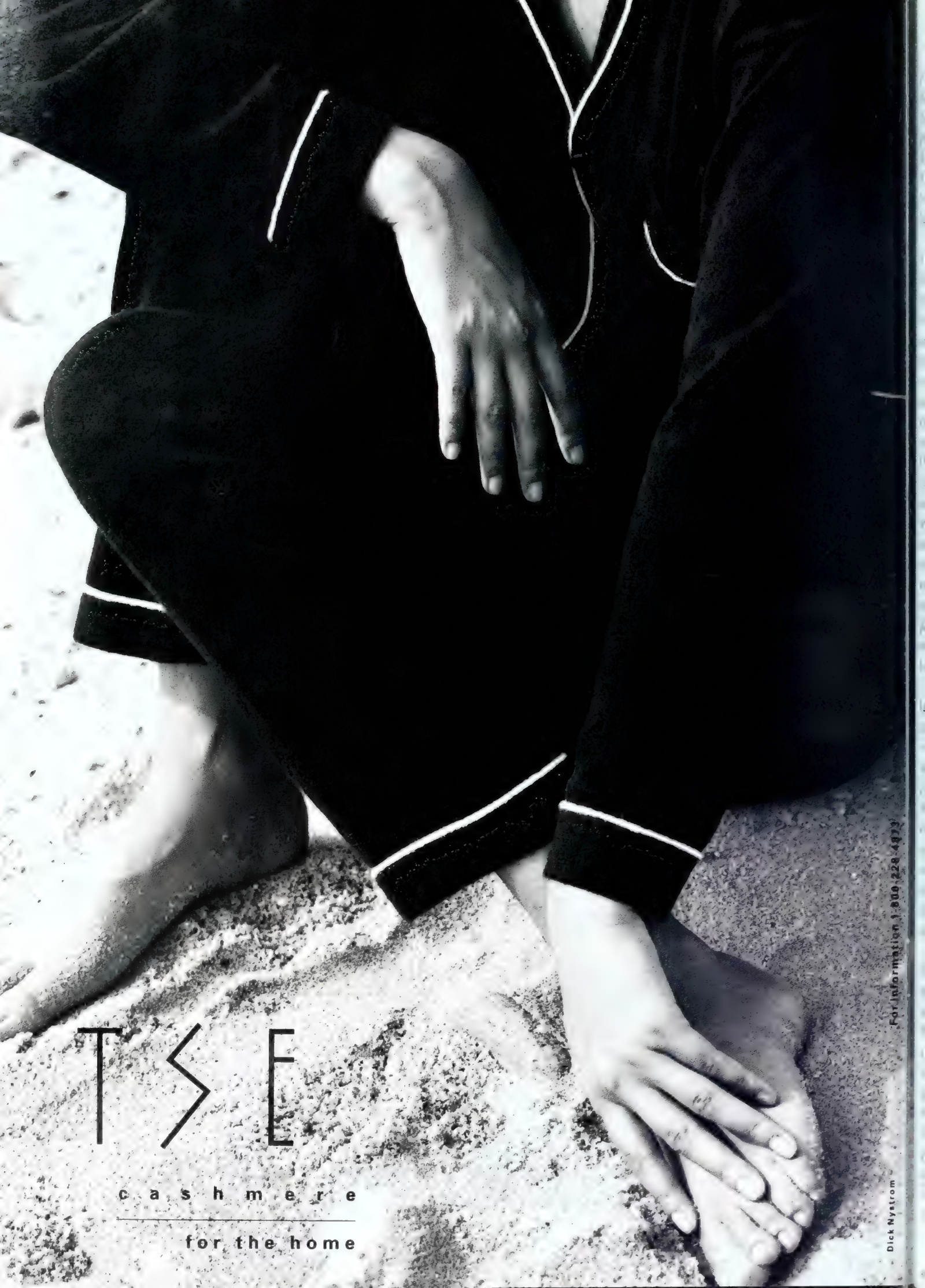
It is the nostalgic vision of Anne Igou, the young Provençale who acquired the Nord-Pinus from Germaine Bessière in 1987, that makes it possible to experience Arles today at its most intimate and stylish. A native of the marshy Camargue, just south of Arles, Igou

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Dick Nystrom

grew up in the glamorous shadow of the Nord-Pinus's passing patrons: the snake-hipped matador Dominguín, Picasso, Christian Bérard, Yves Montand, and Simone Signoret, all of whom might be thrown together for a pastis before attending the bullfights in Arles's Roman arena.

The city is still devoted to the cult of the bull, with a sporting season that opens this year on Easter weekend. In the traditional competition known as "la course camarguaise," men enter the arena on foot, armed only with hand rakes, and try to snare the rosette attached to the animal's forehead and the tassels and string twisted around its horns. Easter weekend and September 12 and 13 are the occasions for this season's full-blown bullfights, the latter in celebration of the local rice harvest. Not that bulls are the city's only attraction: in July, Arles hosts a photography festival of exhibits and workshops, an event that dates back to 1934. The Nord-Pinus does its part with permanent displays of the work of Peter Lindbergh, Dominique Issermann, and François Halard.

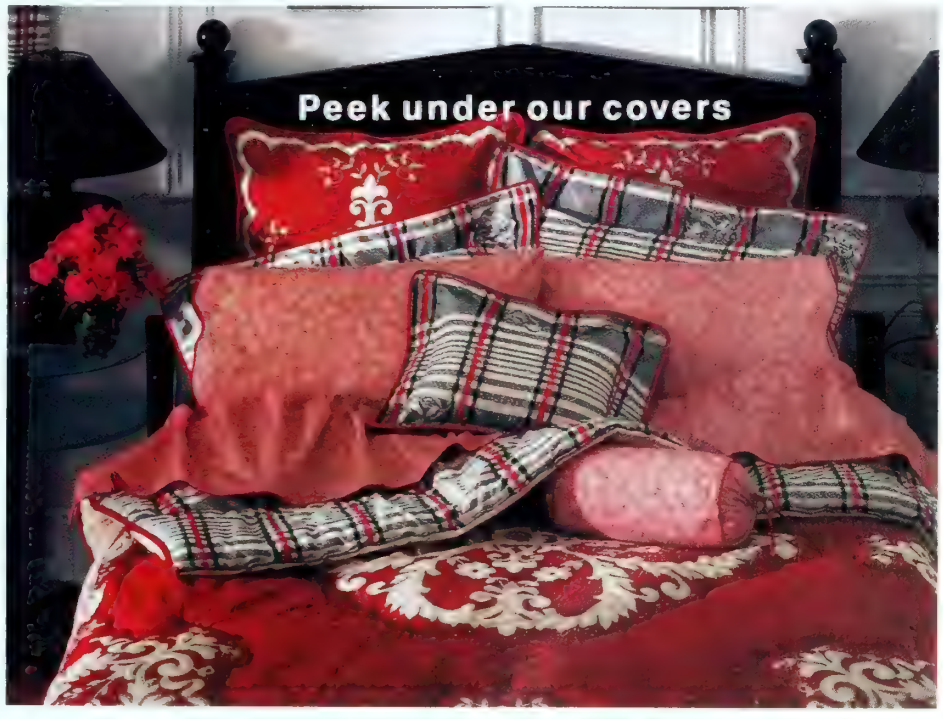
In rehabilitating the hotel, Anne Igou sought to re-create a rakish, almost underworld atmosphere that would be especially hospitable to artists. During the slow winter months, painters and sculptors whose work is shown informally in the hotel are allowed to use vacant rooms as studio space. The cartoonish three-dimensional cardboard ballerinas and troubadours of Mathias and Nathalie have come to symbolize the insouciant style of the place.

This being Arles, the backdrop for the various art exhibits tells a bold story of bull worship: Igou hung vintage posters announcing corridas in Madrid and Valencia in the stairwell; a mounted bull's head went up in the bar above a vitrine containing a sequined matador's jacket; and kitsch foulards printed with images of the charging animal were framed for the guest rooms. Taking in the overstuffed leather club chairs and giant terra-cotta olive jars in the lobby, the expansive bathrooms, and the Spanish beds of swirling wrought iron made up with old-fashioned square quilts and white piqué bedspreads, the French government gave Igou's efforts four stars.

Her restrained rehabilitation of the Nord-Pinus also includes a brasserie under the direction of Bernard Dumas, chef-owner of Le Vaccarès, generally regarded as the finest restaurant in Arles. And the choicest suite, number 10, Rory Cameron's favorite, has again become the preserve of the matadors: since the hotel reopened in 1989 after fourteen years of inactivity, young men with romantic names like Chamaco, Espartaco, and Manzanares have spent nervous nights before their appearances in the arena in the room overlooking the place du Forum, with its statue of the Provençal poet Frédéric Mistral sentimentally enclosed by a fence of tridents, an emblem of the Camargue.

Last spring Christian Lacroix chose the hotel as the site of a vest-pocket boutique scented with lavender and decorated by Jean-Louis Riccardi with the giddiness of a 1950s hatbox. Many of the flamboyant accessories, sold to the beat of the Gipsy Kings, also native sons, are adorned with taurine motifs. "Anne has revived the Nord-Pinus with subtlety and affection," says the couturier. "The toreadors are back and with them not only those like me who yearn for the past but all those who want to feel like Arlésiens." (Grand Hôtel Nord-Pinus, place du Forum, 13200 Arles; 90-93-4444) ▲

> "For me as a child the Nord-Pinus was the temple of vacationing society and above all of tauromachy," says Christian Lacroix



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THE LOUIS VUITTON STORY BEGAN IN 1837 when the founder of the luggage dynasty walked into Paris from the Jura looking for work. He apprenticed himself to a trunk-maker and packer and was sent to the great houses to prepare ladies' trunks for stage-coach trips. He even packed up for Empress Eugénie. Vuitton opened his own shop in 1854; its success was soon secured with his invention of flat trunks, which could be piled onto trains and steamers, unlike traditional domed trunks. As the art of traveling evolved, the Vuitton family kept pace with a succession of luxurious trunks and suitcases for clients ranging from African explorers to Coco Chanel and the Aga Khan. In an effort to foil imitators, the signature LV motif was designed in 1896. Today the company has 150 boutiques and is still on the cutting edge. To commemorate the Louis Vuitton Cup—the America's Cup challenger trials in San Diego this spring—Vuitton is introducing a limited edition of seaworthy blue bags. Philippe Starck has also created a scarf for the collection. What's next for Vuitton? A customized case for outer space?

The Vuitton world. Clockwise from top left: Founder Louis Vuitton; America's Cup contenders, 1886; new Louis Vuitton Cup bags; tea case for a maharajah, 1926; secrétaire for Leopold Stokowski, 1936; explorer's bed/trunk, 1879; Vuitton logo pennants. Details see Resources

COURTESY LOUIS VUITTON ARCHIVES. BEKEN OF COWES.

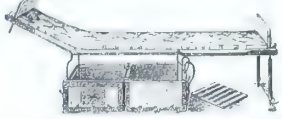
LIVING WITH

style



BY WENDY GOODMAN

Louis Vuitton carries on the tradition of the grand tour



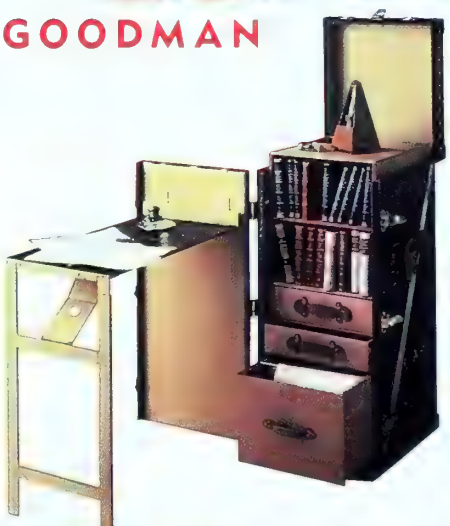




PHOTO HE. MUT. NEWTON



YVES SAINT LAURENT

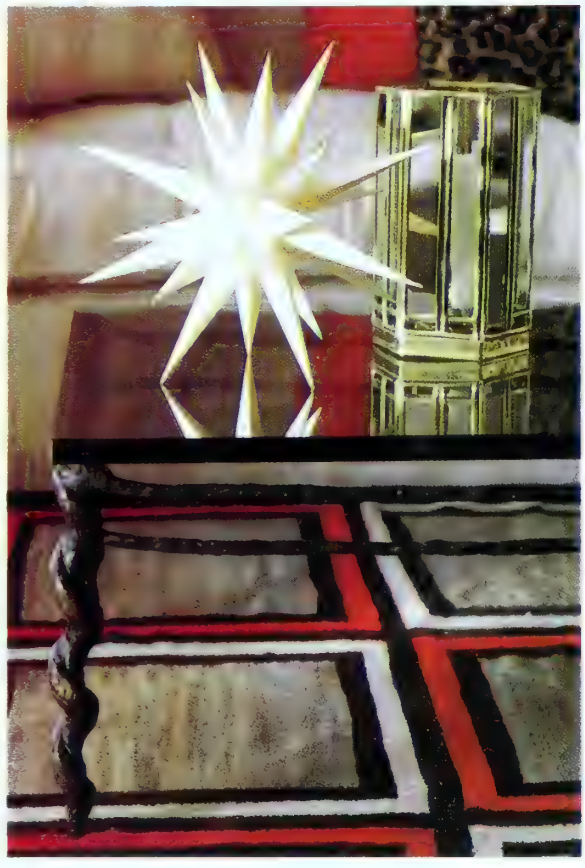
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March

I WANT TO EXPRESS myself. I'm tired of having what other people choose for me," said my hostess as she guided me through her extravagantly proportioned house. A few years ago I definitely would have said that self-expression in decorating was a noble goal. But the more I look at successful houses, the more firmly I become convinced that responsibility goes hand in hand with space. The good news about the 1990s, with all their economic and social turmoil, is that we are being forced to select our possessions with greater care; self-expression now often means self-editing. There is also a growing regard for decorative solutions that are not necessarily fueled by money—the idiosyncratic apartments of fashion photographer Mario Testino and designer Anna Sui achieve their own particular grace with trophies carried home from flea markets and local antiques shops. Some people, such as noted decorator Albert Hadley, can seamlessly incorporate the eccentric element; in his tasteful rooms objects, furniture, and art look as though they were born to occupy their present spot. Even when all the elements are sublime, experience gives a special edge. Architect François de Menil's dining room composition—a Shaker table, Josef Hoffmann chairs, and a 1956 Rothko—reflects his years of collecting and education. The role of balance and proportion, always governing factors, is demonstrated in the classically English-style Chicago house, decorated by the preeminent London firm of Colefax & Fowler, where symmetry and order hold sway over an abundance of porcelains, drawings, and furniture. As for self-expression in decorating, in its successful incarnations it is governed by an equal mix of originality and knowledge—and an understanding of one's responsibility to space.



In Albert Hadley's living room, a table by Mark Sciarrillo stands on a Navajo rug.

Mary Norwood

EDITOR IN CHIEF

François and Susan de Menil, in a Valentino suit, pose with their son, *opposite*, in the library. *Right:* Picasso's *Enfant assis* hangs above a stone mantelpiece designed by the architect. The attenuated contours of an Alberto Giacometti lamp contrast with the robust curves of a René Magritte torso and a Menil daybed. Details see Resources.



Domesticating Art

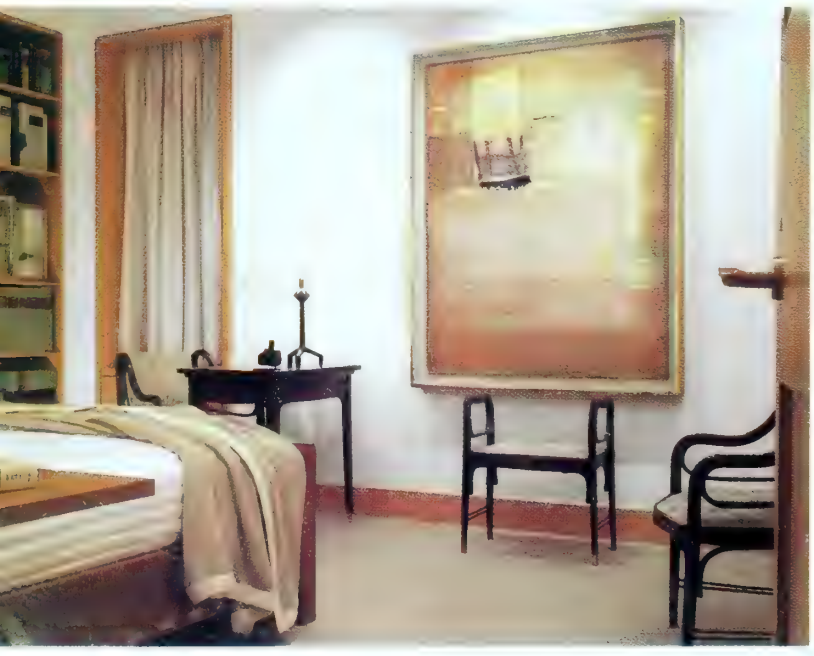
Modern masterpieces are right at home in the New York apartment architect François de Menil renovated for his family. By Mildred F. Schmertz

Photographs by Scott Frances Produced by Charles Gandee





Any one of the Menils' paintings, sculptures, chairs, tables, or other objects could be given pride of place in an anthology of its period



ARCHITECT FRANÇOIS DE MENIL, HIS WIFE, Susan, and their son live with disarming ease and grace amid a collection of twentieth-century art that museum curators anywhere would kill for. The couple's New York apartment, filled though it is with Picassos, Magrittes, and Rothkos, sculptures in the form of lamps by Alberto Giacometti, and furniture by Josef Hoffmann, Otto Wagner, Adolf Loos, Frank Lloyd Wright, and Gustav Stickley, is neither awesome nor intimidating, because of the discernment, personal sensibility, and skill the Menils have applied to their surroundings.

If any one of the paintings, drawings, sculptures, chairs, tables, or other objects were exhibited in a museum, it could be given pride of place in an anthology of its period. Taken together, however, as arranged by the Menils in happy disregard of curatorial categories and hierarchies, the collection tells a consistent story of people who are very much at home with art. The apartment, in a handsome prewar building, retains the well-proportioned, well-lit, but not unusually large rooms of its original layout. François de Menil believed that "to remove all the walls and do some modernist curves and weirdness would have been inappropriate." Because the rooms are in fact similar in scale and shape to those designed by the Wiener Sezession and Prairie School architects for artists, intellectuals, and connoisseurs who scorned pretentious opulence, the effect is domestic, comfortable, even relatively modest—with none of the grandiosity that all too often accompanies the will to collect. The very best turn-of-the-century furniture, whether dispersed from houses in Vienna or Glasgow or Oak Park, can seem like ghostly relics perched on museum pedestals or adrift in the boundless space of lofts. In the Menil apartment, these pieces once again come into their own.

All the same, there has been no attempt to re-create the sort of period interiors for which such furniture was designed: in its pure elegant abstraction, the setting is unmistakably contemporary. François de Menil removed all existing paneling, cabinetwork, moldings, and trim, refacing the walls with plain plaster surfaces edged in steamed beechwood. His only direct references to the historic provenance of the furniture are in homage to Hoffmann's ornamental grids, subtly reinvented in the patterning of glass and beechwood doors and in custom-made cabinetwork throughout. Exquisitely simple mantelpieces of Virginia black serpentine and gray soapstone

Mark Rothko's *Olive over Red, opposite,* looms behind Josef Hoffmann vases on a Shaker table in the dining room. The dining room chairs were designed by Hoffmann for the Purkersdorf Sanatorium, c. 1903. All carpets by Stark. *Above left: By the Sea* by Jasper Johns is visible through the stainless-steel risers and mahogany rail attached to stone treads. *Left:* The guest room combines Robert Rauschenberg's *Levee* with a Kolo Moser stool, chairs, and desk from Barry Friedman, NYC. The custom Menil bed and night table are wood and stainless steel. Joseph Cornell boxes are displayed in the bookcase.



Hoffmann, Wright, and Stickley furniture comes into its own again in elegantly abstract rooms





introduce more monumental geometry—and a suggestion of classical order—to the living room and library. Separating those two rooms is a new bookcase wall whose curves (cleanly modern, but not "weird") are echoed in the ceiling and vary the prevailing grid. The spaces have all been designed to be accommodating to art in general, but not keyed to particular works since the Menils expect to move pieces in and out of storage as they continue to acquire. Much of the collection was bought without any specific installation in mind. François de Menil reports that he bid on the Stickley sofa in the living room, "somewhat over Susan's objections," before the room itself took shape. "I thought the sofa was fantastic looking, but since we didn't have any place to put it, we stored it." The Shaker table in the dining room is another favorite object whose desirability was never linked to a preordained site.

Collecting began for François de Menil long before he ever thought he would become an architect. The son of noted art patrons, Dominique and the late John de Menil, his visual education started early: "In some ways it could be said I grew up in a museum." He acquired his first piece in 1966, when he was twenty-one, a Jean Tinguely motorized steel manikin. "I bought his *Dissecting Machine* and a Ferrari. They both cost the same." By then, Menil had also begun to make films in France, choosing as his subject the lives and works of Tinguely and Niki de Saint-Phalle. Eventually he was to do a film on the work of Mark di Suvero. "It was a classic kind of documentary. Mark's sculptures are all about space, and I think that in many ways, even as a filmmaker, I had a relationship with architecture all along." Filmmaking led to film producing and collaboration on a commercial success, *Stir Crazy*, starring Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder and directed by Sidney Poitier. But Menil had come to feel that the frustrations he experienced in the world of motion pictures—and, briefly, the Broadway theater—outweighed his successes.

In 1977, while pursuing his career in filmmaking, he engaged the Corbusian modernist architect Charles

A Gustav Stickley sofa in the living room, *opposite*, stands with its back to the curved bookcase and an angled portal that leads to the library beyond. The opening offers a glimpse of a Ken Price sculpture and Hoffmann's reclining chair, or Sitzmaschine. *Above:* The Menils have centered a 1956 Cy Twombly above the living room fireplace where a Magritte bottle perches on the mantel shelf. A pair of barrel armchairs designed by Frank Lloyd Wright are grouped with an Otto Wagner stool and a cabinet by Adolf Loos. The coffee table, whose base is a 1972 yard sale find, supports a Cornell box and a Hoffmann vase.





Gwathmey, of Gwathmey Siegel & Associates, to renovate his office. Soon Gwathmey was at work on four other projects for Menil: a new house in East Hampton and the restoration of others in Manhattan, Houston, and Santa Monica. The latter had been designed by Richard Neutra in 1938. The 10,000-square-foot East Hampton project, with its array of Hoffmann furniture, was Gwathmey's most ambitious house to date. "It was exciting for Charlie," Menil recalls. "He always called me the patron or the duke, but in a friendly sense. He had a certain vision of me, I guess. But he also allowed me into the process. He made it fun. I got involved directly."

In 1983, Menil's involvement in the art of architecture became a vocation. At the age of thirty-eight he enrolled in the Irwin S. Chanin School of Architecture at New York's Cooper Union, an institution where every student is granted a full scholarship. The tacit need to justify receiving this largesse, combined with the demands of a distinguished faculty, makes Cooper a tough school to get into and finish. The fact that most of Menil's classmates were just out of high school, as well as his teachers' awareness that their pupil was already a noted patron of architecture, can hardly have made his academic life any easier. But Menil was too busy *(Continued on page 172)*

In the beech-lined kitchen, *above*, chairs by Otto Prutscher, from Galerie Metropol, NYC, are pulled up to a Menil table. *Left:* A thick glass counter tops master bathroom cabinets. *Opposite, clockwise from left:* In the Menils' son's room a collection of framed notes to the couple from Jean Tinguely and Niki de Saint-Phalle hang behind a Stickley child's chair and a Menil bed and table. Seated in a 1902 Hoffmann chair with original leather upholstery, the young Menil mimics the pose of a 1923 Picasso. A Wagner chair faces away from the master bedroom TV, flanked by a Hoffmann armchair (beneath a John Chamberlain collage) and stool (near the dressing table). Custom cabinets hold an African mask and Susan de Menil's collection of Kelly bags from Hermès.

The effect is comfortable, even relatively modest, with none









e grandiosity that often accompanies the will to collect

Tex Mix

CeCe Kieselstein-Cord rearranges the past in her family's Dallas house

By Wendy Goodman

Photographs by Oberto Gili



The "Jimi Hendrix fantasy chair" in the living room was painted by CeCe Kieselstein-Cord's brother Chris Eddy; the bamboo furniture came from her grandmother's sleeping porch. "The only thing we bought was fabric," says decorator Greg Jordan. Details see Resources.



"IT ALL REALLY STARTED," SAYS NEW YORK DECORator Greg Jordan, "when CeCe invited me to go to the Cattle Barons' Ball in Dallas. When I got there she said, 'You know, we're buying a new house around the corner. Should we throw out all this furniture?' "

"I wasn't going to throw it out," interjects CeCe Kieselstein-Cord. "It was Barry," she says, referring to her designer husband. "Barry was going to throw it all out."

"I said, 'Let's use everything we've got—we'll slipcover everything,' " Greg continues.

"And I said, 'I hate slipcovers. They slip around.' "

"Then we were visiting friends," Greg says, "and I noticed that they had the most unbelievable zinnia patch. CeCe and Barry have these pieces of beautiful brightly painted furniture, and I knew that zinnia colors would work."



"I would rather stay in my angel house," says CeCe, "than go to Le Cirque"

"I thought he was having a spell! He starts pulling up these zinnias and putting them in a little plastic bag." CeCe shakes her head. "Remember, you're dealing with somebody who doesn't like color—me. I won't have color and I won't have pattern near me. I said to Greg, 'Have you lost your mind?' I called Barry and said, 'Greg's gone crazy. All I told him was I wanted a Santa Fe–looking house and he's making it into a zinnia patch.' "

Listening to these two talk about the Kieselstein-Cords' Dallas house is more like hearing an irrepressible comedy team perform a favorite turn than hearing two exacting pros discuss a decorating project. If she declares she hates orange "with a passion," he's sure to respond, "We're going to do a chili pepper red on absolutely everything."

The Kieselstein-Cords bought the house in question in June 1990 to replace their Dallas "courtin' house," where CeCe was living when she met Barry. They had used the old place as a pied-à-terre, and CeCe had stashed in the attic boxes of memorabilia from her childhood in Louisiana and her college years in Dallas and Madrid. When they decided they needed a more comfortable space, she settled on a small yellow house with wisteria vines in full bloom, right around the corner: "It was a perfect little-old-lady cottage. That's why I loved it."

Today there's a remarkable amount of orange for a little old lady's cottage, not to mention the yellows, greens, and reds and the border of hand-painted chili peppers in the kitchen. And CeCe loves it all. For her, what she calls her "angel house," after a collection of Mexican tin figures, is a getaway from her hectic life in New York and a link with her own southern past. For her husband, it's a regional headquarters for the ever-expanding operations of his lines of jewelry, belts, and handbags. And for both of them and their daughter, Elisabeth Anne, the house is fun. "It's like going to camp," says CeCe. "I would rather go and stay in my little angel house and eat cheese roll-ups than go to Le Cirque or those balls or any of that stuff!"

The credit, CeCe says, belongs to Greg, who also decorated the family's Manhattan and Millbrook, New York, residences. "Let me tell you about me and decorating," she declares. "They just don't agree. I hate it. I want everything fixed that very minute. It usually doesn't work that way, but it does with Greg. I trust him implicitly." The zinnia picking tested her faith, she allows, "but finally I closed my eyes and handed it over to him."

After CeCe's friend Carol Taylor stripped wallpaper and did some cosmetic work, Greg and his assistant, Robert Southern, took over. Working on a shoestring budget, Greg and Robert sorted through the furniture in the courtin' house, ploughed through boxes in the attic, and salvaged treasures from the dilapidated garage. After only five weeks the house was finished, and Greg welcomed the family with a pitcher of homemade lemonade and cookies on the porch.

For CeCe, *above left*, with her husband, Barry, and daughter, Elisabeth Anne, the Dallas house is a "total escape" from life in New York. "I love my cantina," she says of the dining room, *opposite*. "It's like sitting in a Mexican restaurant." The rugs, the furniture, even the shades, came from the house around the corner where CeCe lived before her marriage.







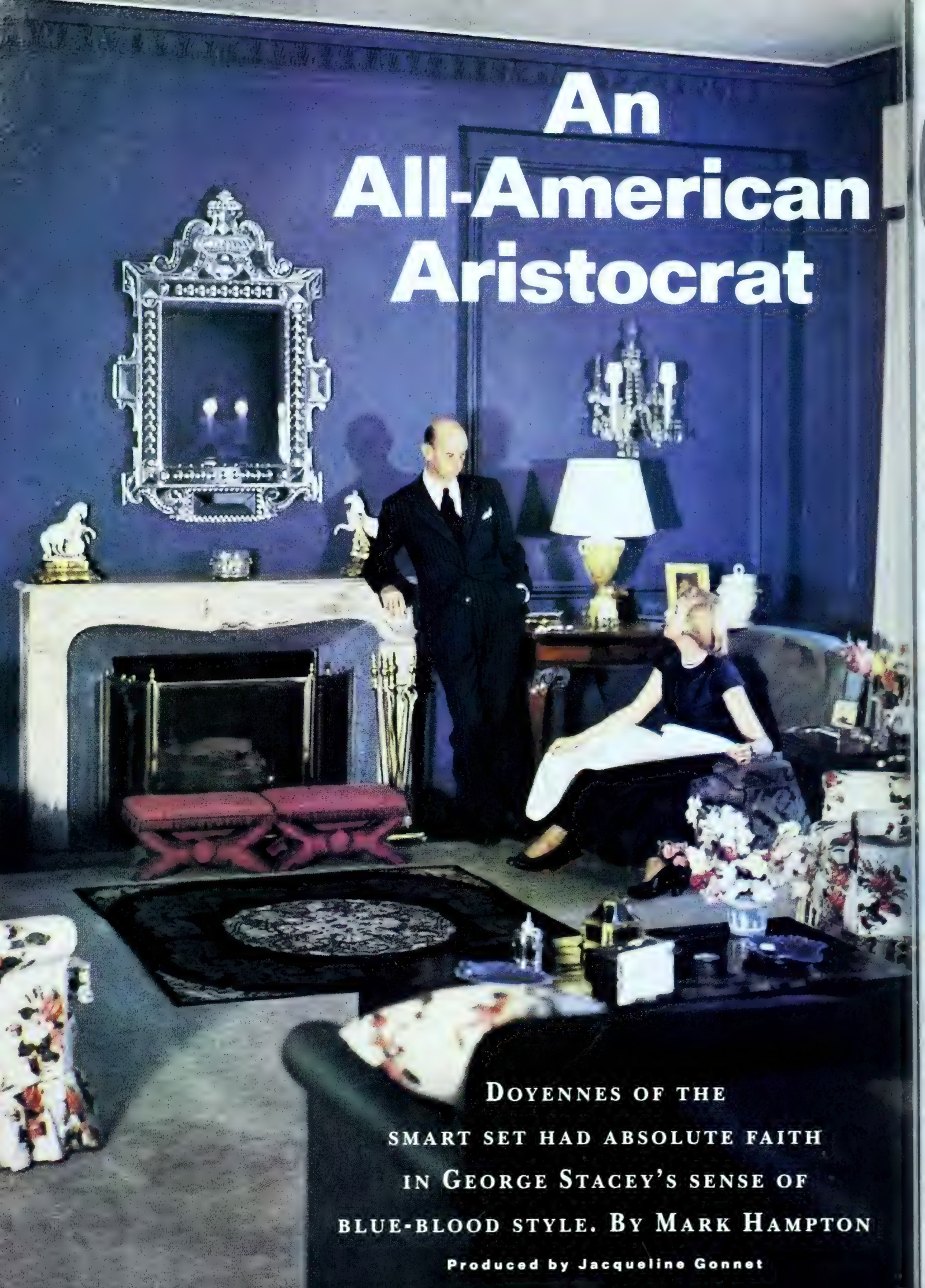


"This place is really a scrapbook of CeCe's past," he says, pointing out the Victorian chairs that belonged to CeCe's Aunt Anne and the bamboo couch that was once on her grandmother's sleeping porch. "The only thing we bought was fabric for the curtains and slipcovers, for less than $30 a yard." This house is dramatically different from the couple's understated Manhattan apartment and their Millbrook house, which tend toward darker shades; Barry played a more active role in those decorating schemes. The clear bright colors and informal atmosphere of the Dallas cottage simply reveal another facet of his clients' characters, Greg explains. "The challenge for a decorator is to figure out what makes a client singular and then translate that to an environment that is unique. Every project I do looks completely different."

CeCe interrupts—but this time to agree: "There's not another house like this anywhere. And I'm telling you the one thing about this house: when you walk in the front door, you just start smiling." ♠

A vase of gerberas in front of the newly slipcovered living room sofa, *above left,* proves the perfect match for a palette inspired by a patch of zinnias. *Left:* In the kitchen a cabinet, the stove hood, and a hand-painted frieze pick up the chili pepper red theme that runs through the house. *Above:* The tin cutouts that hang above a simple Irish cupboard in the dining room are the resident spirits of CeCe's "angel house." *Opposite:* When CeCe was a child, her bed was done up in French provincial style; now it is the color of a pale yellow zinnia, with an antique quilt and a canopy of pieced-together bandannas.





An All-American Aristocrat

DOYENNES OF THE SMART SET HAD ABSOLUTE FAITH IN GEORGE STACEY'S SENSE OF BLUE-BLOOD STYLE. BY MARK HAMPTON

Produced by Jacqueline Gonnet

ONE DAY LAST year I went to see a house in East Hampton that George Stacey decorated nearly thirty years ago for a woman who lives there still. Paradoxically, though her rooms continue to bear the Stacey stamp of boldly stylized chic, they have aged to a mellowness rarely found in fashionable interiors of the not-so-distant past. Many of us redecorate to erase once-trendy flaws, the unconscious mistakes we made trying to be in style. And back in the sixties, when this lovely East Hampton house was being done up, there were a lot of popular trends that are now, mercifully, almost impossible to remember. George Stacey, however, never embraced Mylar wallpaper or chrome and plastic tables—or the fads of any other era.

He has always relied on strong color schemes and carefully selected furniture and objects, each piece beautiful on its own but arranged with an exquisite sense of balance and logic. Brilliant hues are played off against dark or smoky tones with old-master bravura (if George had gone in for painting altarpieces, the most important figures would almost certainly have been dressed in red and green or yellow and blue, shimmering with gold or silver highlights). And because George is a classicist of sorts, as well as the possessor of a fine and highly trained eye, his decorative compositions have crossed the years intact, carrying their beauty with them.

George is incapable of incoherence or confusion—in his work or in conversation. A man of well-chosen words and enormous wit, he knows no greater pleasure than to sit and engage in the kind of chat that pokes fun at everything and everybody—except for the seriously absorbing topics of architecture and decoration and the distinguished and stylish people who have been his friends and clients for all his professional life. This love of amusing talk has guided him in his arrangement of rooms, which have without exception been designed for intelligent, comfortable habitation. They have never been the kind of glamorous set pieces that look striking in photographs but are murder to sit in. Yet George has always admired glamour, both in people and in houses.

If you were to see him dressed in his customary black turtleneck, black coat, and black hat, you might think he was a private detective. His speech, however, is pure Connecticut Yankee, which is what he is. The only child of two only children, he was born in Stratford, Connecticut, in 1901. His father owned a lumber mill, but the family business did not appeal to George, who preferred to spend his time drawing house plans (his favorite building in Stratford was a sea captain's Greek revival house with a compass built into the newel post). After high school he worked in a Bridgeport decorator's shop and saved his money—a wise practice, because when he decided to set off for design school, a course his father opposed, he had to go it alone. But after the Parsons School of Design in New York had awarded George two scholarships, parental disapproval was finally overcome.

One of these scholarships came about because the famous Parsons teacher William Odom recognized George's talent and administered a particularly skillful test of his eye. On the pretext of delivering some school papers, he was summoned to Odom's Fifth Avenue apartment. As George stood there awaiting further instructions, he was asked which piece of furniture he considered the best in the room. He promptly pointed to a commode that must have been the owner's favorite piece too, because Odom soon arranged for him to study in Paris. A new epoch in George's life was about to begin, an epoch dominated by France and things French. The Parsons program in Paris was rigorous and thorough, involving extensive study in museums and hôtels particuliers as well as bicycle trips into the countryside to measure details of châteaux. The American participants, at least the most intellectually tenacious ones, came away with a deep knowledge of French architecture and decoration. George's point of view was altered forever.

Returning to New York two years later, he knew he wanted to work for one decorator, Rose Cumming, whose original use of color and materials was both flamboyant and arresting. George got the job, but the way he tells it his stint with Rose lasted only one day. He quit after spending eight hours cleaning the cellar. He then worked briefly for Taylor & Low, a Madison Avenue decorating firm owned by Louise Tiffany Taylor and her sister, Elisabeth Low (later famed as society decorator Elisabeth Draper). The trouble with that job was the drawing assignments that fell on his shoulders: despite fond memories of sketching abroad, he hated to draw on demand.

Another trip to France was planned, undoubtedly for the purpose of raising his spirits. On his travels George met Hans Van Nes, a young Hoosier who soon became a close friend and with whom he decided to go into the antiques business. The plan was for George to live in Paris, find the furniture, and ship it back to Van Nes in New York, a procedure that worked fine until the Depression. (Van Nes went on to become a respected photographer.) More significantly, however, this arrangement established George's pattern of spending part of the year in

Minnie Astor consults George Stacey in 1948 in the Manhattan living room he decorated for her. Balancing intense color and brilliant highlights, Stacey offset deep blue walls with a Venetian mirror and crystal sconces, crimson benches, and chintz-covered chairs.



Chic women like Babe Paley and Ava Gardner moved from one Stacey interior to another

France and part in the United States. To this day he maintains a flat in Paris, a house in a converted barn at Houdan, a pied-à-terre in New York City, and a small country house in Locust Valley, New York, that was once a client's squash court.

It is clear to me, both from George's own words and from my knowledge of his personality, that he was never meant to be an employee in somebody else's decorating firm. When the antiques business went under, he struck out on his own. His first client, Mrs. Ward Cheney, was just the sort of chic woman who came to figure prominently in the Stacey roster. The list would grow to include Mrs. Harrison Williams, all three Cushing sisters (Babe, who became Mrs. William Paley; Betsey, later Mrs. John Hay Whitney; and Minnie, later Mrs. Vincent Astor), Grace Kelly, and Ava Gardner. Frances Cheney was the "funniest woman I ever knew," says George, still an admirer half a century later. Over some twenty years he helped the Cheneys decorate a big new house in Locust Valley and several apartments and another house in Manhattan. The evolution of his style can be seen in these rooms.

There was almost an air of Hollywood drama about the Cheneys' 1935 country house with its pinkish beige palette. In the living room a semicircular satin sofa curved behind a vast round lacquer coffee table, the epitome of sleek moderne elegance (the house itself was cinderblock, acclaimed at the time as the last word in modernity). As George's taste became increasingly romantic, he went on in the forties to place a square Edwardian banquette in the middle of the living room at the couple's apartment overlooking Central Park. The center banquette (or borne, as it is called in France) exemplified George's ability to assimilate Victoriana into his designs. He mined the same vein in rooms decorated for Babe Paley and Betsey Whitney during the forties and fifties. Some of this tufted luxury hints at the sumptuous manner of Syrie Maugham. I once asked George what he thought of Mrs. Maugham. "I guess I was pretty impressed," the laconic Yankee allowed.

The Cheneys' house on Sutton Square, with its typical New York brownstone proportions, was an expression of the deliberately old-fashioned coziness that has become popular once more in the past twenty years. Classic upholstered pieces, scaled down in the manner of William Odom, were combined with French and English antiques in various styles. The flowered needlepoint living room carpet, an appropriate companion to the Cheneys' collection of eighteenth-century embroidered pictures, was an exception to George's long-term preference for solid colors underfoot. He favored, and still favors, a plain carpet be-



For a 1950 *Vogue* portrait in her Long Island living room, *above*, Babe Paley wore a Charles James dress in the spirit of Stacey's Victorian-inspired interior. Hand-screened canvas walls are the backdrop for a Toulouse-Lautrec and a sofa tufted in the Belle Époque manner. *Right:* The hallmark Stacey mix of 18th-century French gilded furniture and comfortable modern upholstery in Ava Gardner's house in Madrid, early 1960s.









Stacey in a photograph by Hans Van Nes, c. 1939, *above. Above left:* An antechamber in Monaco for Princess Grace, 1959. *Far left:* Mrs. Ward Cheney's Long Island living room, 1935. *Left:* Frances Cheney and her sister Alice Gates, 1934. *Below left:* The Cheneys' Sutton Square living room in the 1940s, with framed embroidery and a needlepoint carpet. *Below:* Betsey Whitney and daughters in a room designed for mementos and art, 1945.











House & Garden

Stacey's salon at the Château de Neuville, c. 1962, *above left. Left:* A 1945 sketch of his Long Island house. *Below left:* The Neuville boudoir. *Opposite, clockwise from above right:* Stacey, photographed by Duane Michals. A 1945 view of the decorator's living room shows French furniture with a Chinese coffee table and an Italian screen. Mark Hampton's watercolor of the salon in Stacey's converted barn at Houdan.

cause it does not fight with the lines of the furniture, and good furniture takes precedence over everything else. This, by the way, is a central point of the Stacey style. Not concerned with this statement or that, George never got wrapped up in the complex architectural renovations that occupy so much of a decorator's time these days. Nor has he pursued the signature look many designers strive to achieve through continual and highly publicized repetition.

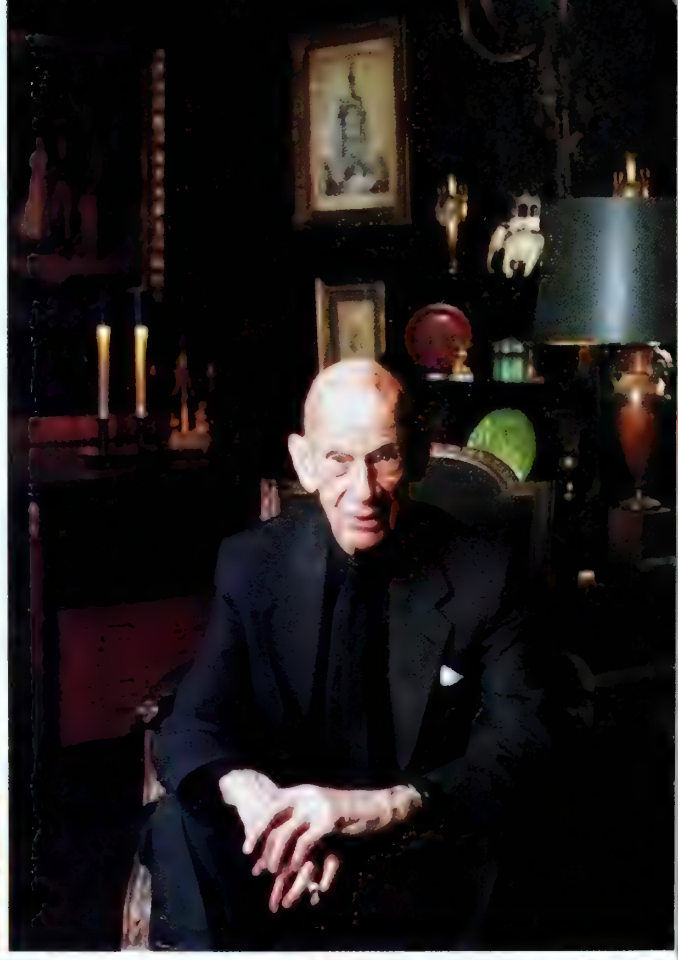
Throughout his long career, George has often used the worn surfaces of antiques—painted wood, leather, brass—to counteract the brightness of a high-keyed palette. The balance of old and new elements within a room is strictly even, never tipping completely to one side or the other. Clients for whom he decorated successive houses and apartments unquestionably enjoyed watching their collections of antiques appreciate in value as they moved them from one Stacey interior to another—and the loyalty he inspired is legendary. The many rooms he did for Babe Paley, for example, led to commissions for an apartment on Gracie Square and a Stanford White house in Rhinebeck, New York, for Mrs. Paley's sister Minnie and her first husband, Vincent Astor, as well as a house or two for Bill Paley's sister and brother-in-law, Blanche and Leon Levy. Governor and Mrs. W. Averell Harriman called on George to do their house off Fifth Avenue as well as the private quarters of their official residence upstate. At the Governor's Mansion, Harriman would introduce him as "Minister of the Interior."

In 1956, George took a twelve-year lease on the Château de Neuville, located between Versailles and Dreux. Making the most of harmoniously proportioned Louis XIII architecture, stone floors, severe boiseries, and relatively simple enfilades, he put together rooms of what legitimately could be called "timeless beauty"—a cliché that would make George gag. The Victorian flourishes with which he embellished New York apartments were banished from the château. There his Connecticut Yankee qualities were fully in control. His admiration for the Francophile classicism of the American expatriate Ogden Codman is apparent; so is a lack of interest in period rooms. Instead, he achieved the skillful mixture of periods and styles that prevails when collectors possessing the necessary taste wave aside a curatorial concern with dates.

The years George lived at Neuville were also years when he did a great deal of work for Princess Grace of Monaco and Ava Gardner. While the princess was still Grace Kelly, George had decorated her New York apartment across from the Metropolitan Museum, and after she married in 1956, he was asked to cheer up the Palais Princier, a job for which even the crotchety Somerset Maugham complimented him. The projects for Ava Gardner covered an even longer period and included two houses and an apartment in Madrid as well as her London flat. The drawing room color scheme in Madrid was quintessential Stacey: brown damask sofas, gilt chairs covered in red and in yellow, and walls and curtains in a mauve gray—all set off by a white carpet. The London drawing room palette was no less typical, with scarlet and forest green fabric on gilt chairs, white on the sofa, and again a white carpet. The only departure from his usual practice was the presence of framed panels of antique Chinese painted canvas worked into the paneling of the room. Like highly figured carpets, elaborately patterned wallcovering is, in George's opinion, a distraction from the more important issue of good furniture.

Intrinsic quality has always meant far more to him than the shifting dogma of fashion, and not surprisingly, he has attracted clients with a sure sense of their own style. Mrs. William G. *(Continued on page 172)*









The dining room overlooks the por and the studio beyond. *Opposite:* Plywood lines the main room, divide into dining and li areas by a firepla Deutsch's honey-t palette extends fr his furniture to hi hanging sculpture The painting is b William Wegman. Details see Resou

Artist's Materials

With plywood and concrete, painter David Deutsch composes a minimalist hideout. By Heather Smith MacIsaac

Photographs by John Hall













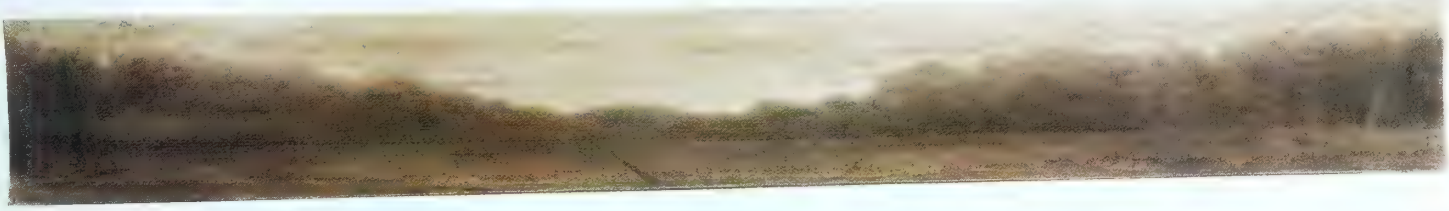
AS A YOUNG ARTIST IN THE late sixties, David Deutsch used to head for the Hollywood Hills on his motorcycle just to look at the modern cliff-hanging houses. But it was the modest fifties-era Palm Springs motels of his childhood that had incubated in his head until they emerged more than thirty years later as a country house and studio. He traded the gentle clatter of palm fronds for the rustle of pine boughs in Columbia County, New York, but transferred the idea of arranging buildings in a compound and imparting them with an aesthetic that is lean and functional to the point of being nondescript. "If he were still alive, I might have commissioned Rudolph Schindler," explains Deutsch, "but hiring an architect is like buying art. If you get somebody good, in the end it's his house, not yours."

The artist's compound on a parcel of land just under 200 acres (a property visually isolated from civilization of every sort) is 110 percent Deutsch, and he is the first to confess his obsession. "It's ridiculous but I want to take this project to the very end; I want it to be me me me." Deutsch has chosen to express, literally in concrete form, his "almost violent opposition" to architectural contrivance. The theme of his compound is an absence of ornament and referential decoration. The materials, plywood on the interior and concrete block on the exterior, were chosen for "their cultural transparency—you see them everywhere."

If, as Deutsch asserts, the trick for any artist is to "find a vocabulary and make it something big," then his language is rooted in "drab and commonplace" materials, especially plywood. "Woodgrain patterns intrigue me," he understates. As early as 1969, he created a room of fir plywood in a Venice, California, building that, appropriately enough, architect Frank Gehry took over after the artist vacated. Deutsch made paintings composed of rotating panels of plywood, explored the wood's optical effects in wall installations, and refashioned his city studio and loft in plywood. It was inevitable that the material would surface in his country place.

A grove of pines at the edge of a meadow shelters the group of three buildings that make up Deutsch's compound. There's a main house of two staggered cubes (living areas in one, bedroom and bath in the other); an L-shaped garage and guesthouse; and another cube, this one forty-foot-square (he paced a room at the Metropolitan Museum to arrive at the dimensions), for his painting studio. Every room has multiple views, every window is a door, even the central pane of the north-facing glass wall of the studio. "I like the idea," he says, "of structures that anchor the landscape in all directions, with no front or back." The views are of a panorama of forest and field remarkably like that of Deutsch's painting, *Landscape with Two Antennae*, finished two years prior to his buying the land. "Another boost for

A pine grove, *above*, shelters the group of concrete buildings, which include the house, at left, and the studio, right. *Below:* Deutsch's *Landscape with Two Antennae*. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* Deutsch had fabric woven to resemble plywood for his dining chairs. Orange-stained cedar frames the porch. The artist designed an open-plan kitchen, all in plywood. The forty-foot-square studio is lit by a wall of windows.



Deutsch chose plywood and concrete for their "cultural transparency"

the life-follows-art theory," he jests.

Much as Deutsch likes cross-country skiing and fly fishing, he insists that the country means nothing to him unless he can work. His guests are often left to their own devices during the day while he paints. At mealtimes, they gather around a dining room table with views of the kitchen, the screened porch, and beyond a fireplace to the living room. It is a total plywood environment, save for the heated concrete floor. Deutsch's furniture is an exploration



of intersecting plywood planes. Pushed together, the dining chairs form benches on either side of the table. Twin sofas and ottomans in the living room are upholstered in fabric he had specially woven to resemble plywood. "Furniture made out of anything else would be decadent next to walls of such a common material," states Deutsch, who collects no objects, only his friends' art. Offsetting the warmth of the wood are the master bedroom fireplace and bathtub in concrete pyramid block and the kitchen and bathroom surfaces tiled in Italian glass in shades of green and blue.

As committed as David Deutsch is to common materials and no-frills architecture, it is an opposition to mediocrity that fuels him. His compound is a strong statement and he is proud that it does not kowtow to any trend or taste—particularly, as luck would have it, that of the local tax assessor, who lowered Deutsch's taxes after noting his improvements as "temporary shelter." ▲

Committed though Deutsch is to no-fr

hitecture, it is opposition to mediocrity that fuels him



Deutsch's bedroom faces west, but morning light spills over the headboard-partition that screens the bathroom. A skylight enables the sun to accentuate the forms of the concrete pyramid block fireplace. A/D Gallery in New York commissioned Deutsch's standing desk, which he made out of lawn furniture materials. *Opposite:* Italian glass tiles cover the poured concrete tub and separate shower area.



"I love this room because it's otherworldly," says Anna Sui, *opposite*, in what she calls her Brian Jones jacket. A life-size mannequin of Diana Vreeland clad in Sui's new black denim pant-suit, *below*, presides over the all-red living room, with its ball-fringe window treatment, piles of pillows, and exuberant vintage metal furniture. Details see Resources.

Anna Sui Suits Herself



ANNA SUI'S LIVING ROOM revolution began quite by chance when the fashion designer's best friends, photographer Steven Meisel and Keeble Cavaco & Duka's creative director, Paul Cavaco, came over to visit. After ten years of living in a sea of clothing racks and filing cabinets, Sui had developed a longing for floors clean enough to walk on. "When Steven heard me musing about sanding the floors, he said, 'Wait a minute. Back up. You are *not* having a blond floor.' Paul insisted that it should be red," she recalls. "So after four agonizing weeks of living in rotating patches of the apartment, the floor was hand-stained red." The walls soon followed.

Then Sui bought books on decorating and started collecting "whatever my eye and heart were drawn to"—pillows, miniature tin-can furniture, even a dining room set. The centerpiece of the living room is Greer Lankton's mannequin of the late Diana Vreeland. Mrs. Vreeland changes outfits for every party and sports new looks for every season.

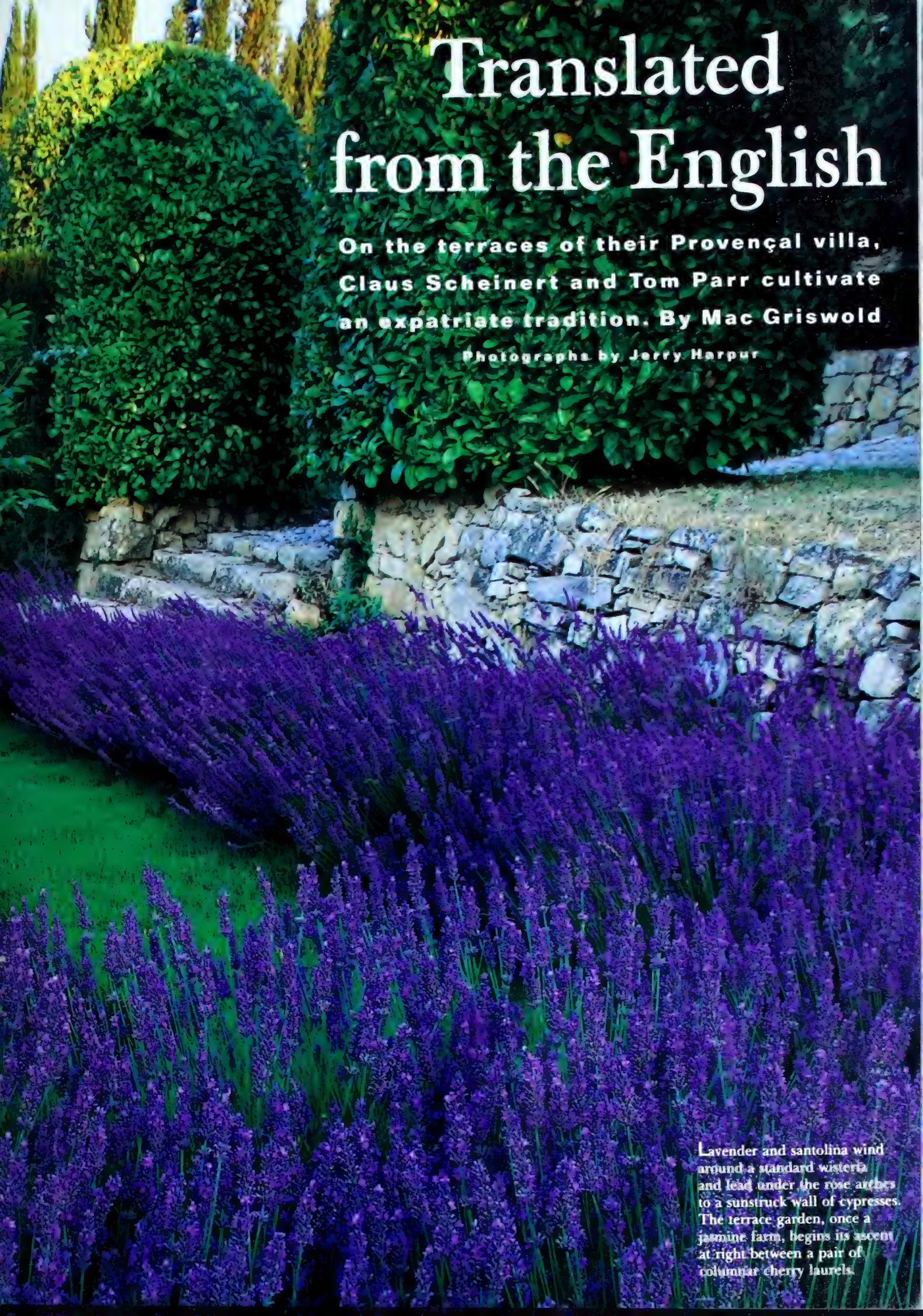
"I always joke with my married friends, 'Would your husband let you live in a house like this?' " Sui says. "But I don't have to answer to anybody—and for the moment this is everything I love!" **Wendy Goodman**



Translated from the English

On the terraces of their Provençal villa, Claus Scheinert and Tom Parr cultivate an expatriate tradition. By Mac Griswold

Photographs by Jerry Harpur



Lavender and santolina wind around a standard wisteria and lead under the rose arches to a sunstruck wall of cypresses. The terrace garden, once a jasmine farm, begins its ascent at right between a pair of columnar cherry laurels.

AT THE RISK OF BEING called an Anglomaniac, I have to say only the English have mastered the art of gardening in Provence," wrote Ernest de Ganay about sixty years ago. His readers were French, and the 1936 issue of his imposing folio-size periodical, *La Gazette illustrée des amateurs de jardins*, was devoted to the celebrated gardens of the Côte d'Azur. Most were created in the first thirty years of this century, many indeed by the English, who, never having learned how to keep their houses warm, came for the mild winters. There were great gardeners among them, such as the American expatriate Lawrence Johnston of Hidcote, drawn to the Mediterranean coast by the chance to grow things that would not flourish in damp sunless England. The ravishing plants they introduced are now used by every gardener in Provence. The English arts and crafts trick of balancing a garden design between romance and practicality, between castle and cottage, has never been bettered. Profound—if unlikely—echoes can still be heard today.

Profound—if unlikely—echoes of English arts and crafts gardens can still be heard in Provence



Claus Scheinert, ex-Münchner, ex-businessman, stands in the gardens of La Casella, the domain he and Tom Parr, the chairman of Colefax & Fowler, the English decorating firm and fabric house, have created in Provence. Around him lie restrained patterns of white roses, gray and green santolina, and lavender—shades of the marchioness of Salisbury's plantings at Cranborne Manor. Above him pale climbing roses spray through the olive branches the way they do in the far-off apple trees of Sissinghurst. As neat, bright, and restless as a cockatoo, Claus explains how he learned about English taste, gardening here for the first time in his life beginning in 1985. (His teacher, of course, was Parr, who knows nothing about gardening but everything about taste.)

"Tom always says to his clients, 'Suitability, suitability, suitability,' " announces Claus, "but I always want to try everything." It is Tom Parr's kind of bravura British reticence that Ernest de Ganay remarked on at the Villa Eléonore-Louise, Lord Brougham's retreat near Cannes, which was a hundred years old by the time Ganay wrote. He called it a "gentleman of a garden, with irreproachable taste, whom one constantly wishes to consult."

Besides making use of Tom's ability to say no to the inappropriate, Claus also read madly, observed constantly, and took lessons (and cuttings) from the canonical gardens of the region, especially those at the Villa Noailles, La Mortola, and La Chèvre d'Or. "In six years you can learn to be a doctor, if you work day and night," says Claus, who has applied somewhat the same tactics to his education as a gardener.

La Casella (The Little House), a warm apricot copy of the Hermitage de Pompadour at Fontainebleau, is the work of Robert Streitz, a follower of the architect Emilio Terry. Like every other self-respecting villa on these south-facing hills, it came with a garden and a sunning terrace. On the steep slope next to the salon lay a modest heap of planted retaining walls, topped with a square of strident tea roses. A thirty-foot-tall slab of cherry laurel, as thick and final as a tombstone, blocked the western view over the adjoining weedy terraces. Once they were a thriving jasmine farm that sold flowers to nearby perfumeries.

Tom did the house, sweeping away partitions and filling the rooms with Colefax & Fowler in an astringent mode—more Beau Brummel than flowered chintz—as befits such a neoclassical miniature. The original garden spaces around the house became extensions of the rooms they adjoined, and Tom altered their proportions, widening the main terrace and paving the precipitous little entrance court with a flat wheel of cobblestones, with a reflecting pool for a hub and brick patterns for spokes.

Meanwhile, Claus burst through the cherry laurels to "his" garden. For months he had waited silently, or nearly silently, while various well-known garden gurus fooled around unsuccessfully with the terraces.

On the lowest terrace, *opposite*, English gardening with a Provençal twist marries lavender, roses, and santolina with orange trees and potted agapanthus. *Above:* Seen from an upstairs window of the villa, the cobblestone wheel in the entrance court is set with brick spokes around a hedged reflecting-pool hub.





Cannonballs of green santolina cover the ground under a medlar tree and a superb 18th-century pot from Anduze. *Solanum jasminoides* and plumbago extend the blue and white theme of lower terraces to the summit of the garden. Tiled village rooftops lie below.

This is the sort of place Ernest de Ganay once called a "gentleman of



rden . . . whom one constantly wishes to consult"



Roses spray through olive branches as they do in the apple trees of Sissinghurst

Now it was his turn. The terrace he found himself on, midway down the hill and nearly level with the house, became the main garden path. Graced with a wall fountain, cypresses, benches, and a statue for a terminus, it is known today as the Myrtle Walk because of the handsome standards of *Myrtus communis* in viridian pots. But even these pots are not as green as the grass that miraculously floors this allée, kept as lush as any lawn in Kent by the local golf course greenskeeper, whom Claus cajoled to work at La Casella as well.

Now each of the eight terraces has its own garden—from the top, where a wisteria-clad pergola and the old jasmine farm water tank hint at coolness, to the bottom, the most jazzily Côte d'Azur-ish of the designs. There the long English-colored wall of lavender, roses, and santolina looks down on another lawn—spiced with a double row of orange trees. Agapanthus, lily-of-the-Nile, raises its little trumpets, whose blueness mimics lavender. Such exoticism is a reminder that lavender is just as Provençal as it is English and that the English themselves are exotics here, as they have so often been elsewhere. Several hundred years of successful imperialism made them flexible if nothing else; they have made "English gardens" from Poona to Cape Town, using whatever grew best.

What makes a garden English then? Claus knows; he has been colonized too. He is, of course, still methodically "dividing the sheep from the coats," as he says in his German accent, discovering what needs water and what drowns in the dense clay. But his Teutonic taste for orderly magnificence has diminished. Though the cobbled walk of the rose garden runs straight as an arrow under its arbors, halfway along it there is a sudden blip. An old plum tree whose surface roots stretch to the middle of the terrace has been spared: the cobbles skirt it, and the rose 'Mrs. Herbert Stevens' wreathes its head. Even if Claus doesn't yet know all his Latin botanical names, he *has* mastered the ultimate English gentleman's accomplishment, which is to make the rules and then break them—gracefully. ♠

The entrance court, *above left,* designed by Tom Parr, is bejeweled with white daturas and the blues of plumbago standards and pickerel weed. Claus Scheinert discovered the 18th-century stone elephant in Nice. *Opposite above:* Echiums, the delphiniums of Provence, and pale pink *Erigeron mucronatus,* a fast-spreading wild daisy, frame a tumble of planted walls above La Casella's west terrace. *Opposite below:* Roses climb high in a grove of olive trees seen from the terrace overlooking the south view.







Life on Location





Mario Testino trains a fashion photographer's eye on the rooms he lives in

By Rhoda Koenig

Produced by Amicia de Moubray and Susan Goldberger



FASHION PHOTOGRAPHER MARIO Testino is arranging his next assignment abroad. "Yes, yes," he says, "but what time do the shops open?" Whether he is shooting models striding across the white Egyptian sands for *GQ* or posing Adonises in sports jackets for *L'Uomo Vogue* in his native Peru, he hits the markets as soon as his work is done. The results are apparent in his London and Paris flats where the mixture of antique and modern and the rainbow spectrum combine, as Hamish Bowles, style director of *Harpers & Queen*, puts it, "in an incredibly mad, eclectic way."

"Some people ask, 'How can you put all these colors together?' " says Testino. "They think it would be too much. But when I come into the room, it looks very subdued."

That might not be everyone's opinion on seeing his London sitting room of pale blue, pale green, purple, emerald, yellow, and black, but there is no denying that the effect is cheerful rather than chaotic. "When I traveled with Mario to Peru," says Bowles, "his style suddenly came into focus. There they mix eighteenth-century religious mementos with Precolumbian textiles and twentieth-century ephemera."

The son of a businessman of Italian origin and a woman of Scottish and Spanish ancestry—"While I'm in London I have to go to Scotch House for my mother"—Testino grew up in Lima, where he studied at the American School. (In addition to English and Spanish he now speaks French, Italian, and Portuguese.) In 1974 he took off for college in southern California, but higher education didn't take. "I was a bit of a spoiled kid at the time, I guess." Two years later, at twenty-two, he turned up in London,

In Mario Testino's Paris bedroom a field of stars fit for a chapel ceiling—actually wallpaper by Osborne & Little—sets the scene for treasures gleaned from flea markets on three continents. Among them are a wooden shield from Cairo, tapestry panels and an arrow table from the Marché aux Puces in Paris, a 1930s hassock from a Left Bank shop, and golden ornaments from his native Peru. Details see Resources.

where "I just partied a lot," he recalls, until his parents came to visit and announced that after four more months of remittances he would be on his own.

Desperate to find some other source of income, Testino turned to photography, which he had studied in London to satisfy visa requirements. He started with pictures of his friends' children, then found his true métier, fashion. "I did photos for models and hairdressers. Then their clients would ask them, 'Who did this picture?' "

Some of those striking photos from the early 1980s were taken in a rather unusual venue. Returning home late one night, a set designer friend literally stumbled into the old Charing Cross Hospital, which had become a flophouse. An upper floor, however, was empty, and he found



that it was available. Testino, the set designer, and four other Peruvian friends went to live there, in fourteen vacant rooms, and he set up a studio painted in what Bowles calls Inca pink (and Schiaparelli dubbed "shocking").

Testino's photographs of boldly posed models before brilliantly colored backgrounds brought him to the attention of the Condé Nast magazines in Europe and New York. He moved to Manhattan in 1983 but found himself missing the easygoing life of Europe, so three years later he moved back to London and acquired a tiny flat in Paris as well. Both of his apartments show the preoccupation with intense color that suffuses his work, as well as his interest in amusing combinations of objects that create small-scale stage sets.

Indeed, he says the yellow satin

His apartments, like his photographs, are suffused with color

he dining room a Mexican
p wears a tartan shade, and
ortuguese cloth covers the
e. Testino, *opposite below*, is
n to flamboyant attire. When
enters his apple-green London
ng room, *opposite above*, with
ellow chair, emerald banquette,
Moroccan carpet, it suddenly
ns "very subdued," he says.





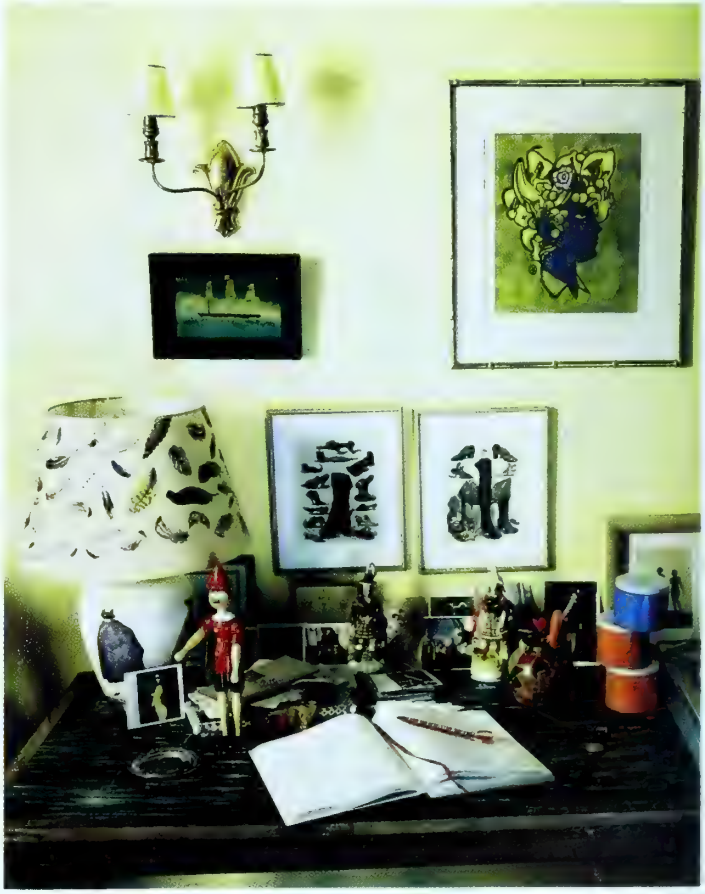
An Eric Bergère scarf for Lanvin is draped on the wall above a settee from the Marché aux Puces. The drawings on the screen are jewelry designs by Christian Lacroix.



For a curtain in his London flat, Testino added vivid Moroccan tassels to an old linen sheet, then hung it from a verdigris rod with a spike finial from Jerrystyle, NYC.



In the Paris apartment, cushions covered with Hermès scarves are piled in front of a Jan Baselli scarf design for Lacroix. Testino found the quirky candleholder in Nice.



Testino's desk lamp in Paris has a base by Clare Mosley and a shade made from an Hermès scarf. The large watercolor is a magazine cover design by François Berthoud.

chair in his Shepherd's Bush sitting room could have been a piece of theatrical furniture. The play would have to be *Murder in the Cathedral*—the chair, which looks like something for an archbishop to relax in, fits in with the other ecclesiastical touches in the room, such as a painting of Saint John and the Christ Child and a painted clay statue of a praying Mary Magdalene. The sinner can be identified by her shiny gold gown and bright red fingernails. "I bought her in the south of France, with Christian Lacroix. He has one as well." In Testino's Paris bedroom the pale blue walls with gold stars seem to have been taken from a chapel until you recognize the pattern as a fashionable wallpaper. The starry expanse, however, does serve as a backdrop for a wooden shield made for Egyptian festivals and a pair of needlework pictures of scenes from the New Testament.

Testino's style also has a slightly mystical touch: the unexpected mix of colors and materials—broken pediments made of wood and painted purple, for instance, top two sets of glass bookshelves—and the rich yet childlike quality of his art objects give one the sense of being inside a naive painting. A Madonna and Child in a painting from Peru look like puppets in feathered tricorns; tiny Mexican and Peruvian figures march across the mantelpiece in the bathroom. The surrealist style that is closely related to the naive is pointed up in the collection of black and white photos that cover the staircase wall, among them a portrait of Vivien Leigh by the British surrealist Angus McBean and a still from a Cocteau movie. But the real-life world of fashion is also represented, in Lacroix *(Continued on page 170)*



Flash and function are in perfect sync in a battered blue paint cabinet, *right*, with a rainbow of disks color-keyed to the original contents of the drawers. The oversize orange vase was a gift from Christian Lacroix; the books were handbound by Lady Sylvie Thynn to hold Testino's photographs. A matador portrait, above, sounds a somber note.

Haute couture meets flea market in Testino's witty juxtapositions



A hallway adorned with Colefax & Fowler taffeta curtains, an Empire chandelier, and Egyptian-style Swedish tables links the living and dining rooms. *Opposite above:* The roof terrace commands magnificent views. *Opposite below:* A 19th-century Austrian banquette in a Colefax & Fowler silk satin wraps around a corner of the living room. Details see Resources.



Chicago Georgian

Colefax & Fowler honors the period flavor of a stately 1911 house

By Pilar Viladas Photographs by William Waldron

Produced by Jacqueline Gonnet



FEW THINGS SEEM AS ALLURING TO Americans these days as that particular combination of elegance and informality, of the effete and the old-shoe—Sheraton sideboards and Aunt Fanny's armchairs—that characterizes the English country-house school of decorating. Just ask Imogen Taylor, the doyenne of Colefax & Fowler, the London firm that virtually created the style. The times being what they are, Taylor's growing American client list has taken her "from doing stately homes in England to doing new houses in Florida." Alas, few of those new house owners arrive with the several generations' worth of family treasures that you find in England. Often, says Taylor, "there's not one stick of furniture, and you've got fifteen or twenty rooms to work with."

In the case of this house in Chicago, however, Taylor and colleague Pierre Serrurier were blessed with clients who are, as Taylor describes them, "besotted with everything to do with houses and furniture." The couple live outside Chicago and have been Colefax & Fowler clients for more than a decade. They are avid collectors and on any given week are very likely to be found prowling the shops of Paris antiquaires or calling Taylor from Tokyo to ask her to look at something at a dealer's in London. The husband admits to "an enthusiasm for Mr. Chippendale's furniture," while the wife's particular passion is English and European porcelain.

When their two sons reached their teens, the couple began to look for a pied-à-terre and soon set their sights on one of the older private houses in town—a 1911 brick Georgian, four stories tall and one room deep, designed by the Chicago firm of Holabird & Roche. When they bought the house, however, its once-elegant interiors were a rabbit warren of tiny rooms, attesting to their use over the years as, among other things, doctors' offices.

So the Chicago firm of Hammond Beeby & Babka was hired to return the house to its former glory. With Thomas Beeby as director of design and Gary Ainge as principal in charge of the project, the architects gutted the building. Then, save for a few minor alterations, they restored the rooms to their original configurations and replicated elements such as moldings and the winding staircase, all in accord with the original drawings, which had been given to the Chicago Historical Society.

For the decorators the task of filling these once-again-dignified rooms was an ideal project—Colefax & Fowler, after all, has pulled into shape many houses for the couple, whom Taylor lists "among my most favorite clients." This, one suspects, is not something the no-nonsense Taylor says about just anyone—and she has worked with a great number of clients in her forty-two years with the firm. But her relationship with this couple is a collaborative one, built on a shared love of beautiful things. It began when the couple asked Taylor to help furnish a room around a rug they had bought. "I realized the rug was all wrong for the room they had it in," she recalls, "so I gritted my teeth and said I really couldn't work with it." To her surprise, they rolled up the rug and sent it to storage. "We still have it," says Taylor, her use of the plural pronoun attesting to the strength of this decorator-client bond. "It's still waiting for the perfect place."



The 1911 brick Georgian house, *above,* was recently gutted and restored according to its original plan. *Opposite:* The living room showcases the owners' collection of antiques, including three George III armchairs attributed to Thomas Chippendale and a painted Directoire stool.

Quite a few of the couple's prized purchases found the perfect place in these urbane rooms, which are a bit dressier than the country-house look dictates because they are used for formal entertaining. In the entry hall a serpentine-backed love seat, an illustration of Thomas Chippendale's versatility, is covered in a welcoming toile. Cream walls and wall panels with neoclassical motifs evoke an airy Swedish feeling. Swagged curtains of blue and cream striped taffeta frame the windows and a pair of Louis XVI armchairs are painted white, emphasizing the lightness of the room and accenting what Taylor calls the "doll's house" quality of the spaces—"small in scale, elaborate in detail."

In the living room on the next floor there is further evidence of Chippendale mania: three George III armchairs and a camelback sofa are all attributed to the cabinetmaker. The few new upholstered pieces were made in England. Explaining that English upholstery is less overstuffed than its American counterparts, Serrurier admits "it requires some getting used to for Americans," who take the idea of sinking into a sofa or chair a bit too literally. As in the entry hall, color is a unifying element here. The pale sea-green ground of the Aubusson carpet is repeated in the cushions of an Empire bench, the silk taffeta fringe on the curtains, and even the seashell-painted Flight, Barr & Barr urns that adorn the mantel. The walls of the room were given a soft yellow finish for what Taylor describes as a "golden honeyed look," which makes the most of the room's natural light.



Golden honeyed walls make the most of the natural light



The dining room is papered with a hand-blocked reedition of a Directoire design by Mauny for Colefax & Fowler. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* An Adam period torchère and Louis XVI chair in the entry hall; François Boucher drawings above an English side table displaying Austrian porcelain. A Flight, Barr & Barr urn, c. 1830. Imogen Taylor and Pierre Serrurier of Colefax & Fowler.

The rooms have a doll's house quality—small-scale but elaborate











The husband admits to an "enthusiasm for Mr. Chippendale's furniture," while the wife's passion is European porcelain

The hallway connecting the living and dining rooms attests to the decorators' ability to orchestrate diverse objects into a pleasing whole. French doors with yellow silk taffeta curtains, an Empire chandelier, and a pair of exotic Swedish tables in the Egyptian style create a grand transitional space. In the dining room the decorators' use of their own hand-blocked wallpaper—a trompe l'oeil of gathered silk in warm golds—was, says, Serrurier, prompted by the tones of the Aubusson carpet the clients had bought for the room. A Russian chandelier, circa 1810, complements Regency chairs and a table often set with imperial Russian plates.

In the master bedroom the coved ceiling was raised to accommodate a four-poster hung with striped and flowered silks. The higher ceiling gives the room a certain grandeur in spite of its "doll's house" scale, and the récamier and Portuguese needlepoint carpet suggest a nineteenth-century aura. Taylor and Serrurier have seen to it that every part of the house has a historic and aesthetic feeling all its own, yet together the rooms are woven into a seamless fabric. Thanks to Colefax & Fowler, the English country-house look can go to town, so to speak, without sacrificing a bit of charm. ♠



In the entry hall, *above*, a marbleized floor, painted wall panels, and striped taffeta curtains create a classical backdrop for a gilt Chippendale sofa in a Colefax & Fowler toile. *Right:* The ceiling was raised in the master bedroom to accommodate a Colefax & Fowler four-poster hung with silk. The French silk taffeta curtains bring out the rosy tones of the Portuguese needlepoint rug.





PICASSO'S ALCHEMY



An emblematic self-portrait lurks in *Palette, Candlestick, and Head of Minotaur,* 1938, *top. Table with Loaves and Bowl of Fruit,* c. 1908, *opposite,* was based on figures in an early sketch, *above.*

EVEN THOSE OF US WHO THINK WE know the artist's work by heart will find the magnificent still-life exhibition "Picasso and Things," at the Cleveland Museum of Art through May 3, a revelation. (The show will later be seen at the Philadelphia Museum of Art and the Grand Palais in Paris.) To my mind, no other artist in history bestowed so much life and mystery on inanimate objects. Take the 1938 painting *Palette, Candlestick, and Head of Minotaur*: at first sight an arbitrary assemblage of studio props, it turns out to be an allegory of psychic torment. A sunburst of Van

THE ARTIST MAGICALLY TRANSFIGURED THE STUFF OF EVERYDAY LIFE INTO PERSONAL ALLEGORIES

BY JOHN RICHARDSON





Gogh–like brushstrokes lights up the darkness with clashing colors that ring out like an alarm bell warning of carnage. The painting smolders with Picasso's anguish at the Spanish civil war, which prevented him from visiting his dying mother in Barcelona. The sculpture of the Minotaur's head is a grim portrait of the artist in the appropriate guise of the mythical monster to whom maidens had to be sacrificed—a fate in store for both his current mistresses. And the placement of the palette on top of the book refers to Picasso's return to painting after having largely abandoned it for writing two years earlier. Not that his indulgence in apocalyptic verse ceased for very long.

However innocent they seem, Picasso's still lifes should never be taken at face value. The artist was a master at eroticizing the bric-a-brac of everyday life—keys, mirrors, and doorknobs especially. In one of his earliest still lifes, painted in 1906, he plays off a phallic porrón (the spouted earthenware vessel from which Spaniards drink jets of wine) against a pair of breastlike jars. Such sexually explicit puns might seem crass were they not executed with consummate artistry and skill.

No other artist in history bestowed so much life and mystery on inanimate objects

"God is really another artist like me," Picasso boasted to one of his mistresses. What he and God apparently had in common was the ability to metamorphose one thing into another. Picasso saw himself as a sort of Pygmalion, except that he could go one better: he could turn women back into objects, a feat that greatly endeared him to the surrealists. If we compare the great *Table with Loaves and Bowl of Fruit,* painted around 1908, with an early sketch, we can catch him in the act, watching him miraculously transform a group of figures around a table and their maid into an arrangement of loaves of bread and a fruit dish.

These anthropomorphic powers stood Picasso in good stead when he wanted to express his feelings about the women in his life. If a wife or mistress was in favor, he might allegorize her as a classical bust (the Pygmalion syndrome again) or a bowl of peaches ripe for nibbling or a cushion on which to lay his head. If out of favor, she risked being reduced to a heap of rubbish—a coat hanger for shoulders, long shabby gloves for arms, a gashed sardine

In *Still Life with Bull's Skull,* 1958, *opposite,* lilies of the valley commemorate May Day and the skull hints at massacres by the French in Algeria. *Above left: Table before an Open Window,* 1919. *Above right:* The closed window in *Tomato Plant,* 1944, painted during the liberation of Paris, may symbolize wartime confinement, while the plant is an image of renewal.





The printed word echoes in cubist still lifes such as *Notre Avenir est dans l'air*, 1912, *above*. *Below left: Still Life with Death's Head*, 1908. *Opposite: Bouquet of Flowers*, 1969, voluptuously suggests human anatomy.

can for a belly, and a cracked windowpane for a face. "Terrible for a woman to see in my work that she is on the way out," Picasso once told me—not without a certain pride in his ability to manipulate people pictorially.

No artist since the Renaissance has been more addicted to allegory than Picasso. In his conviction that art—his art—performed a magic function, he carried this device to outrageous new lengths. His allegories transcend symbolism; they alternately exorcise, seduce, or terrify; they even work shamanistically, sometimes to improve someone's circumstances, sometimes to put a hex on them. If Picasso painted so many stringed instruments, it was not to celebrate music, as seventeenth-century masters did; it was to play anthropomorphic tricks. He liked to explore the parallels between a mandolin and a woman's body—and not just the obvious protuberances and apertures either. Picasso was out to suggest that an instrument, like a woman, can be animated by skilled fingers in any number of ways, just as it can be abused or degraded by clumsy or malevolent ones. By sticking spikes through the back of a multimedia guitar, he also suggests that the tactile qualities of an instrument—or, by implication, of a woman—can be dangerous. Trust Picasso, too, to change the sex of the instrument by stressing its more masculine features.

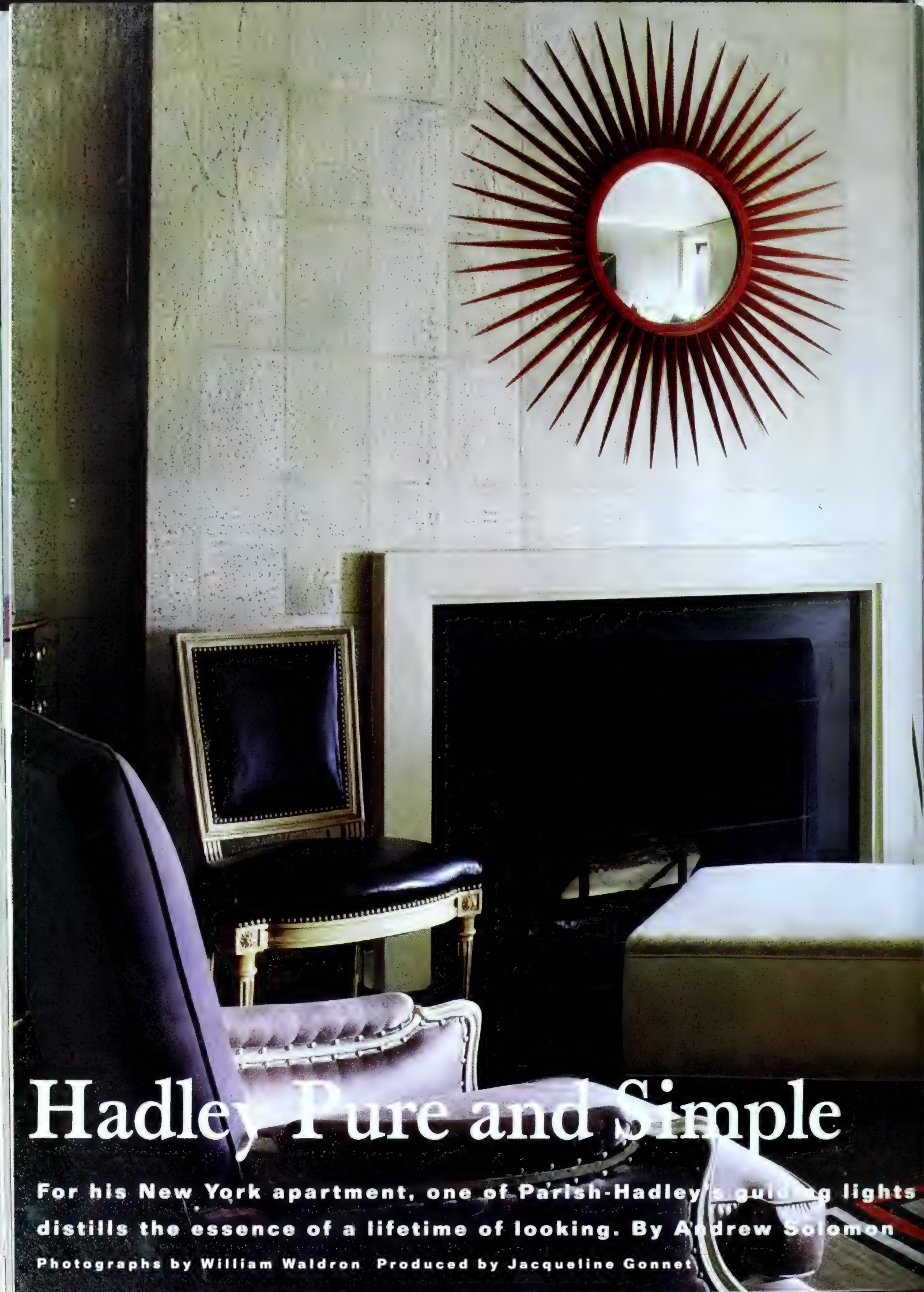
The more I study the artist's work, the more I realize how much of it is in code. Like all good codes, however, Picasso's is difficult to crack because it is constantly subject to change. The same sign can be read in contradictory ways. Take the jugs that proliferate in his still lifes. Not content with making the image of the jug as real as the real thing (as opposed to eye-foolingly realistic), Picasso almost always endows it with some transcendental meaning in accord with his feelings or an aspect of his life. Sometimes the jug stands for Picasso's beautiful pliant mistress Marie-Thérèse Walter, whose existence he wanted to hide from his jealous wife (and not only his wife: the girl was underage). Sometimes it is unmistakably male: the artist himself, lusting after the peaches in a neighboring bowl.



Picasso's still lifes transcend symbolism: they alternately exorcise, seduce, and terrify

Picasso was much obsessed by death. His fear made it a forbidden subject of discussion. Nevertheless its shadow falls across much of his work, where he fought to exorcise it—often in paintings that commemorate the deaths of friends. Sometimes he does this covertly, as in 1926, when he memorialized Juan Gris's demise in the large grisaille painting *Milliner's Workshop* (the only explanation I can give for this seemingly inappropriate subject is that Gris's wife was a couture saleswoman). However, these commemorations usually take the form of a vanitas, a traditional emblem of transience. The savagely colored *Still Life with Death's Head* of 1908 was painted after Picasso had found the body of a young German friend—a painter who had squandered his early promise on hashish and opium—hanging in the window of a neighboring studio. Some compatriots unjustly blamed Picasso for this tragedy. This and the guilt that suicide generates account for the eerie still life in which a human skull is set against a studio background of paintings, palette, and brushes. *(Continued on page 170)*





Hadley, Pure and Simple

For his New York apartment, one of Parish-Hadley's guiding lights distills the essence of a lifetime of looking. By Andrew Solomon

Photographs by William Waldron Produced by Jacqueline Gonnet



Restraint is the hallmark of Albert Hadley's living room with its silver-leaf tea paper wallcovering from Roger Arlington, dark gray blinds, and simple comfortable furniture. The writing desk was a gift from Billy Baldwin. Mark Sciarrillo designed the mirror and coffee table. Details see Resources.



IT IS THE WAY OF MOST DECORATORS to indulge in their own houses those extremes of their taste that are too extravagant to foist on clients. I have been in many such residences and have found them draped with extraordinary quantities of chintz or crammed with ornaments and bibelots or lit like grand opera or reduced to an almost polar starkness. But what Albert Hadley has carried to an extreme in his own apartment are restraint, simplicity, clarity of line, and purity of composition—an extreme version of his style, to be sure, but an extreme of moderation. No client would tolerate quite such exaggerated modesty, such carefully calculated resistance to drama, such an absence of spectacle.

Hadley speaks fondly of his garden at his country house in Southport, Connecticut. "Not too many flowers," he remarks. "A green garden can be the most lovely." His Manhattan apartment is in its way just such a green garden, in which the beauty of what might otherwise go almost unnoticed rises shimmering to the surface. I arrived on a chilly day; he had just lit the fire, and we sat in his small living room. The whole apartment is in tones of gray, white, and black with flashes of red. The light was slanting through the charcoal Venetian blinds at the far end of the room and glinting in soft polished reflections from the silver tea paper on the walls. The fire was casting long shadows across the cloud-colored rug with its crimson tracery. In the hallway the walls glowed the lacquer hue of Diana Vreeland vermilion.



He is animated by the simplicity around him



The effect was not of that intense and overbearing self-consciousness typical of monochrome or duochrome rooms. Wherever Hadley sat, he looked like part of a perfectly composed photograph. He was animated, not neutralized, by the simplicity around him. It has been said of great dancers that there is no awkward angle, no ungainly movement; so, too, in Hadley's apartment the perspectives work from every point. You could roll on the carpet or float just below the ceiling, and everything would still order itself into unassuming symmetries.

The technique is buried. There are attractive things

In the living room, *opposite*, an angular Noguchi lamp and a painting by Helene Fesenmaier complement the polished curve of a 19th-century English chest of drawers. *Right:* Hadley in his glossy red hallway with one of Richard Hambleton's shadow pictures. *Above:* A 19th-century Italian mirror in the study reflects a German art deco bookcase with the kind of "quirky personality" that Hadley prefers to weighty provenance.



pleasantly arranged, but the secret of their relationships to one another is obscure. As we walked from room to room, Hadley explained the work he had done: "Here I moved the living room wall in six inches so that the structural beam, which had been half in the living room and half in my study, was entirely in my study. Here I blocked in a window that seemed unnecessary. Here I moved the door over five and a half inches to line up with this door. Here I built a closet so that I could get an even run of surfaces going through the hallway. Here I put the sink where the door was, and the shower where the bathtub used to be." Wandering through the apartment, you can't quite believe it was worth the effort to adjust every room by fractions of inches. Yet you are also unable to account for the clarity and calm of your passage from one space to another. "There's nothing special here," Hadley says. "It's all stock material and it took just three months."



Like the portrait of Elsie de Wolfe and the photographs and postcards tacked up in the study, *opposite*, Alexander Liberman's gouache *V* has personal associations for Hadley; his colleagues at Parish-Hadley bought it for him at the Diana Vreeland estate auction. *Above:* The bedroom continues the gray, black, and white palette, with a red blanket for accent. The Louis XVI side chairs belonged to William Odom of Parsons School of Design, where Hadley once taught. *Left:* Bedside table, with a sculpture by Karl Springer.

Though Hadley has some stunning antiques, he also has less precious custom-made pieces. "I'm not interested so much in the museum quality of an object as I am in its integrity and aesthetic dynamics," he says. "To me it's much more interesting to have things that have a kind of quirky personality than to have furniture made by particular makers or distinguished by unusual provenances." But like his partner, Sister Parish, he is enough of a romantic to love objects with associations: "Being asked to create interiors from scratch for people who have no possessions and bring nothing along, you feel that there has been no life before." Almost all of his own belongings are laden with personal meaning. The writing table in the living room was a gift from Billy Baldwin. "Billy had found another one he liked better, so he called me and said in the most offhand way, 'You don't have to have it if you don't really want it, but I just thought you might like it.' It was the first real piece of furniture that I had in my apartment in New York." An Alexander Liberman gouache hangs on the wall, a simple painted V from the Vreeland estate sale held two years ago at Sotheby's. "I was sick at the time of the sale," Hadley recalls. "Someone in the office said, 'If you were going to the sale, what thing of Diana Vreeland's would you rather have than anything else?' And I said, 'Well, I don't really want anything, but the thing I've always liked a lot is this V.' The people in my office all got together and bid on it, and they gave it to me as a present."

One feels, talking to Albert Hadley, that he must have been most frequently the listener among the great personalities he has known; he does not bludgeon you with the power of his own personality as Billy Baldwin or Mrs. Vreeland would have done. As a decorator, too, he is at his best when he is responding to difficulties and pleasures, overcoming what must be overcome and celebrating what should be celebrated. He is more an editor than a creator—but to be a *(Continued on page 170)*



AMERICAN

The distinctive rococo high chests, wing chairs, and teapots made on America's eastern seaboard in the quarter century before the Declaration of Independence are embedded in our collective consciousness as domestic icons with the emotional connotations of national family heirlooms. But sometimes the most recognizable objects can be among the least understood. A case in point is demonstrated in an important exhibition that traces the transatlantic migration of

By Martin Filler

ROC



O C O

the dominant decorative style of the mid eighteenth century. "American Rococo, 1750–1775: Elegance in Ornament," on view at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art through May 17 (before traveling to the Los Angeles County Museum of Art this summer), offers a long-needed examination of one of the most intriguing episodes in the international transmission of taste. Almost 175 examples of furniture, silver, gold, architectural elements, porcelain, glassware, and ironwork as well as maps, books, engravings, picture frames, wood carvings, textiles, and even firearms are strikingly displayed to highlight the various ways in which the sinuous S-curves of rococo style affected every aspect of the man-made environment.



Thus to be informed so forcefully, as this show does, of the essential Englishness of those designs—often called American Chippendale—is to understand just how radical the subsequent break with the mother country was. "We're not waving the flag to say we're better or different," says Morrison H. Heckscher of the Metropolitan's American Wing, cocurator of the exhibition (and coauthor of the absorbing catalogue, distributed by Abrams) with Leslie Greene Bowman of the Los Angeles County Museum. "Instead, we're asking the question of how the decorative arts reflect the mercantile theory of Great Britain, which was to take raw materials from its colonies and sell them back as finished goods."

Indeed, colonists' resistance to high import duties imposed by Britain to pay off its debts resulting from the French and Indian War (which ended in 1763) stimulated the luxury goods industries in the American settlements. But even some of the future leaders of the Revolution were apt to follow the stylistic lead of London. In 1765, Benjamin Franklin wrote from the British capital to his wife, Deborah, in Philadelphia, where their new house was being decorated: "Let me have the breadth of the pier, that I may get a handsome glass for the parlor." That mirror would have been in the English rococo taste (crisper, weightier, plainer, and more vigorous than its French precursor), for even as strains be-

hese domestic icons are America's family heirlooms



Mahogany settee, *right*, Boston, 1765–85. *Far right:* Silver teakettle on stand, by Joseph Richardson, Philadelphia, 1745–55. *Above right:* Gilded white pine picture frame, Boston, surrounding J. S. Copley's 1767 portrait of Nicholas Boylston. *Preceding pages:* Entrance hall, Van Rensselaer manor house, Albany, 1765–69, installed at the Metropolitan Museum.

tween England and America worsened—about 1770 bans on British wares were forced on merchants by rebellious subjects in the four biggest colonial cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston—London remained the glass of fashion.

English pattern books like Thomas Chippendale's *The Gentleman and Cabinet-Maker's Director* of 1754 made it possible for native craftsmen to approximate the most sought after designs (albeit in different woods and well after they first appeared). What the American entrepreneurs could rarely attain, however, was the technical expertise of their London counterparts. Not surprisingly, the most skilled silversmiths and furniture makers in early America were émigrés from England who could do the difficult detail work like delicate silver piercing and chasing and intricate high-relief woodcarving with a finesse beyond the limited capabilities of local journeymen (many of whom outside the cities were first of all farmers and pursued their crafts only part-time, in the fallow months).



Philadelphia high chest, 1762–75, *above*. The mahogany side chair, Boston, 1765–85, *below right*, is a virtual copy of the c. 1750 English side chair, *below left*. *Below center:* Engraved cabinetmaker's trade card by James Smither, 1769.

There are amazing displays of that virtuosity in "American Rococo," including a lacy silver basket made in New York about 1754–69 by Daniel Christian Fueter (a Swiss who came via London). But what American-born craftsmen lacked in manual dexterity they often made up in strength of conception. A circa 1745–55 silver teakettle on stand by the Philadelphian Joseph Richardson is a masterly composition, alive with animal energy from its firmly planted feet to its alert bird's-head spout. Though not as complex as its likely London prototype of 1744–45 by the celebrated Paul de Lamerie, this design is bolder and more satisfying as a whole. And when called upon to copy from less elaborate English pieces—as was often the practice in conservative, literal-minded Boston—the results could be astonishingly close, as in the mahogany side chair of about 1765–85 based on a circa 1750 English model. Placed side by side, as they are in this highly instructive exhibition, they are virtually indistinguishable.

The opulence coupled with decorum that is the hallmark of the American variant of rococo tends to mask one little-remembered function that many of those objects served. After the colonists passed the point of subsistence, they needed ways to invest and protect their newfound wealth. For the first few generations, land and the buildings on it fulfilled that need quite adequately. But real estate was not a quickly disposable asset, and in the absence of banks and stock exchanges precious metals became a favored security. The major social ritual of the age was the taking of tea, and silver services were an ideal way of displaying affluence. Emblazoned with engraved coats of arms and monograms that proclaimed pride of ownership while identifying them as family property, those teapots, cream pots, sugar dishes, slop bowls, strainer spoons, and tongs were the focus of upper-class entertaining and therefore became a status symbol that could not escape the detailed notice of polite society.

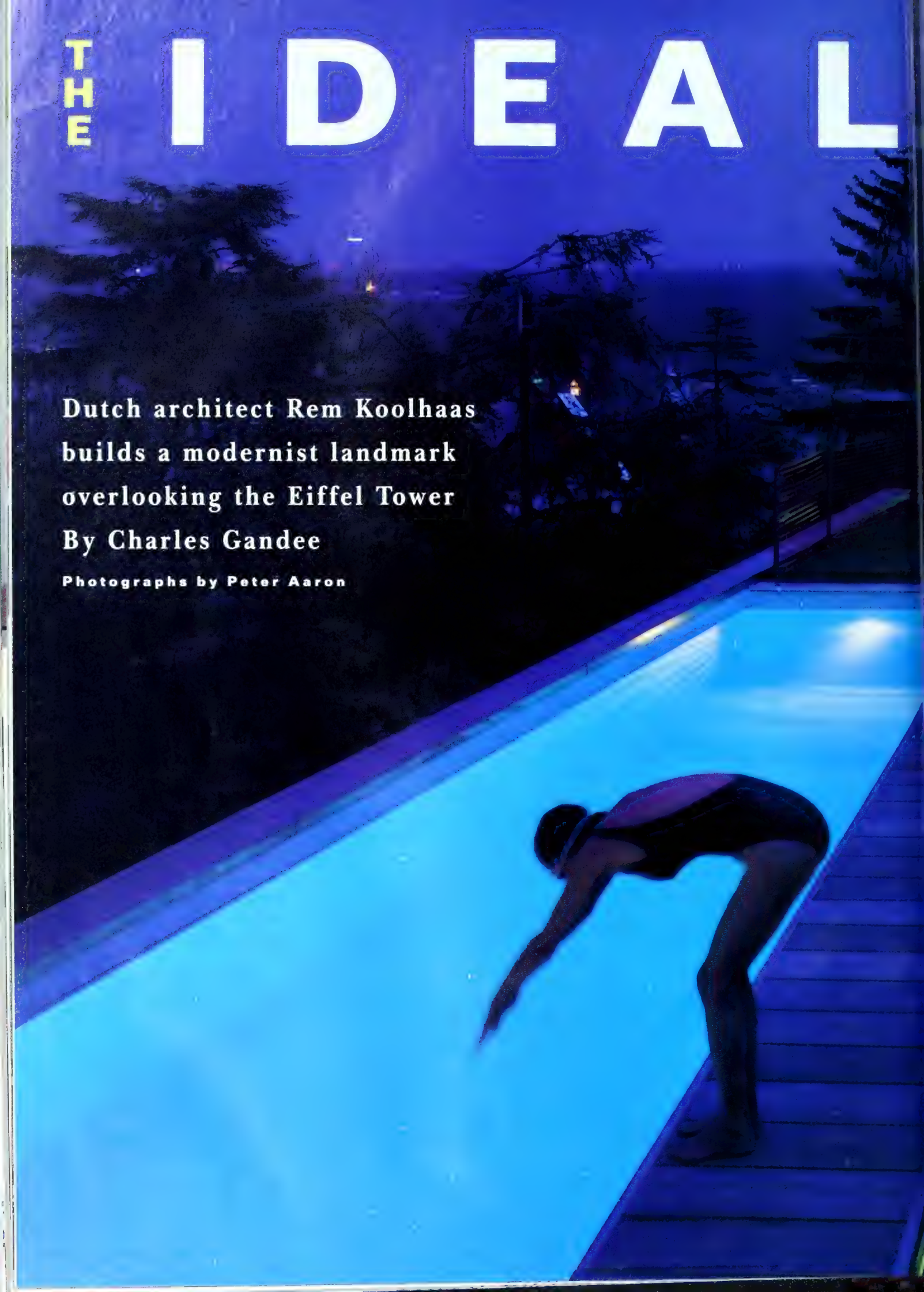
Fanciful engraved bookplates were a similar way of marking prized volumes, kept behind locked doors in tall bookcase desks that were among the most characteristic furniture types of the American rococo. Many of those library pieces were surmounted by a scroll pediment centered with a carved wooden bust of a great thinker—John Milton and John Locke were popular subjects—much in the same way that series of busts decorated full-scale English libraries. As books became more plentiful, the older custom *(Continued on page 172)*







THE IDEAL



Dutch architect Rem Koolhaas builds a modernist landmark overlooking the Eiffel Tower

By Charles Gandee

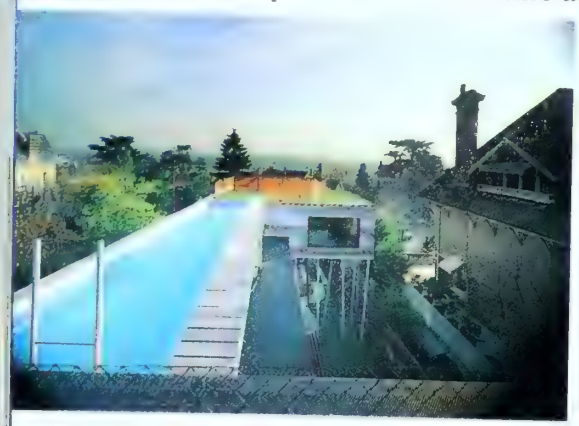
Photographs by Peter Aaron

VILLA



A surreal rooftop swimming pool with a view worthy of Magritte crowns Koolhaas's Villa Dall'Ava. Details see Resources.

FIVE YEARS AGO, IN THE DEAD OF WINter, I flew to Rotterdam, a place I would not recommend in the dead of winter, to meet Rem Koolhaas, a tall, gaunt, Ingmar Bergmanesque man who became an architectural cult



hero in the late seventies when he published *Delirious New York: A Retroactive Manifesto for Manhattan,* which depicted a sensuous vision of ecstatic modernism—picture Le Corbusier on LSD, picture the Empire State Building in bed with the Chrysler Building. Although Koolhaas seemed more inconvenienced than impressed by my pilgrimage, he did oblige (somewhat grudgingly) with a guided tour of his Office for Metropolitan Architecture, best known as O.M.A., which included a preview of drawings and collages for a house to be built just



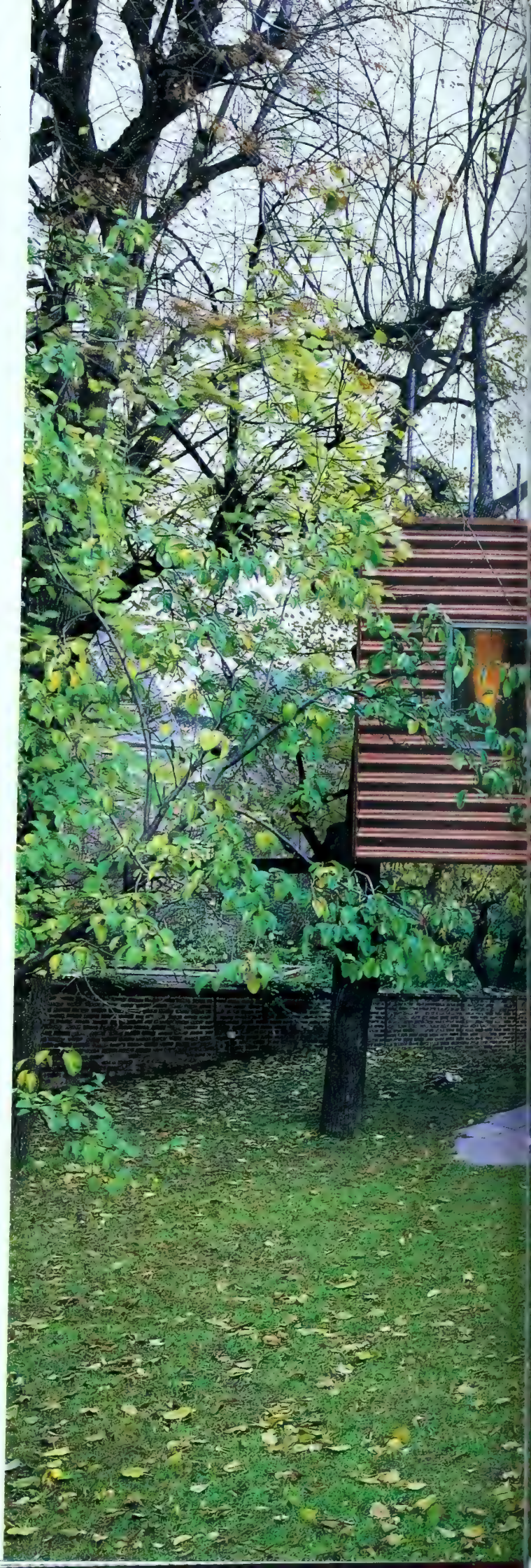
outside Paris. The house was called the Villa Dall'Ava, and at the time it struck me as the most beautiful house I had ever seen.

The Villa Dall'Ava is now finished. And it is still the most beautiful house I have ever seen.

The husband and wife, a publisher and a psychologist, who commissioned the villa asked for three things: a swimming pool, a lot of glass, and an architectural masterpiece. Regarding the latter, the husband told me: "We didn't want just a beautiful house, we wanted something that adds to history, if possible. So our models were Le Corbusier, Kahn. It is very difficult to find a contemporary architect of this caliber." But the publisher and the psychologist were determined. So they looked and they interviewed—in France, in Japan, in Switzerland, in



Koolhaas's ultramodernist concrete, steel, and glass machine à habiter: from the roof, *top left;* from the driveway, *center;* from the street, *left;* from the garden, *right.*













Although the Villa Dall'Ava's material palette is hard and, at times, even rough, the effect is more magical than menacing, *below* and *bottom*.

"We didn't want just a beautiful house, we wanted to add to history"

Italy, in the U.S., and, of course, in the Netherlands. They chose Koolhaas, who responded to their four-page post-interview plea for genius with a note that read, "OK. Telephone me." Signed "Rem."

Koolhaas is like that. Lean. Abrupt. Direct. Not lacking in self-confidence. I recently caught up with him over breakfast in Paris after visiting the Villa Dall'Ava for the fourth, and probably the last, time. (Now that construction is complete, the owners have sworn themselves to privacy.) I wanted to talk about the house. But Koolhaas did not. "I have an incredible fatigue with describing my own work," the forty-seven-year-old architect said with a sigh of existential impatience, and then, in impeccable French, he ordered the waiter at the Ritz to bring him scrambled eggs and bacon. I persisted. Koolhaas stuck to his silent guns, allowing only that "reaction to the house has been euphoric," a piece of news that seemed worrisome to him. (One of the other exceptions Koolhaas made to his I-refuse-to-talk-about-my-own-architecture rule was what may have been an oblique reference to the three-year-long legal battle he and his clients had to wage with the neighbors, who were less than enthusiastic about welcoming a modernist masterpiece into their traditionalist midst. "Our initial exuberance was replaced by intense determination," recalls Koolhaas, who realized his design for the Villa Dall'Ava without a single concession.)

The euphoric reaction should not come as a surprise to Koolhaas. Or to anyone else, for that matter, who visited the construction site, where the graffiti covering the Belgian contractor's sign ran along the lines of "Je t'aime, Rem," with all the attendant hearts and arrows, scrawled by one enraptured admirer. After all, Koolhaas and his clients were intent on



The house's idiosyncratic details include, *opposite*, *clockwise from top left*, sliding bamboo screens; Swiss cheese–style plaster ceilings; a just-as-the-low-tech-plumber-left-it shower; and a tiny porthole that looks into the turquoise swimming pool.

building a new Mecca for a new modernism.

The difference between the old canonical modernism and the new Koolhaas modernism is the difference between Coco Chanel's Chanel and Karl Lagerfeld's Chanel. (This is an analogy Koolhaas will hate, but so be it.) In other words, modernism in Koolhaas's hands is insouciant, invigorated, enriched—celebratory. In other words, modernism in Koolhaas's hands is the ménage à trois of visual energy, spatial excitement, and an ultrasensual palette of materials and colors that demand not merely to be admired but also to be rubbed up against. If the word "modern" conjures up images of rigorous, disciplined, dry, stoic, abstract, anonymous design, Koolhaas is intent on redefining it. With images of surprise, delight, pleasure, joy, something approaching aesthetic salaciousness. As well as with images of surrealism, of course, such as the rooftop swimming pool with a view of the Eiffel Tower and, on a clear night, the Arc de Triomphe.

But down on the street there's discretion too,



as the house tries to hide from public view behind a preexisting masonry wall that Koolhaas restored. Once you enter through an electronic door in the wall, however, the house reveals itself. It soars like some sort of steel and glass cubist butterfly, hovering above a massive stone plinth dug into the sloping ground. A narrow path winds through a forest of sixteen tilted steel columns—grading from black to gray to white—supporting a corrugated steel box containing a wing for the couple's fourteen-year-old daughter. The front door is carved out of the stone base, which functions as *(Continued on page 172)*

A corrugated-metal box containing a child's bedroom suite, *left,* doubles as a canopy over the front door, carved out of a massive stone plinth. The forest of tilted steel columns supporting the box grades from black to gray to white. *Above:* Perforated metal screens can be slid open or closed for mystery or for privacy. The kitchen, *opposite above,* housed in a luminous plastic globe that recalls one of Isamu Noguchi's delicate paper lanterns, serves as a spherical divider, separating the dining area from a small library, *opposite below.*







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great ideas



PALIO PALETTE
A Richard Ginori plate with an Italian landscape is set off by festive Kosta Boda stemware and a pitcher. Two vases, bowl, and napkin ring from Barneys New York. Underplate and salad plate from Philippe Deshoulières. Flatware from Puiforcat. Knife rests from Christofle. Candlesticks and salt cellar from James II Galleries, NYC. Napkin from D. F. Sanders & Co., NYC. Fabrics from Clarence House. Details see Resources.

THE SUMPTUOUS AND SPIRITED MINGLE ON THE WELL-DECORATED TABLE

BY ERIC BERTHOLD



great ideas



SWEET TEA Spode's fruit-embellished dessert plates, *left,* trade golden hues with a Designers Guild fabric from Osborne & Little. Tea and coffee pots, basket, and, *above right,* flatware by Christofle. Sugar bowl and creamer from Marquis by Waterford Crystal. Napkins from ABC Carpet & Home, NYC.



CATCH OF THE DAY A Ginori soup bowl, Philippe Deshoulières plate and tureen, and Sasaki crackle-glazed charger celebrate the deep on a French picnic table from ABC Carpet & Home. Green-rimmed glasses from Barneys New York. Portuguese ceramic fish from James II Galleries. Burlwood-handled flatware from Sambonet. Wire basket, ceramic tree trunk vase, and napkins from ABC. A Brunschwig & Fils cotton covers the wall.



PALM PARADISE Lenox's palm-edged plate, a Fitz & Floyd bamboo-patterned charger, Puiforcat flatware, and Herringbone glasses from the Ralph Lauren Tabletop Collection form a breezy spread against Clarence House's Venetian Shade fabric. Napkin and satin napkin ring from ABC Carpet & Home. Palm candlestick from Tiffany & Co. Salt and pepper shakers from Christofle. Edwardian cruet from James II Galleries. Decorative crystal totems from Saint Louis. Bentwood chair from ABC Carpet & Home. The toile fabric on the table is from Cowtan & Tout. All flower arrangements are by Eric Landgraf Florist, NYC.

Life on Location

(Continued from page 133) jewelry drawings and a lampshade made from an Hermès scarf. "I think of things in relation to other things," says Testino, and the care with which he assembles the sets for his photographs also goes into his juxtapositions of objets, both donnés and trouvés. A chunk of marble incised with Egyptian hieroglyphs sits beside a tray of seals with classical motifs. A black kitchen tablecloth embroidered with stylized blossoms is complemented by a white cylinder covered with tiny flowers, which turns out to be a roll of paper towels.

In Testino's hands the real thing and its representation play off each other in subtle ways. A pair of sconces in the form of two feathers tied with a bow is echoed by a pair of curtain tiebacks made of feathered tribal headdresses from Colombia. And over the bathroom sink Mario Testino sees himself—but everyone else sees him too: instead of a mirror there is a portrait of Testino's smiling face. It's his way, he says, of staying young forever. ♠

Hadley

(Continued from page 152) master editor is to achieve something of great moment; it is, in the end, to create.

Hadley's study is dominated by an enormous pinboard covered with scraps of the glamour in which he has lived. At the center is a portrait of Elsie de Wolfe. "After I bought it," he says, "I had Lady Mendl look at it, and she said, 'I didn't sit for that; it was done for a newspaper, and the damned fool, flipping through clippings, got Anne Morgan's head on my body. But I'll tell you that it's a portrait of me and that will make it much more interesting and much more valuable.' " There is a photograph of the famous Yves Saint Laurent patchwork satin wedding dress, with its endless trailing veil, worn by a mannequin without a face; a postcard of an Elizabethan miniature by Nicholas Hilliard known as *Young Man among Roses*; a Horst photograph of Nancy Lancaster's drawing room at Haseley Court. There are snapshots of Hadley's garden in Southport and of his godson, and there is a large and spectacular photograph of Mrs. Vreeland, clipped from an ancient copy of the *Times*. All these items are held in place with hundreds of red pushpins.

"New York is still glamorous," Hadley muses. "When I arrived here, people lived at a slower pace but were faster, and perhaps smarter, in their attitudes. On the other hand, I don't feel that my life is fragmented, perhaps because I really don't do very much. And if you can hold out against being jaded—yes, New York is still glamorous."

Hadley seems in no danger of being jaded. "Have you seen the new windows at Tiffany?" he asks, then waxes lyrical. "Have you seen the new show at the Cooper-Hewitt? I shall go back again later in the week." He is full of startling ideas. "I don't really like living here," he says in quite an offhand way. "I'd rather live in a loft, but there are none in this neighborhood, and if I lived downtown, it would take me forever to drive to Southport. Still, I love big spaces and grand scale. You can have bigger ideas in bigger spaces. It's so glamorous and so European to live in one large room, as Niki de Gunzburg always did."

"I dream of a loft that would not be anything like this at all," he continues. "But I suppose if I had a loft, it would take on the continuity of nuttiness that one projects." The last sentence doesn't ring quite true. There is something careful about Albert Hadley. He has eccentricities but he is not nutty, and his loft would not be nutty. What his loft would take on is not the continuity of nuttiness but the continuity of space, of architectonic design, of elegance, and, perhaps most of all, of absolute and utterly unaffected self-assurance. ♠

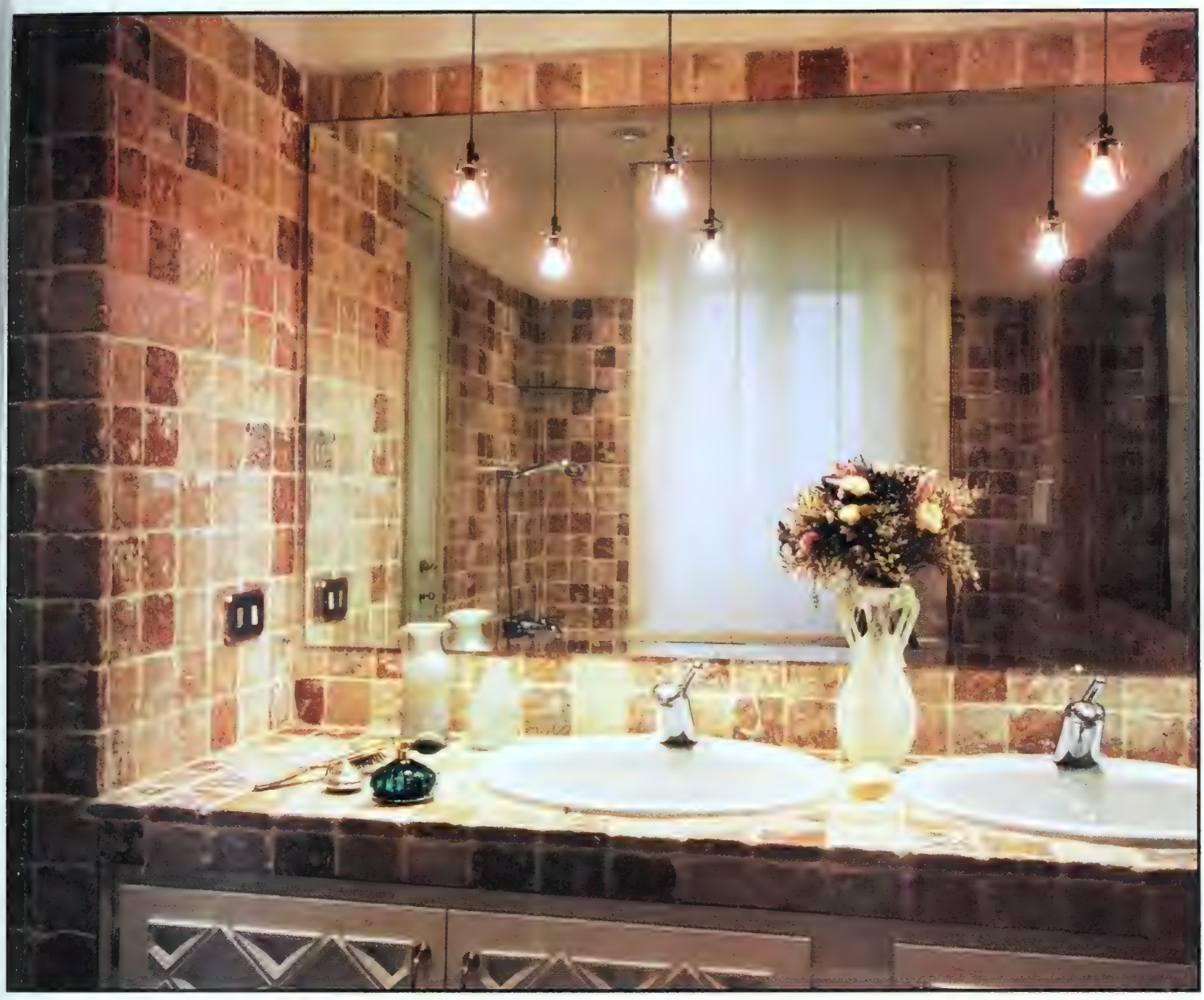
Picasso's Alchemy

(Continued from page 146) Appropriately, this work was bought four years later by the Russian collector Serge Shchukin, who had recently lost several family members to suicide. Decades later the reappearance of a skull—this time a steer's—marks the death of another friend and collaborator, the Catalan sculptor Juli González.

Although he fiercely denied any religious belief, Picasso frequently derived inspiration from his Catholic heritage. Since his forebears included several eminent clerics (among them a seventeenth-century archbishop of Lima and a nineteenth-century hermit) and since he himself had been trained to be a painter of religious subjects, Picasso instinctively knew how to appropriate the power of sacred art and apply it to secular themes. In the same way he knew how to appropriate the magic fire of tribal sculpture. Hence his ability to inform simple everyday things—clay pipes, absinthe glasses, cigarette packs—with the presence and power of a chalice or an African fetish. Even a still life that evokes the meager fare of wartime Paris—an unappetizing coil of blood sausage, two artichokes, and the dried-up remains of a Camembert on a kitchen table—turns out to have a sacred source. Picasso told me that the drawerful of writhing knives and forks ravening at the food were inspired by memories of Spanish devotional paintings of souls in purgatory imploring God for mercy.

As well as a dark side, there is a bright side to Picasso's still lifes. Time and again happiness shines through, usually when he gets back to his beloved Mediterranean. What could be more life enhancing than those paintings of tables piled with objects, silhouetted against the open window of a bedroom on the French Riviera? Beyond is nothing but a calm sea and a cloudless sky. During both world wars the windows are always closed, as we see in *Tomato Plant* of 1944, painted while Paris was being liberated. The closed window evokes the claustrophobia of the Occupation, but the sturdy plant symbolizes hope and regeneration as well as something good to eat. Paintings like this point up the futility of the French phrase for still life, *nature morte*. No wonder Picasso hated it. His "things" are anything but dead. ♠

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Domesticating Art

(Continued from page 98) to let such concerns preoccupy him: "Going to Cooper was a full-time undertaking. I dropped everything else and completely submerged myself." Fortunately, his four-year education occasionally extended beyond the studio. Susan, whom he had met before entering Cooper Union, jokes, "I was his first-year teacher." She was actually running a video company, a business she had helped launch after majoring in art history at Barnard.

As newlyweds, the Menils remained in the same Manhattan apartment François had had as a student, but they eventually realized that those quarters were too cramped for family life. François designed and directed the renovation of their present apartment while completing the statutory three-year internship that followed his graduation. Appropriately, the last firm he interned with before opening his own practice was Nagel & Lesser, one of whose partners, Bruce Nagel, had been Charles Gwathmey's senior associate for Menil's own East Hampton house. Because Menil was not yet a registered architect when his apartment was being designed, Nagel signed the project drawings as architect of record.

The three houses Gwathmey did for Menil have all been sold, having served what turned out to be their ultimate role: catalysts for transforming a patron into an architect. Aided by Susan de Menil's business acumen, François's small practice is thriving. Current projects include a chapel in Houston and an arts center on Long Island. Like the New York apartment, they display a confidence rarely associated with firms just starting out. But then, François de Menil is no mere beginner. His architect's eye has been trained by a lifetime of looking, and the process of learning through collecting goes on. ♠

American Aristocrat

(Continued from page 110) Lord, whose marvelously undated East Hampton house was such a delight for me to see last spring, wakes up every morning in a bedroom that speaks of the charm of working for many years with an old friend who is also a great decorator. The room is entirely blue and white. Shaped blue and white trompe l'oeil rococo wall panels decorate the spaces between the windows and doors. A white carpet and white shutters add sparkle and work with white-painted bamboo-turned tables and shelves filled with shells, and a pair of Victorian dressers, also painted white. There are eighteenth-century French chairs alongside bamboo Regency chairs and a bed made up in blue and white linens. Everywhere you look there are lamps and objects and pictures that form a varied collection of the decorative arts. The arrangement is strict and orderly but not spare; as in every George Stacey interior, comfort and beauty matter more than any amount of eye-catching monkey business. The kidding around is saved for the conversation, which, after all, is always better in a beautiful room. ♠

American Rococo

(Continued from page 157) of laying them sideways on shelves was replaced in the 1760s by standing them upright to gain space. That change in turn affected binding design, and less effort was given to decorating the covers. But what was in those books, often the works of the French philosophes who fired the revolutionary spirit, was soon to have consequences that would sever America's aesthetic ties to England along with its political ones.

Within a generation of the outbreak of the revolutionary war in 1775, the London look would be superseded by the first identifiably American style. The curving lines, undulating surfaces, deep carving, and dark woods of the rococo gave way to the straight lines, smooth surfaces, inlaid motifs, and light woods of federal furniture. Loyalist supporters of the British who went back to England took with them their American possessions, which stylistically would have made the transition with ease. But the rococo pieces that remained here became so closely identified with America's origins that they now seem as indigenous as our version of the English language. ♠

Ideal Villa

(Continued from page 164) foyer and provides two routes to the living, dining, and kitchen area above: a circular stair, if you're in a hurry, or a 52½-foot ramp, if you're in the mood for something more ceremonial. Upstairs, overlooking the garden, is a glass pavilion reminiscent of Philip Johnson's 1949 Glass House, which is to say it is reminiscent of almost every house Mies van der Rohe ever designed. The difference, however, is that Koolhaas has a hand that deals in diversity rather than consistency, which explains the terrazzo floor, the perforated plaster ceiling, the built-in plywood bookcases (which double as room dividers), the luminous plastic globe encircling the kitchen. There's also the suggestion of luxe in the yellow silk curtains, which, when closed, completely transform the room: you feel as if you've gone from a fish tank set down in the middle of a garden to the inside of a ball gown. The requisite Mies daybed is perfectly positioned. As are the requisite Le Corbusier chairs. A metal stair leading up to the master suite, housed in a second corrugated metal box, interrupts the luminous space. To activate the sometimes-transparent, sometimes-translucent glass public rooms, Koolhaas installed a medley of robotized screens—made of bamboo, made of perforated metal—that function like some sort of elaborate László Moholy-Nagy construction. I asked Koolhaas if he knew Moholy-Nagy's *Light-Space Modulator* at Harvard's Busch-Reisinger Museum. "Unfortunately," said Koolhaas, with a Mona Lisa smile, "I know everything." ♠



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Resources

DESIGN
Page 46 Lazy River Stripe linen, 54" wide, $50 yd, Dot Dot linen, 54" wide, $60 yd, Lazy River Spot linen, 54" wide, $60 yd, all to order from Gregory Evans, Los Angeles (213) 874-5353 by appt

WORKROOM
Page 50 Les Silhouettes Limoges porcelain dinner and coffee services, handcrafted sterling coffee service with patinated engraving and ebony handles, by François-Xavier Lalanne for Artcurial, Les Phagocytes handcrafted silvered-bronze flatware, by Claude Lalanne for Artcurial, to order at Artcurial, Paris (1) 42-99-16-16, Munich (89) 294131

PEOPLE
Page 58, 60 Allegra Hicks furniture, to custom-order at Themes and Variations Gallery, London (71) 727-5531, Nicholas Haslam Interior Decoration Shop, London (71) 730-8623; Design & Decoration Building, London (71) 730-2353. **58** Vintage Afghan kilim cotton carpet, similar at Rug Tower, NYC (212) 677-2525. World Map wood/steel table, by Allegra Hicks, £2,300, at Themes and Variations (see above). **60** Mosaic Fish wood/steel table, by Allegra Hicks, £2,000, at Nicholas Haslam Interior Decoration Shop (see above)

FOOD
Page 78 Cast-iron enamel pot, by Le Creuset, for stores (800) 827-1798. Commodore sterling-silver flatware, by Christofle, for stores (800) 677-7458 **80** Evesham porcelain soufflé dish, by Spode, for stores (609) 866-2900

STYLE
Page 88 Louis Vuitton Cup Sport Collection bags from left. Sac Newport, Sac Cowes, Sac Long Island, Sac Fremantle, Sac San Diego (handbag), approx $350–$875 ea, at Louis Vuitton stores nationwide, for information (212) 371-6510

DOMESTICATING ART
Page 93 Annapolis wool/nylon on daybed, to the trade at Unika Vaev USA, for showrooms (914) 365-2500 **94–99** Antor wool carpet throughout, to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Troy, Washington, D.C.; George Alonso, Cleveland; Dean-Warren, Phoenix **94** Kolo Moser stool, chairs, desk, similar at Barry Friedman, NYC (212) 794-8950. Makore wood/stainless-steel bed and night table, designed by François de Menil, to custom-order from François de Menil, Architect, NYC (212) 765-8130. Cashmere blanket with silk border, from Pratesi, for stores (800) 332-6925. Passerelle cotton/linen on chairs and stool, from Knoll Textiles, division of the Knoll Group, for showrooms (800) 223-1354. Solano wool for curtains, to the trade at Donghia Textiles, NYC, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Interior Elements, Atlanta, Ostrer House, Boston; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Wendy Boyd, Denver; Telio & Cie, Montreal, Toronto, Judy Baer, Philadelphia, Susan Mills, Seattle **96** Annapolis wool/nylon on Stickley sofa, to the trade at Unika Vaev (see above) **97** Aspen ducale velour (shrunken cowhide) on armchairs, to the trade at Spinneybeck, for showrooms (800) 482-7777. Josef Hoffmann black/white vase and silver bowl on coffee table, similar at Galerie Metropol, NYC (212) 772-7401 **98** Otto Prutscher chairs, similar at Galerie Metropol (see above). Serpentine Stone custom-cut floor tiles, from Stewart Technical Sales, NYC (212) 687-1997 **99** Makore wood/stainless-steel bed and bedside table, designed by François de Menil, to custom-order from François de Menil (see above). Berenice halogen table/task lamp, from Artemide, for information (516) 694-9292. Round brass mirror in alcove, designed by François de Menil, to custom-order from François de Menil (see above). Covered canister in checked pattern, now available in steel lacquered in black or white, from Josef Hoffmann Vienna series, to the trade at Gullans International, for showrooms (212) 929-4883. Solano wool for curtains, to the trade at Donghia Textiles (see above). Mekong silk on Otto Wagner chair, to the trade from Rodolph, for showrooms (707) 935-0316. Zick Zack viscose on Josef Hoffmann chair, stool, to the trade at Ian Wall, NYC; Ernest Gaspard & Assocs., Atlanta; Ostrer House, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Todd Wiggins & Assocs., Dania; J. Robert Scott & Assocs., Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Richard Russell, Washington, D.C. Brass mirror over dresser in master bedroom, designed by François de Menil, to custom-order from François de Menil (see above). Kelly bags, at Hermès boutiques, selected Barneys New York stores, for information (800) 441-4488

TEX MIX
Pages 100–05 Decoration, by Greg Jordan Interior Decoration, 27 East 63 St. #1BC New York, NY 10021; (212) 421-1474. Upholstery, curtains, by Fabric Workrooms, Garland (214) 276-0999. **104** Chili pepper frieze, by decorative painter Patrick Moultney, NYC (212) 982-3691

ARTIST'S MATERIALS
Pages 112–17 Custom furniture, cabinets, built by artist Stephen Piscuskas, NYC (212) 644-0589

ANNA SUI SUITS HERSELF
Pages 118–19 Denim suit, from Anna Sui spring collection, jacket, $258, baggy jeans, $188, available in March at Bloomingdale's; Henri Bendel, NYC; Roz & Sherm, Bloomfield Hills. Handbag, by Jill Stuart for Anna Sui, $275, through Showroom Seven, NYC (212) 840-7277. Coffee table, similar at Shabby Chic, Santa Monica, NYC, San Francisco.

LIFE ON LOCATION
Pages 128–29 Coronata wallpaper, from the Romagna Collection, to the trade at Osborne & Little, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Designers Choice, Chicago; Boyd-Levinson & Co., Dallas, Houston; Design West, Dania; Shanahan Collection, Denver; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco; J. W Showroom, Philadelphia; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; Stephen E. Earls Showrooms, Portland, Seattle; Habert, Toronto; Richard Russell, Washington, D.C. **130** 1940s armchair, attributed to Jean Pascaud, similar at Encore-Encore, London (81) 960-5531. Victorian banquette, similar at George Sherlock, London (71) 736-3955. Custom-printed slubbed silk for curtain, based on an Osborne & Little design, by Neisha Crosland, London (71) 370-0618 **132** Curtain rod with spike finials, to order at Jerrystyle, NYC (212) 353-9480, Venice (213) 399-1633. Les Clés silk scarf for cushion, $215, Les Plumes silk scarf for lampshade, $215, at Hermès boutiques, selected Barneys New York stores, for information (800) 441-4488. Crystal églomisé vase for lamp, similar to custom-order from Clare Mosley, London (71) 498-2097. **133** Portrait, similar at Serge Mazières, Nice, (93) 26-05-06; Jean-Pierre Rouayroux, Montpellier, (67) 66-15-78

CHICAGO GEORGIAN
Pages 134–41 Decoration, by Imogen Taylor and Pierre Serrurier of Sibyl Colefax & John Fowler, 39 Brook St., London W1Y 2JE; (71) 493-2231, contact Emma Berry. Architecture, by Thomas Beeby and Gary Ainge of Hammond Beeby & Babka, 440 North Wells St. Suite 630, Chicago, IL 60610; (312) 527-3200. Fabric and wallpaper information, through Sibyl Colefax & John Fowler (see above) Decorative painting of landing, living room, dining room, trompe l'oeil marbleized floor in entry hall, trompe l'oeil paneled walls in bedroom, all designed by Sibyl Colefax & John Fowler, executed by Mark Uriu, custom trompe l'oeil panels in entry hall, by Sibyl Colefax & John Fowler, mounted onto trompe l'oeil paneled walls, designed by Sibyl Colefax & John Fowler, executed by Mark Uriu, all through Sibyl Colefax & John Fowler (see above)

HADLEY PURE AND SIMPLE
Pages 148–53 Decoration, by Albert Hadley of Parish-Hadley Assocs., 305 East 63 St., New York, NY 10021, (212) 888-7979. **148–49** Chinese Pewter tea paper (#MW-4), to the trade at Roger Arlington, NYC; Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta, Dania; Devon Services, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston, Kneedler-Fauchère, Denver, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle; Laurii Textiles, Toronto. Custom Sunburst wood mirror, Twisted Leg bronze table, bronze gourd, to order from Mark Sciarrillo, Southport (203) 366-3039. Hand-antiqued Tobacco Brown leather on two chairs (#MR634), to order from Roberts Leather Studios, NYC (212) 736-3717. **150** Isamu Noguchi handmade light sculpture (#UF4-J1), from Akari-Gemini, for dealers (805) 966-9557. **152** Painted tin light sculptures on mantel, by R. W. Russell, similar at Stubbs Books & Prints, NYC (212) 772-3120

THE IDEAL VILLA
Pages 158–65 Architecture, by Rem Koolhaas of Office for Metropolitan Architecture, Boompjes 55, Rotterdam 3011XB; fax (10) 411-41-95. **159** Chair 577, a 1967 Pierre Paulin design, made by Artifort, for information, Rosenthal Design Showroom, Dania (305) 922-7234. **161** Mies van der Rohe Barcelona daybed, from KnollStudio, division of the Knoll Group, for showrooms (800) 223-1354

GREAT IDEAS
Page 167–69 Flower arrangements, by Eric Landgraf Florist, NYC (212) 517-8810. **167** Acquarelli bone china plate, by Richard Ginori, $198 5-pce place setting, for stores (212) 213-6884. Porcelain underplate, $62, Oriental Pearl porcelain salad plate, $210 5-pce place setting, both by Limoges, from Philippe Deshoulières, for stores (212) 684-6760. Kosta Boda Bon Bon glasses, $110, $95, $110, pitcher, $185, for stores (609) 768-5400 Chatham glass vases, $135 ea, English glass bowl, $250, Murano napkin ring, $15, all at Barneys New York, for stores (212) 929-9000. Biarritz sterling flatware, $1,550 5-pce place setting, by Puiforcat, for stores (212) 684-6760 Boules silver-plated knife rests, $160 set of 4, by Christofle, for stores

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(800) 677-745-837. English Ridgway porcelain candlesticks, c. 1830, $2,150 pr, Victorian silver-plated/glass salt cellar, c. 1850, $350 pr, at James II Galleries, NYC (212) 355-7040. Roman numeral cotton napkin, $20, at D. F. Sanders & Co., NYC (212) 925-9040. Arabesque fibranne/silk on table and Montagnac rayon/silk on curtains, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. **168** Spode Golden Valley bone china, $600 5-pce place setting, for stores (609) 866-2900. Verona cotton on wall, from Il Veneto Collection, by Designers Guild, to the trade at Osborne & Little, (see above for pgs 128–29). Malmaison silver-plated teapot and coffeepot, $4,245 5-pce service or $990 ea, silver-plated basket, $430, Aria flatware, silver-plated with gold accents, $355 5-pce place setting, fork $65, dessert spoon $68, all by Christofle (see above). Saxony hand-cut crystal sugar bowl, creamer, $75 set, from Marquis by Waterford Crystal, for stores (800) 955-1550. Cotton/polyester napkins, $12 ea, at ABC Carpet & Home, NYC (212) 473-3000. Quenelle porcelain soup plate, $38, by Richard Ginori (see above). Caribbean Sea Limoges porcelain plate, $150 5-pce place setting, Limoges porcelain tureen, $260, both by Philippe Deshoulières (see above). Crackle-glazed plastic charger, $72 set of 4, by Sasaki, for stores (212) 686-5080. French folding picnic table, metal with cane overlay, $360, at ABC (see above). Scottish glasses, tumbler $30, goblet $60, at Barneys New York (see above). Portuguese hand-painted ceramic fish, at James II (see above). Radica silver-plated flatware with burlwood handles, $600 5-pce place setting, by Sambonet, for stores (212) 686-1311. Wire basket, $50, ceramic tree trunk vase, by Barbara Eigen, $50, rayon/polyester napkins, $3 75 ea, all at ABC (see above). Azulejos cotton on wall, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C., London. **169** Tosca porcelain plate, $165 5-pce place setting, by Lenox, for stores (800) 635-3669. Jungle Bamboo porcelain charger, from the Gaia Collection, $90, by Fitz & Floyd, for stores (214) 484-9494. Cardinale silver/gold-plated flatware, $1,000 5-pce place setting, by Puiforcat (see above). Herringbone cut-crystal glasses, birdbath $60, flute $39, goblet $39, from the Ralph Lauren Tabletop Collection, for stores (212) 642-8700. Venetian Shade cotton on wall, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Polyester/rayon napkin, $3 75, satin napkin ring, $3, at ABC (see above). Palm Tree sterling candlestick, $8,000 pr, from Tiffany & Co., for stores (800) 526-0649. Canelle silver-plated shakers, salt, $165, pepper, $330, by Christofle (see above). Edwardian silver-mounted glass cruet, 1901, Birmingham, England, $1,650, at James II (see above). Crystal totem ornaments, Le Pouce, $140, La Sirène, $200, by Cristal de France at Saint Louis, for stores (800) 238-5522. 19th-century Austrian bentwood chair, $350, at ABC (see above). Le Brun Toile cotton on table, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland, Minneapolis, Troy; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; Egg & Dart, Denver; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle, Primavera, Toronto.

ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE



Gandee AT LARGE

Betty Sherrill stands for FFF

"Everybody is talking about this recession and I'm embarrassed to say we've just had the best year we've ever had," confessed Betty Sherrill, president of McMillen, the venerable New York decorating firm founded by the legendary Eleanor Brown back in the twenties. And Mrs. Sherrill did indeed look the very picture of prosperity as she swept down the stairs of her Sutton Place duplex and into the lemon yellow living room where she directed me to a down-filled De Angelis sofa with a *Rhapsody in Blue*–style view of the 59th Street Bridge. Mrs. Sherrill took her seat in an upholstered side chair, and after smoothing out the creases in her mint green Carolina Herrera dress, she took a sip from a silver goblet, which is when I noticed the larger-than-life champagne diamond and the double strand of what appeared to be exceedingly good pearls. Mrs. Sherrill cautioned: "You must not squirt perfume on them." And what kind of perfume does Mrs. Sherrill not squirt on her pearls? "I like Schiaparelli's Shocking," she said. "And I always go to Paris to get it because it's much fresher."

"I'm not the Queen of Chintz, I'm not a fancy curtain person"

Which isn't so inconvenient, since Mrs. Sherrill is an admitted Francophile. "Paris is my favorite place in the world," she said, adding that the very foundation of McMillen is "FFF—Fine French Furniture." Although Mrs. Sherrill noted that the recent sale of the Keck collection at Sotheby's proves that FFF is "recession-proof," she did allow that "not everybody can afford an eighteenth-century piece." So Mrs. Sherrill and McMillen have gone into the reproduction business. "I am not against good copies," she noted. "We've done two collections with Baker since 1989, and we're now doing a third." McMillen's other commercial ventures under Mrs. Sherrill's leadership include fabric collections for Lee Jofa and Robert Allen, linen collections for Springmaid, and carpets for Stark. A McMillen decorating book currently in the works at Rizzoli will "explain to people how they can do it—not that they will necessarily be able to do it without a decorator." Queen Noor, Doris Duke, Henry Ford, and Marjorie Merriweather Post are among those who have opted for McMillen's services. But not just anyone, Mrs. Sherrill advises, can become a McMillen client. "I turned down Mrs. Helmsley for the house in Greenwich she was sentenced to jail for. She also dragged me up to her apartment at the Park Lane and said, 'Look at my antiques.' And I said, 'You have no antiques.'"



McMillen's Betty Sherrill.

"I'm not the Queen of Chintz," said Mrs. Sherrill emphatically. "I'm not a fancy curtain person." Nor is Mrs. Sherrill a fancy modernist person, especially when it comes to her favorite city: "I hate it that Mitterrand put that I. M. Pei thing in the middle of the Louvre. And I hate that ghastly thing Pompidou built. Everybody hates it. Don't you think it's the pits?" In addition to illuminating Mrs. Sherrill's stylistic preferences, the comment also revealed her habit of voicing strong opinions punctuated with rhetorical questions. Three examples:

- "I hate people who marry for money. Hate it. I think it's disgusting. Don't you?"
- "I hate to see people not fix their own flowers. Don't you think it's sad?"
- "Palm Beach has changed. It has gotten to be kind of Eurotrash. Don't you think?"

Mrs. Sherrill says such things with such speed and such certainty that you have to be lightning fast on your verbal feet to beg to differ. "You know me," she said. "You know I'm an absolutist—it's not gray, it's black or white." The more we talked the more it seemed clear that Mrs. Sherrill's aristocratic manner stems from a privileged childhood in New Orleans, where she was the doted-on daughter of an architect turned engineer who "ended up building roads and bridges and things like that all over the world." But the charmed life hit a hiatus in 1949, when Betty Stephens decided to marry Wall Street tycoon-to-be Virgil Sherrill. "My father didn't want me to get married, didn't want me to come up to New York, and he thought if I had a hard hard time, I'd come home." Instead Betty said good-bye, for a while, to her made-to-order suits from Hattie Carnegie, her Jaguar roadster, her Chris-Craft, and her very own little low-wing Fairchild plane—and hello to a job as Eleanor Brown's assistant. "Fifty dollars a week and glad to have it," she recalls. And how did Mrs. Sherrill rise from gofer to president of a firm she calls "not very big but the biggest"? Says Mrs. Sherrill, "I'm hardheaded, I'm persistent, and I like to think I'm a little talented."

Charles Gandee

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Oscar de la Renta's Glorious Garden

The Private World of the Hudson River Valley

An Old-Fashioned House in the Woods

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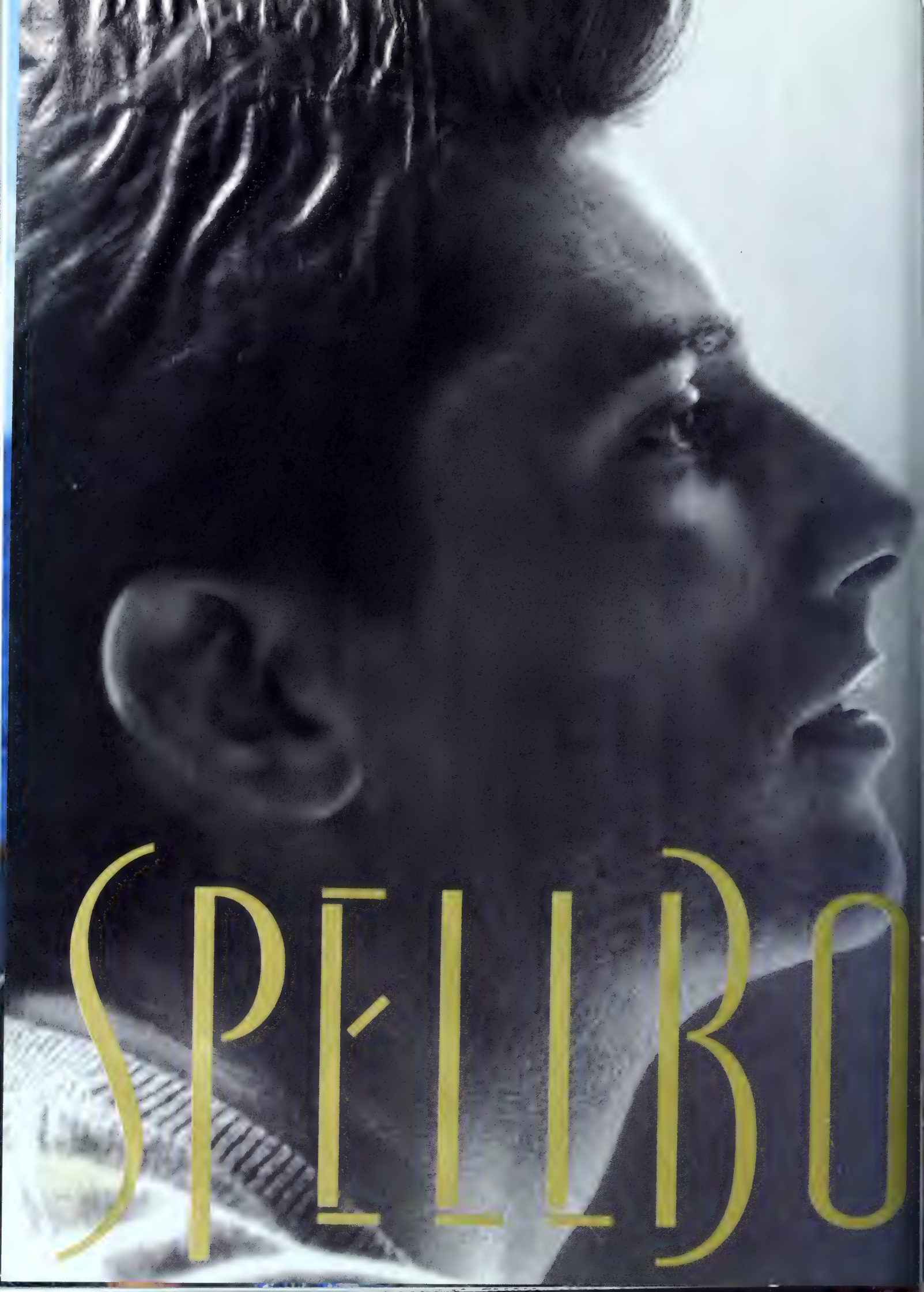


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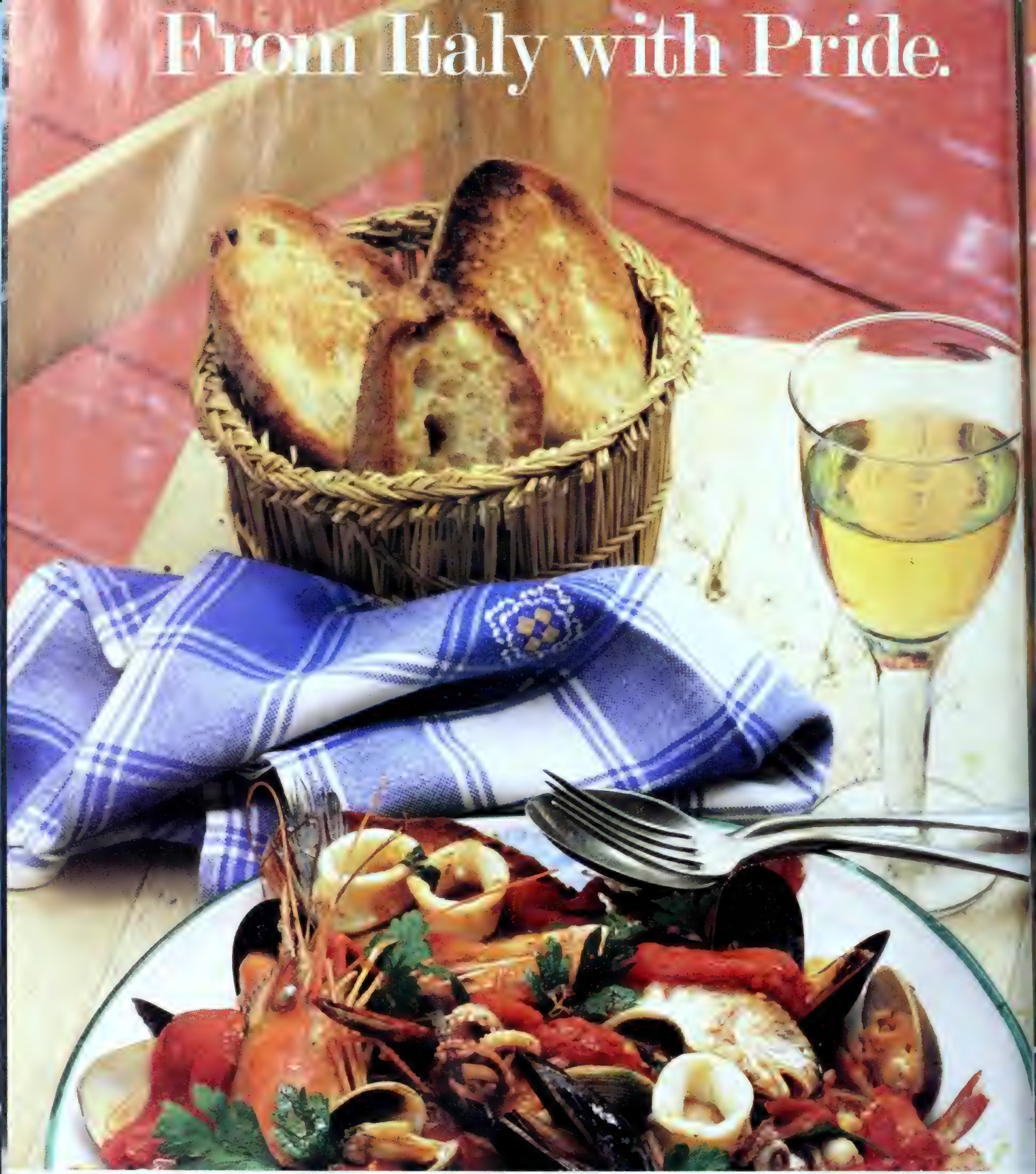
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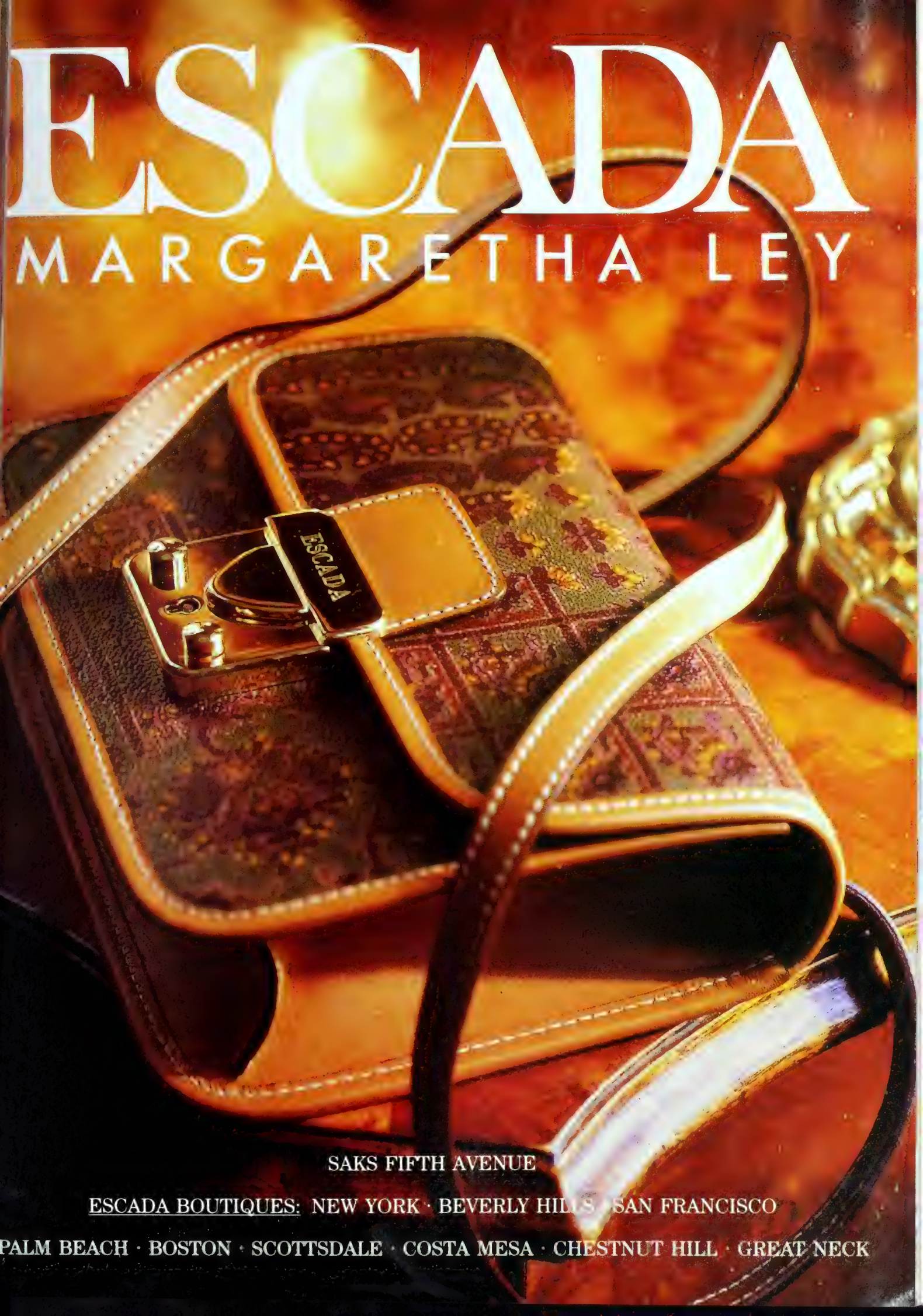


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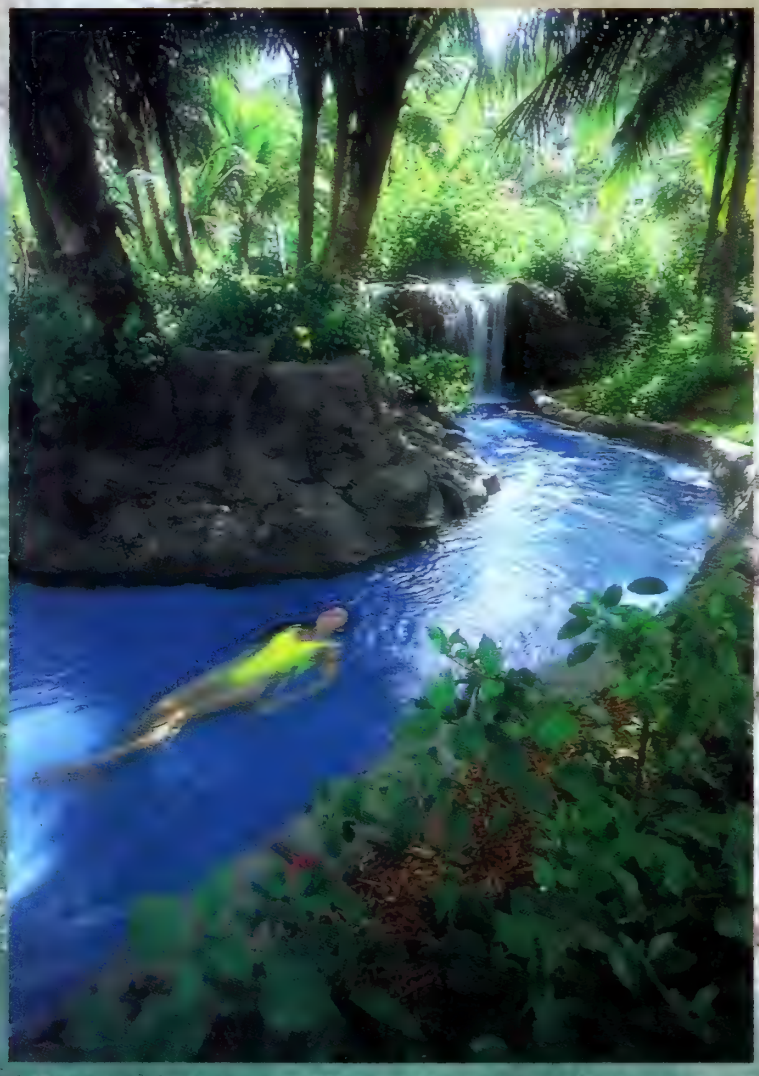
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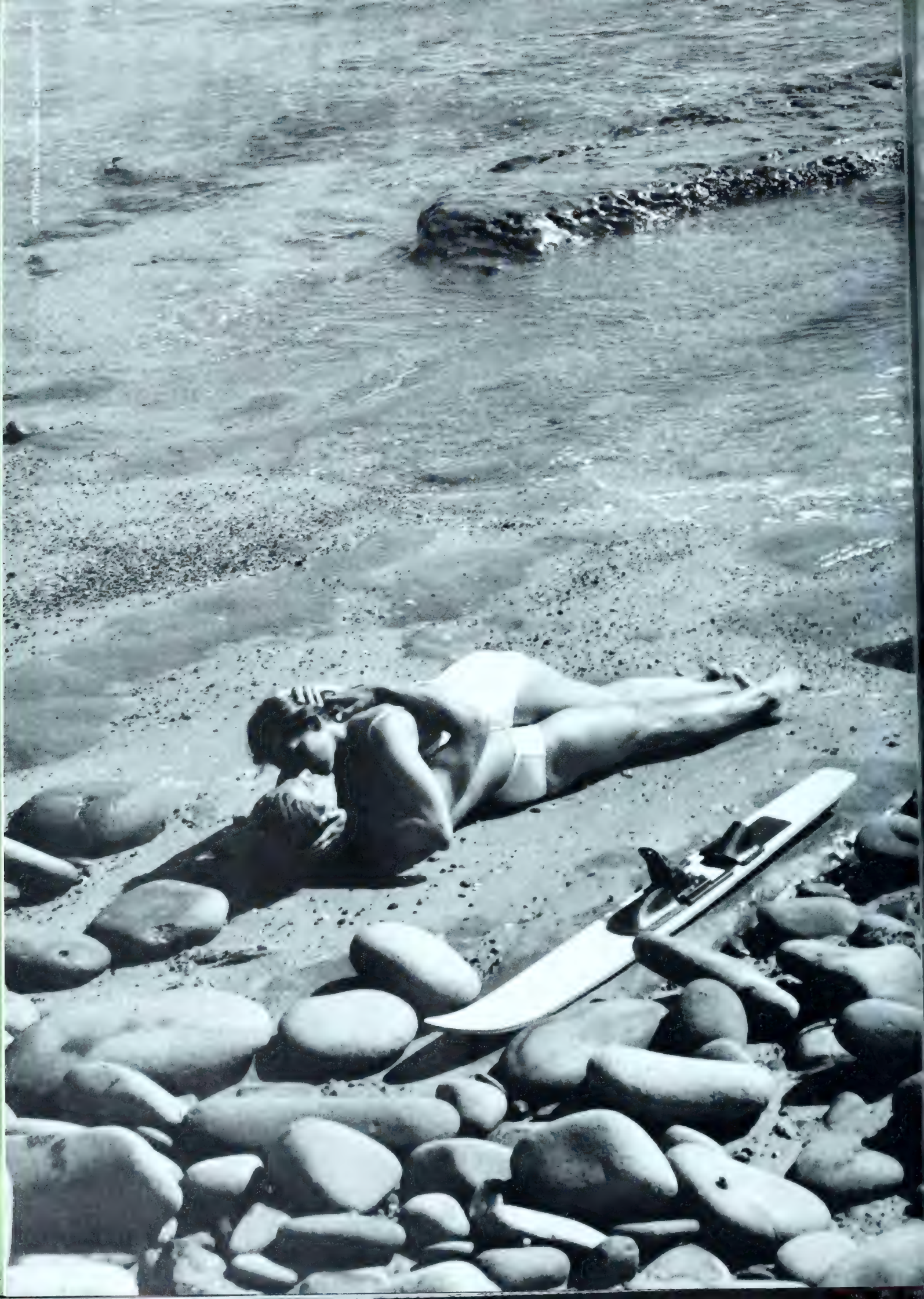
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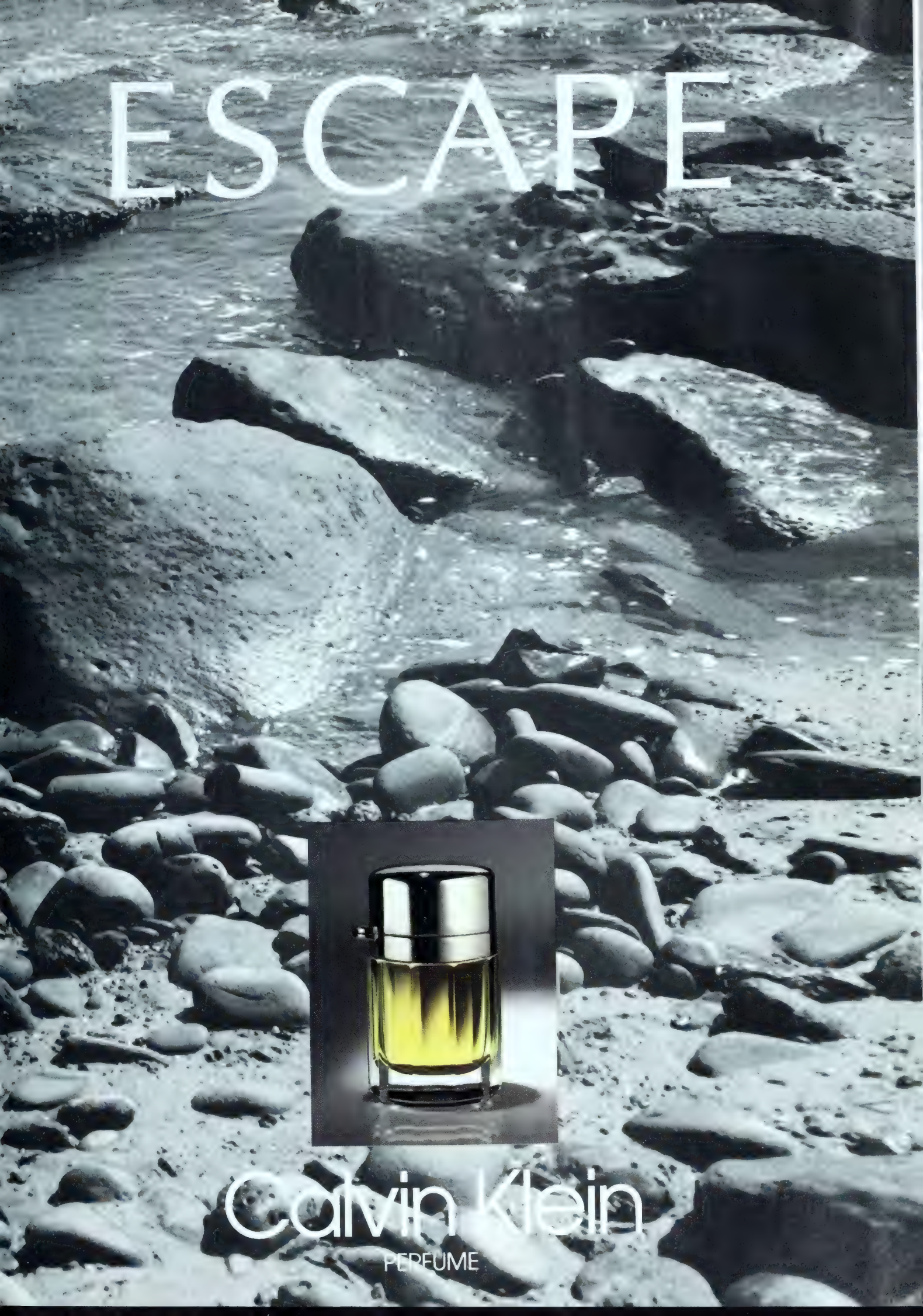
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Stainless-steel cabinets, left, from St. Charles in a Steven Harris–designed kitchen. Page 138.



COVER
Tulips dominate a formal garden on Oscar de la Renta's Connecticut estate. Photograph by Richard Felber. Page 94.





Art deco classics and a Chinese scroll meet in a New York apartment, above. Page 104. Left: Architect Richard Meier at the Getty Center site in Brentwood. Page 128.

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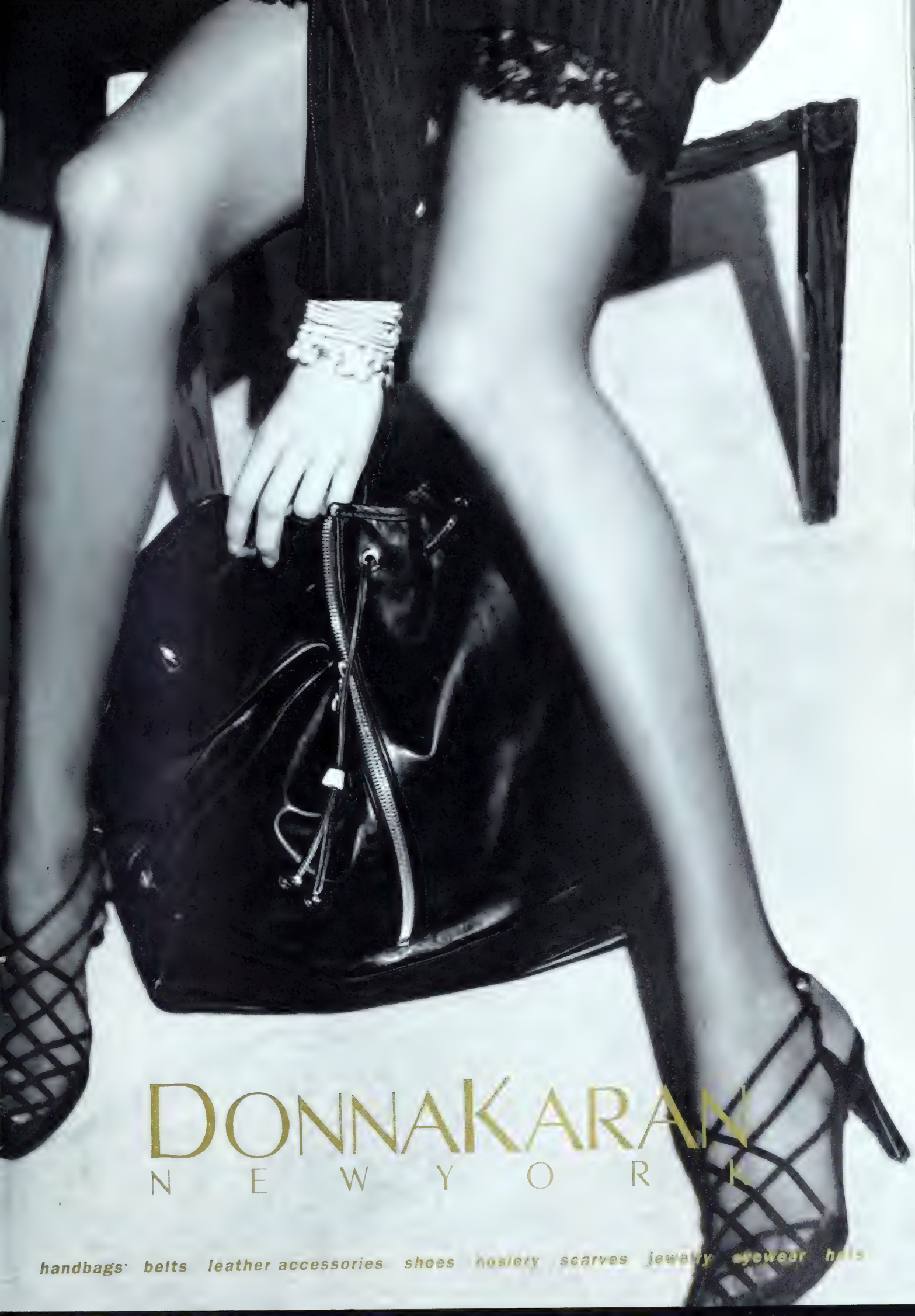
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Lemurs, an endangered species, above, at the Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust. Page 46.



Joanna Rock, above left, a one-person wallpaper factory. Page 80. Left: Victorian antiques recall the Gilded Age in a Connecticut villa. Page 62.

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Contributors Not

Rosemary Verey writes about an Oscar de la Renta creation—his own garden with classical allées framing views of the Connecticut countryside. At home in England, Verey, a garden designer and the author of eleven books on horticulture, tends four acres in the Cotswolds. Her neighbor and fellow gardener Prince Charles contributed the foreword to her book *A Countrywoman's Year* from Little, Brown, which also published Verey's *The Art of Planting.*



WILL SHIVELY

Michael J. Rosen reports on a public garden in Columbus, Ohio, in which topiaries replicate the figures in Seurat's painting *A Sunday on La Grande Jatte—1884.* Rosen recently edited a collection of short stories for Doubleday, *The Company of Cats,* and a Harper Collins book of children's stories, *Home,* both out next month.



Elaine Hunt, HG's associate editor, fine-tuned her eye for design as Diana Vreeland's assistant at the Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute. "The first photo shoot I ever witnessed was Mrs. Vreeland sitting for Horst. I was only there to check her rouge, but Horst asked me to look through his lens. Now, whenever I'm on a shoot, I think of Horst and imagine greatness." This month Hunt produced the "Workroom" story about a wallpaper designer and the "Great Ideas" column about a media room disguised as an opera house.


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ROYAL WORCESTER.



Contributors Notes



John Ashbery has published fourteen books of poetry, including *Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror,* for which he received a Pulitzer Prize and a National Book Award. A selection of his art criticism is gathered in *Reported Sightings.* For HG, Ashbery explores New York's Hudson River valley, where he weekends in a "stately but confused-looking house that may be Richardsonian, Queen Anne, colonial revival, or all three."



VINCENT THFOIN

Jacques Dirand, a frequent contributor to HG, specializes in photographing interiors, still lifes, and architecture. In this issue he captures a Paris house remarkable for its austere mix of seventeenth- and twentieth-century art. Dirand has spent the past year traveling around Europe in search of extraordinary textiles which will be the subject of a Clarkson N. Potter book to be published next year.



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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold



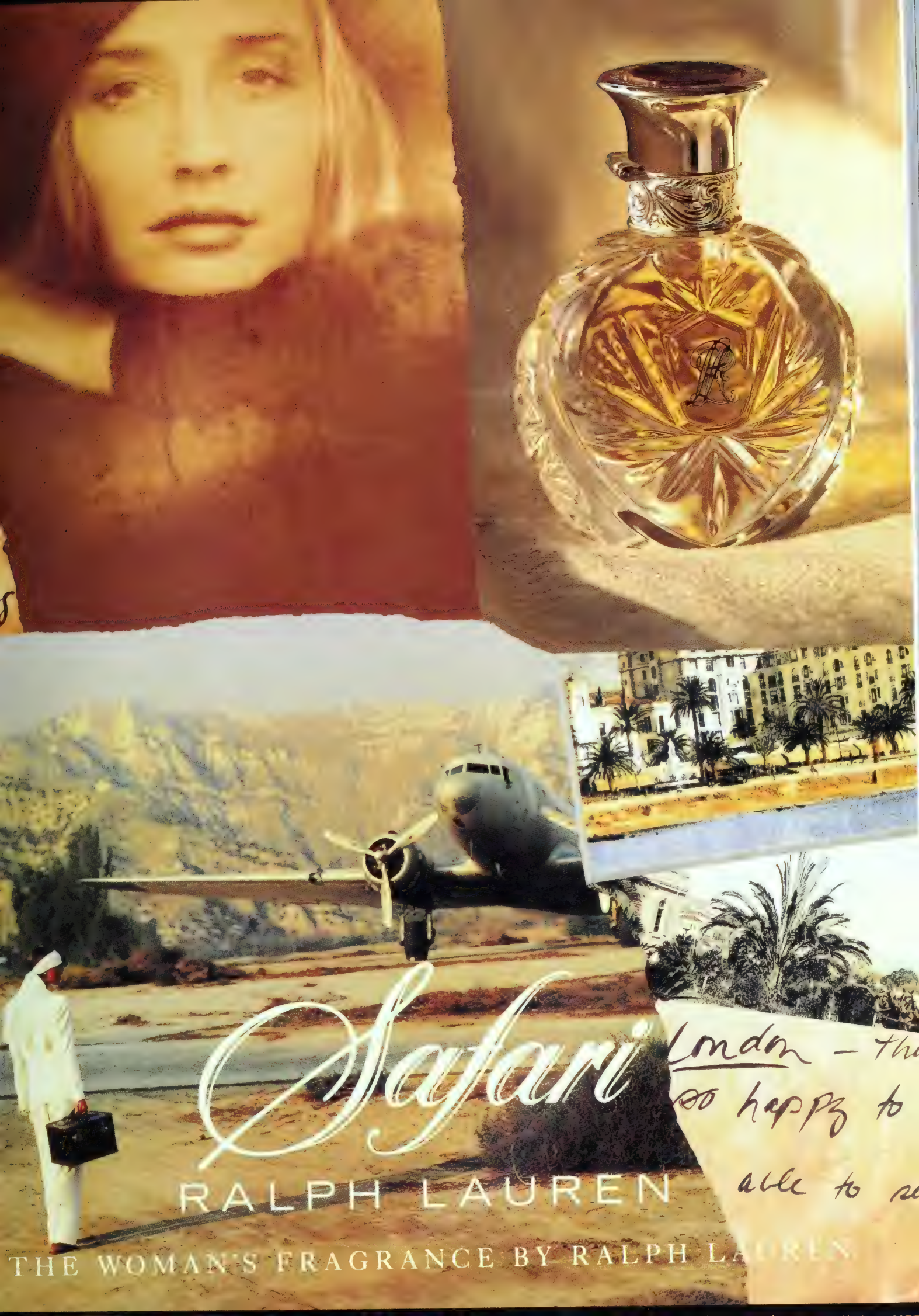


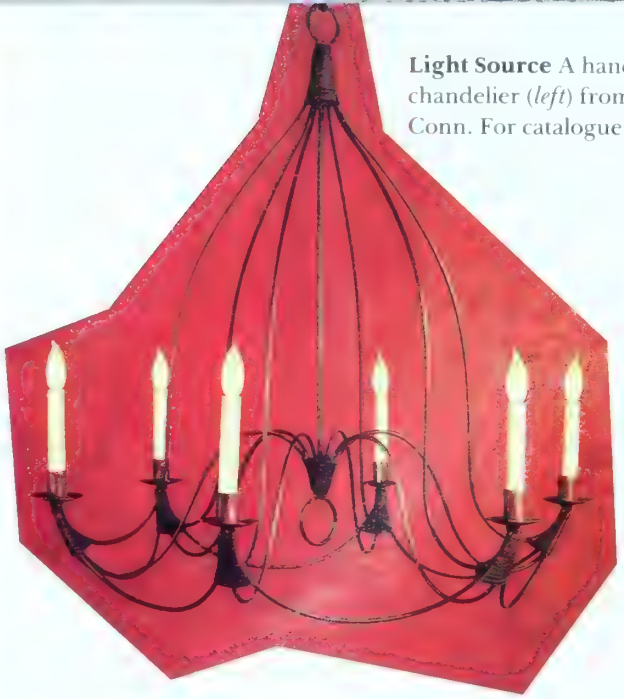




"Dressing up the plain white box of some of New York's postwar interiors was our first objective," says Karin Stella (*above*), who launched Design Projects five years ago with partner Katy Eppley, at right. The New York–based interior design firm, which is about to expand to Boston and Saint Petersburg, Florida, specializes in custom architectural details, from inlaid wood borders to plaster crown moldings. With new laser woodcutting techniques, Design Projects craftsmen can produce flooring (*top right*) in any pattern, no matter how intricate, in only three weeks. With a bit more time they can reproduce hand-carved moldings (*center right*) as well as mantels and ornaments (*bottom right*). (Design Projects, 30 East 74 St., New York, NY 10021; 212-288-6664)


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Light Source A handcrafted bell-shaped chandelier (*left*) from Studio Steel, Norwalk, Conn. For catalogue (203) 846-3978.



Home Front English campaign chair-bed (*right*), c. 1790, at Kentshire Antiques Gallery in the new interior design department at Gump's, San Francisco (415) 982-1616.





A Little Shade For candlesticks, in hand-painted tole (*above left*), $92.50, and silver plate (*above right*), $62.50, from Chelsea House–Port Royal. At stores nationwide.



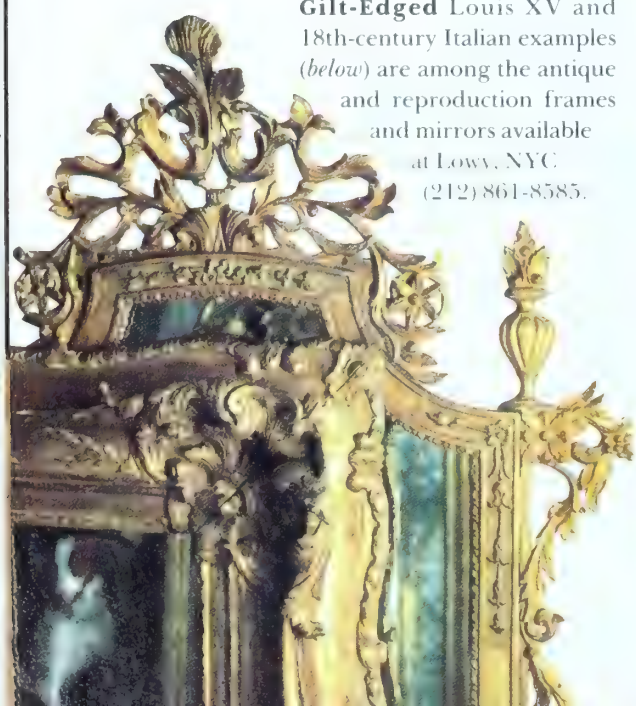
FLOWER SHOWS

• The American Romantic Garden at the New York Botanical Garden, Mar. 21–May 17, with a talk by HG's Nancy Novogrod on Apr. 3, (212) 220-8700. • Park Place at San Francisco's Fort Mason Center, Apr. 8–12, (415) 750-5108. • Cincinnati Flower and Garden Show at Cincinnati's Ault Park, Apr. 24–26, (513) 579-0259.



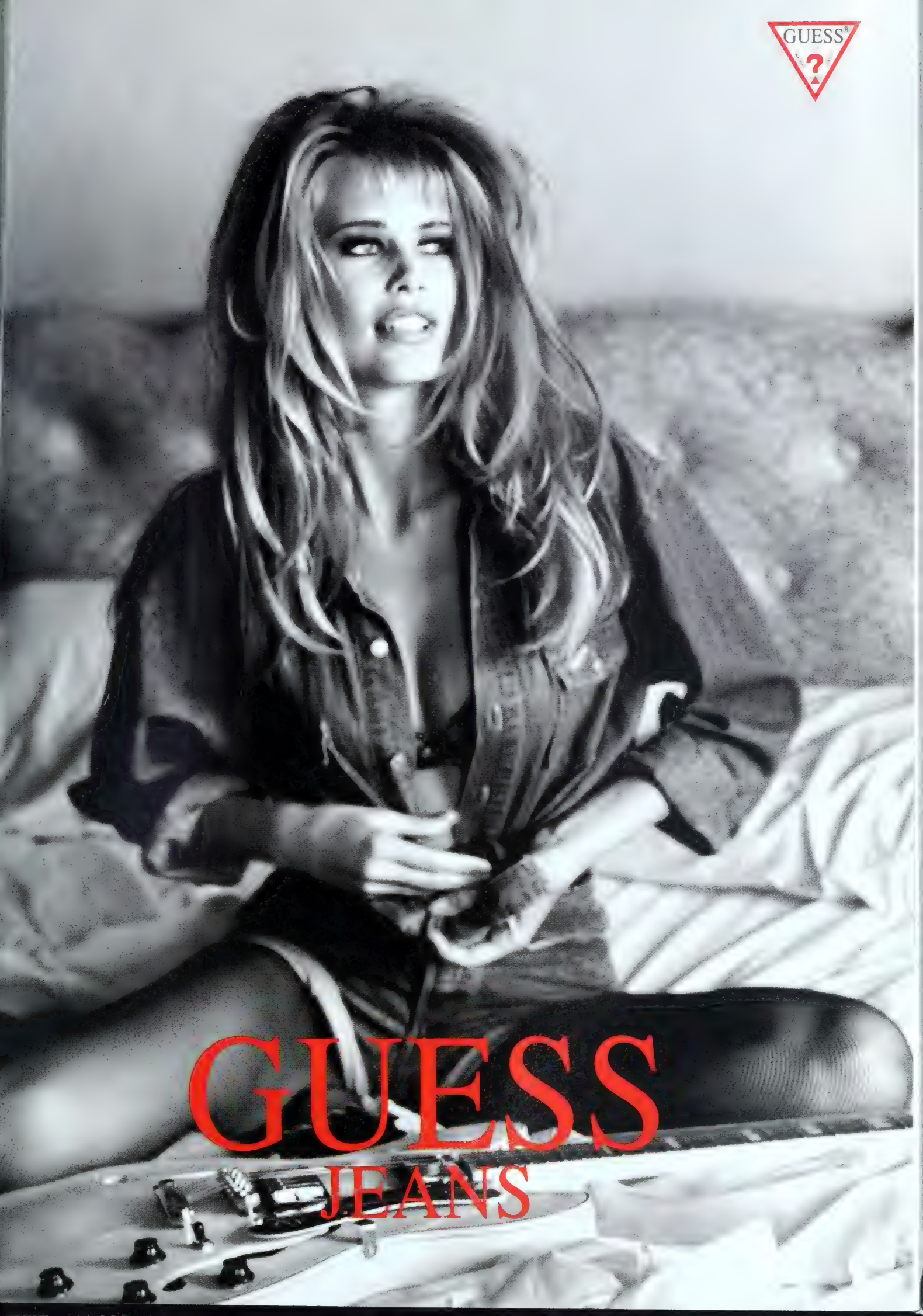
Legwork Custom carved cherry table with paw feet (*above*) by Christopher Maier, New Orleans (504) 586-9079.

Gilt-Edged Louis XV and 18th-century Italian examples (*below*) are among the antique and reproduction frames and mirrors available at Lowy, NYC (212) 861-8585.



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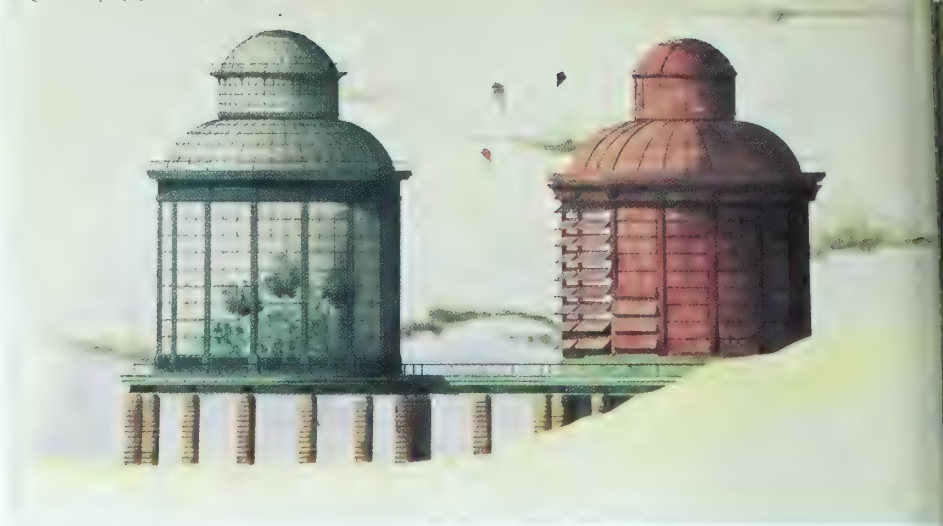
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Pigment of Imagination Architectural fantasy in watercolor (*above*) by Thierry Flon, on view Apr. 13–May 9 at Stephanie Hoppen's new gallery, 25 East 73rd St., NYC (212) 879-9343.



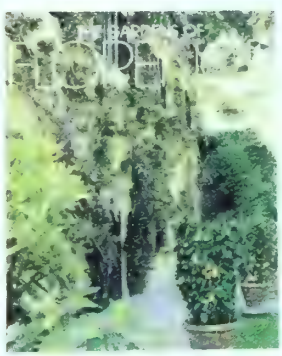
For a Great Wall
Chinese-style lacquered mirror from the Parish-Hadley Collection at John Rosselli, NYC (212) 737-2252.

Standing Tall
A bronze doré guéridon (*below*) with marble top to the trade at Mrs. MacDougall, NYC (212) 688-7754.





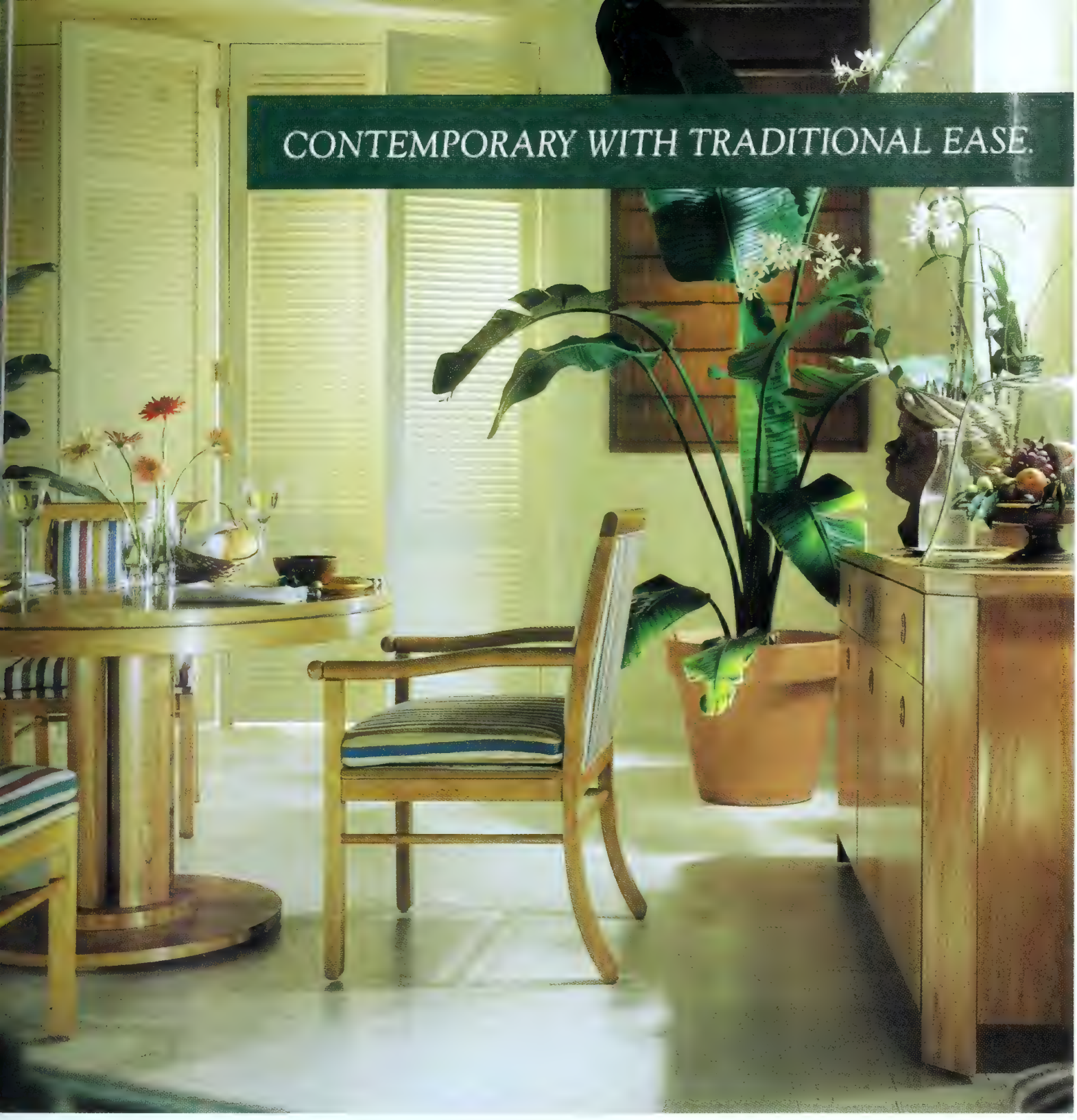
Having Pull
Door and drawer hardware (*above*) by Arnold Goldstein, NYC (212) 229-0991. Wallpaper by Fern I. Tchur. Call (413) 637-4444.



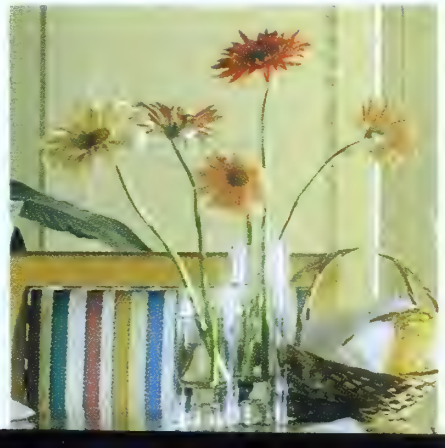
Tuscan Retreats *The Garden of Florence* (*left*) by Mary Jane Pool and Alessandro Albrizzi (Rizzoli, $45).

Pagodas by the Yard Grand Tableau Chinois cotton (*below*) from Clarence House. For showrooms (212) 752-2890.





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Evergreen Seurat

A painted masterpiece branches out into three dimensions in a Columbus park

BY MICHAEL J. ROSEN

Artists perennially offer us depictions of landscapes, art imitating nature. But how often are we presented a landscape of a painting, nature imitating art? And when was the last landscape of a painting of a landscape? Since 1987, Deaf School Park in Columbus, Ohio, has been undergoing a transformation into a topiary version of Georges Seurat's prodigious canvas *A Sunday on La Grande Jatte—1884* as part of "AmeriFlora '92," the international exposition that will open April 20. Whereas Seurat's Parisian subjects passed their afternoon on an island in the Seine, contemporary visitors to the Ohio park will arrive at a pond amid an island of art landlocked in downtown Columbus.



The ensemble, arranged in forced perspective, includes eight boats, three dogs, a monkey, and fifty-four figures (the tallest being twelve feet), all composed of ingenious bronze armatures, welded by Columbus sculptor Jim Mason, and varieties of yew trained primarily by Jim's wife, Elaine Mason, an arts administrator for the city's Recreation and Parks Department, key sponsor of the project. Aside from replicating the two dimensions Seurat depicted, the Masons had to introduce the third dimension as well as aspects of figures occluded from the painter's perspective. Minor elements such as a distant horse and buggy couldn't be encompassed within this large expanse, but there are trees cast in the role of trees, arranged and pruned to represent the species Seurat painted: cutleaf weeping European birch, Scotch pine, and callery pear.

It is more than historically apt that this nineteenth-century painting should be metamorphosed upon the rubble of a nineteenth-century school for the deaf—the serene isolation of each has been integrated into an accessible public setting. In the original canvas, no one, save a small mutt and a running girl, is in motion. Seurat's figures are already planted, arranged in stylized postures—rigorously erect, reclining, or bent—and methodically painted with a topiary exactitude; the pointillist brush marks could be an abstraction of distant leaves. *(Continued on page 41)*

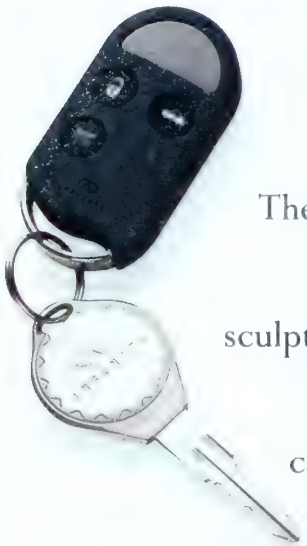


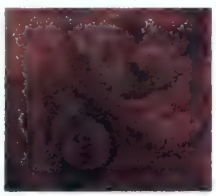
Yew topiaries, above right, compose Jim and Elaine Mason's version of Georges Seurat's *A Sunday on La Grande Jatte—1884*, right. Above left: The bronze armatures suggest sketches.

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Hasn't every viewer considered the idea of living within a work of art?

(Continued from page 32) (In the actual topiary, bronze armatures peer through evergreens like pentimenti, preliminary drawings that show through the final paint.) While of a particular time—Seurat's characters are arrayed in 1880s costume—the scene is timeless or, better, outside time, an indefinite idyllic moment in which the work-weary world has been temporarily abandoned.

Into the Ohio version of this *re*-creation of the very idea of recreation each pedestrian, killdeer, and mallard is invited to become a subject. Visitors who set the painting into motion, filling in the composition's expanded boundaries, ought to appear as anachronisms—jogging, Frisbee tossing, brown bagging—in a tableau of nineteenth-century repose. Yet the garden prevails as a suspended moment, an Eden where Everyman and Everywoman can be happily incarnated as evergreens without even a deciduous care.

Isn't this the wish of every artist, to see his or her work as a living entity capable of sustaining itself beyond the moment's attention? Similarly, hasn't every viewer considered the idea of living within a work of art, experiencing viewpoints beyond the artist's vantage? Here, within Deaf School Park, is such an engagement, such an intimate exchange between art and admirer. To stroll among these "immortals" is to be captivated by an uncanny confluence of art and nature, painting and planting, to be caught in the act—and the art—of being oneself.

Long after the transfigured park is dedicated in June, during Quincentennial Columbian festivities, the creation will continue to evolve with every season of pruning, with every subject who lingers a moment. ▲





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Snowbirds Come to Roost

The nesting instinct leads a northeastern couple to Key West

BY EDMUND WHITE

They were snowbirds, but now they're becoming freshwater conchs. That's the Key West way of saying that Alan Farago and his wife, Lisa Versaci, used to come to the southernmost tip of Florida as winter tourists but now they're permanent residents.

To settle in Key West, the Faragos had to give up a lot. Alan, a businessman turned playwright, is often out of contact with the professional theater (although his play *Making Babies Like Crazy* was put on in Miami and *Nail Coming Through* will probably be done there this summer). Lisa, whose women's jackets and handbags were sold to boutiques throughout the country, has discontinued her accessories business (although she's converted the garage into a studio and her mind and eye are as quick as ever). But for them the price is not too high an entry fee to a place as beautiful as paradise but much more amusing, since it also contains elements of hell—rowdy drunks on Saturday night, corrupt politics, drug smuggling on midnight boats, all scenes right out of Bogart and Bacall movies. Even the deliciously crisp and sunny winter weather is offset by the million-plus tourists a year and the heedless destruction of the only living coral reef in the continental United States.

After starting their family in Providence, Alan and Lisa are delighted to be bringing up their three boys where snowsuits are not required (Max is twelve, Charlie is three, and Nick is one and a half). A passionate catch-and-release fly fisherman, Alan takes his brood with him as he threads his way through the ocean shallows southwest of the keys searching for tarpon and permit. Witnessing the deterioration of wildlife in the backcountry wilderness has inspired him to become an environmental activist; he is an avid editorial writer and the producer of a local television program on conservation. Lisa, for her part, is an advocate for women's and children's issues and organizer of the local pro-choice movement.

During the winter the Faragos spend most evenings with members of Key West's dazzling literary crowd. Where else could they enjoy an island with a year-round population of just 25,000 people and also dine out every night with the likes of Alison Lurie, James Merrill, John Hersey, Richard Wilbur, John Malcolm Brinnin, and Joy Williams? But if Key West is still haunted by ghosts of Tennessee Williams, Elizabeth Bishop, Wallace Stevens, and Ernest Hemingway (whose breed of six-toed cats still prowl his estate, now a museum), the town isn't twee like Nantucket or a

Lisa Versaci and Alan Farago, above left, with Fludder in the garden behind their Key West house, top right. Above right: The front sitting room is lined with Dade County pine. Details see Resources.



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preserve for the rich and famous like Palm Beach. It's a real community with a live-and-let-live mixed population—black, white, and Cuban, poor and wealthy, old and young, singles and families. Majestic nineteenth-century carpenter Gothic houses lie cheek by jowl with trailer camps and old cigar makers' cottages.

The Farago house is a handsome compromise between the old Florida of high-ceilinged shuttered rooms and the new Florida of cookouts and pool parties. The front sitting room, lined in termite-proof and rain-resistant Dade County pine, houses Alan's extensive collection of books about the China trade (he spent three years in China buying silks and goose feathers in the heyday of down jackets) and Lisa's assortment of tramp art—cigar boxes or picture frames made from scrap wood, even Popsicle sticks. The blown-glass lampshades here and in the adjacent ballroom were devised by Philadelphia artist Harry Anderson from early castoffs by Dale Chihuly, the dean of American glass artists. The ballroom's leather sofa and armchairs were excavated from a 1930s movie theater in Michigan.

The heart of the house is the kitchen, with its central island of stove and granite, wicker sofa, and discreet but exquisite dining table designed by Noguchi. The real stars of the kitchen, however, are the twenty French doors that dissolve all distinctions between inside and outside—and accommodate the family's royal macaw, Fludder, and ten-year-old black Labrador, Ruby.

Outside, the pool glows at night like a cabochon, and ground lights sketch in the exceptional depth of the garden. At the most distant point a tall totemic figure, *Leda and the Swan*, blowtorched out of rusting metal pipe by local sculptor John Martini, lures stragglers into its sacred presence. By day the mystery may dissolve but the luxuriant variety of a tropical garden takes focus. Palms, banana plants, and orange trees crowd upwards, and a year-old papaya tree is already bearing fruit. Orange bromeliads defy neglect; so does lignum-vitae, a native plant with delicate purple blossoms and wood so heavy it sinks in water and so resistant to rot it's used in ship interiors. Norman Aberle, the shy gardener, takes special pride in his big outdoor bonsai—orchids, ficus, and a seventy-five-year-old buttonwood.

The house itself has a complex past. Begun in 1865 and expanded in the 1920s, the whole structure had become completely dilapidated by 1984. Windle Davis and Dini Lamot of the rock group Human Sexual Response bought the house, kept the nineteenth-century rooms, and tore down the rest. When they rebuilt, they oriented the house toward the garden instead of the street and added the French doors and two-story wraparound back porch. When the Faragos moved in, they put in a study for Alan, redid the deck, and redecorated. Now their house is the liveliest place in town—a magnet for out-of-town friends, a forum for intense conversations about art and politics, and a perfect stage for the contradictions and affections of family life. ▲



The Farago house balances

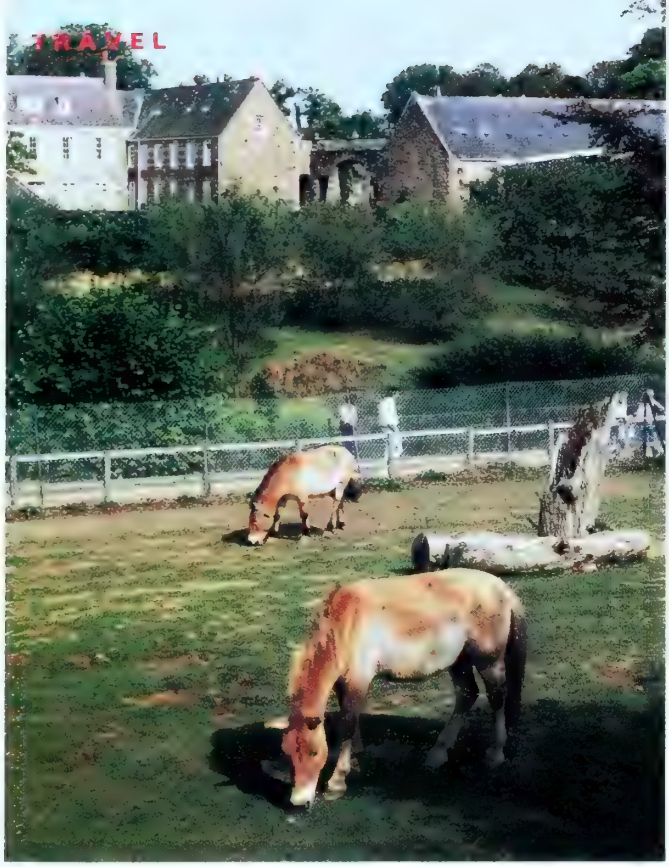


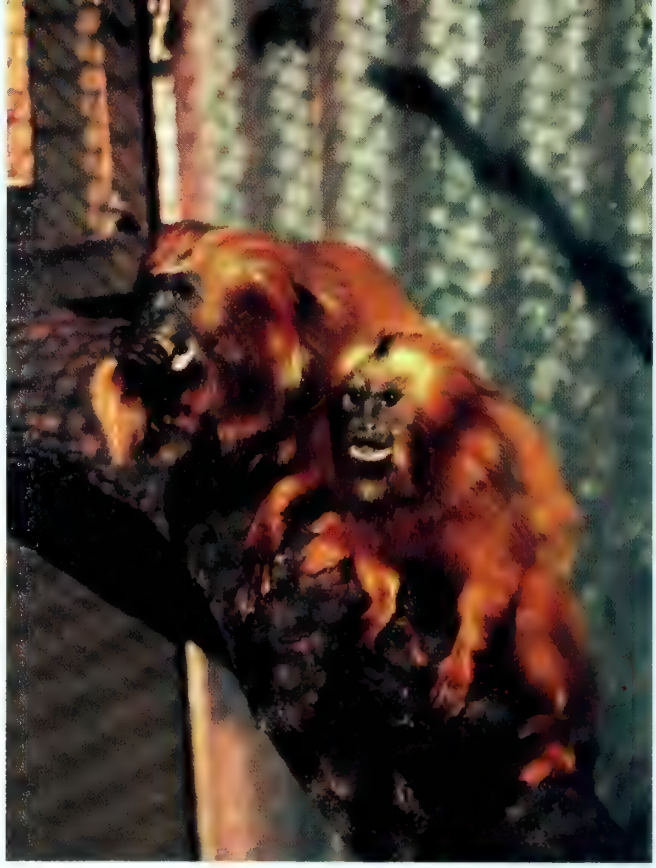
Max, above, dives from the second-story porch added in the mid 1980s. Left: French doors open the house to the garden. Below: A lamp incorporating glass by Dale Chihuly illuminates an art deco leather armchair and a painting by Bill Drew.

formality with casualness




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An Island Ark

Endangered species find shelter on Gerald Durrell's Channel Island preserve

BY JIM LEWIS

The island of Jersey is an Australia-shaped piece of land off the English Channel, a British bailiwick that lies near the coast of Normandy in the relative warmth of the Gulf Stream. To the north the island is grooved with deep verdant ravines and ends in cliffs above the water; to the south there are sandy bays and resorts. In between are a dozen or so parish villages connected by treacherously narrow lanes with leftover French names that the locals give a comic accentual spin. It is a flush and peaceful place: lax banking laws have made it a center of muted international finance, and boatloads of tourists arrive from France every summer to wander the seaside towns. Tucked away amid the lush inland farms, pretty stucco- and granite-faced houses, churches, and near an early medieval castle are specimens of some of the world's most endangered mammals, birds, and reptiles, happily reproducing on the grounds of a seventeenth-century manor called Les Augrès.



About 187 species board at the Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust, ranging in size and anthropomorphism from lowland gorillas to the tiny Partula snail. Almost all of them are near extinction. The zoo that the Preservation Trust maintains, then, is like a great museum, albeit one whose final purpose is to make itself unnecessary. Consider, for example, the Mauritius kestrel, a big-shouldered brown and white speckled bird of prey. It is far rarer and more inaccessible than a Rembrandt, every bit as beautiful (indeed, painted with a similar palette), and, in an important sense, more valuable. Not long ago there were only six left alive on the planet. Now more than one hundred have been bred and carefully



Gerald Durrell, above left, holds a radiated tortoise. Top left: Przewalski horses graze at Les Augrès Manor. Top right: Rare golden-headed lion tamarins. Left: Saint Lucia parrots.


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Ring-tailed lemur, top left. Top right: The 17th-century manor house. Above: Babirusas, an endangered species from the East Indies. Right: Oriental water dragon. Below: The zoo's breeding program has successfully reared snow leopard cubs to maturity.



released back into the wild, although some are still kept on Jersey as a kind of genetic safety net.

That sort of spectacular rescue, though only a tiny bulwark against the great tide of extinction, has made the place something of a legend among zoologists and made its indefatigable founder, Gerald Durrell, the author and animal collector, one of the prophets of the conservation movement. He bought Les Augrès Manor in 1959, set up the Trust to run it a few years later, and has since helped it to expand (there are branches in Philadelphia and Toronto). Aside from maintaining the zoo and the breeding program on Jersey, the Trust makes loans and borrows from other zoos, cooperates with and cajoles governments worldwide, makes expeditions to retrieve animals, and publishes a newsletter for its 12,000 members. Trainees in the art of zoological conservation, mostly from developing nations, study and live at the farmhouse next door. So the zoo itself is only the public part of a vast and elaborate network, a kind of home base; Durrell himself is there only a third of the year.

If the visible zoo is any reflection of the invisible Trust, the animal kingdom has gained partisans of unequaled altruism. A committee of landscapers has turned the twenty-five-acre grounds of Les Augrès into a lovely sculpted park, with pens and aviaries distributed along trim sloping lawns. Because the larger part of the animals are from tropical climates—the Caribbean, Southeast Asia, and the Indian Ocean islands of Madagascar and Mauritius—the flora tends to the exotic. Plantings of Chinese magnolia, for example, provide familiar coverage for the white-eared pheasant, and Amazonian flowers and foliage shelter the South American marmosets. Since all this exists amid a traditional Norman manor, the zoo, like Noah's ark, has an air of fine eccentricity: near the manor, a few yards from a sixteenth-century Jersey granite archway, are pens of colobus monkeys near a new colony of rare aye-aye primates.

The Trust's insistent devotion to its animals can make for some peculiar exhibits. In a large compound lives a family of lowland gorillas, who go by the cartoonish scientific name *Gorilla gorilla gorilla*. They're a popular crew and justly so, given their jet-black beauty and their appalling man-made rarity. But they have their own favorites: the humans who swarm over the elements of a wooden playground beside the enclosure, creating a

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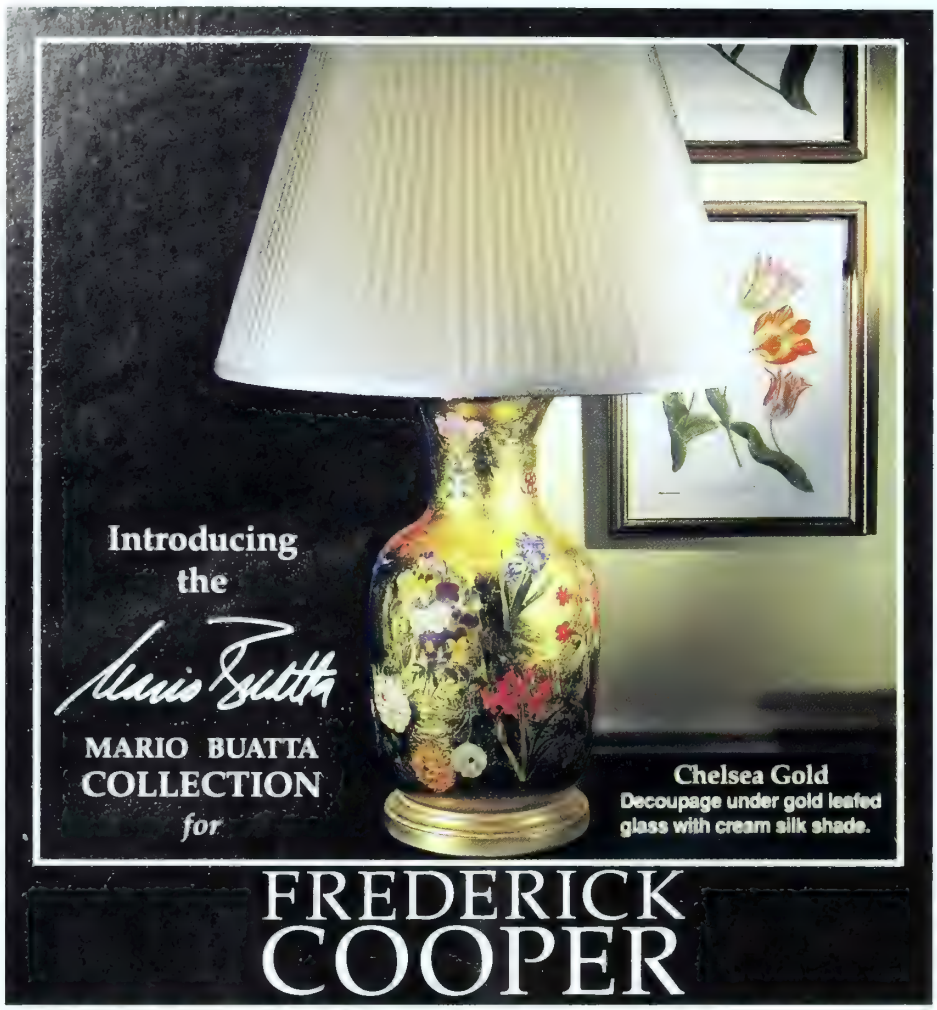
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spectacle staged by the zoo as a kind of quid pro quo (boredom can cause disaffection and even death in captive animals). And a line of aviaries, all of which hold pink pigeons, would seem an absurdly wasteful display at a conventional zoo. But the calculated separation keeps the few remaining birds from becoming dangerously inbred as their numbers slowly increase, and none of the visitors seem to mind.

Perhaps that's because the overall tone of the place, its certainty of purpose and patient loyalty to its cause, shows through so strongly that its oddities are of a piece with its charms. It is admittedly short on "charismatic megafauna"—the zookeepers' somewhat wry term for crowd-pleasers. There are no elephants here, no rhinos, no giraffes. But they are not missed. On my visit I noticed two signs of having found one of those rare places where an idea and a practice are matched with a setting of equal exemplariness. The first was the appearance of the animals themselves, their sleekness and obvious good health and humor: a trio of red-ruffed Madagascar lemurs lay on their backs in an enclosed grassy woodland, contentedly sunning themselves; a twelve-day-old white-naped crane chick picked through the grass while its parents towered protectively above it; a line of cotton-top tamarins marched in head-to-tail formation across a piece of rope strung between two trees, like characters out of Kipling.

The second sign was the constant sound that I remember as well as any sight. Parrots screeched and other birds squawked, monkeys chattered, a snow leopard yawned noisily, and a gorilla drummed on her chest, and mixed with these sounds were the delighted cries of visiting children. This last group of wildlife, like the objects of their wondering gazes, seemed pleased beyond measure to be there. ♠

For visitors information: Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust, Les Augrès Manor, Trinity, Jersey, British Channel Islands JE3 5BF; (534) 864666.



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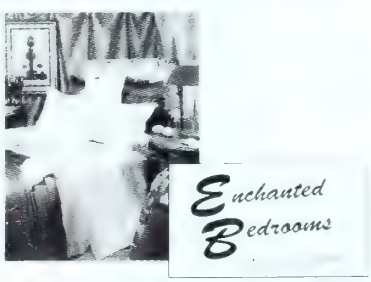
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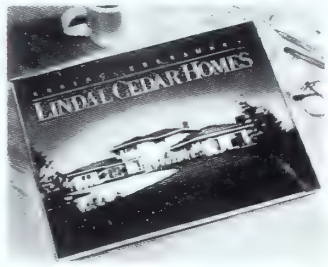


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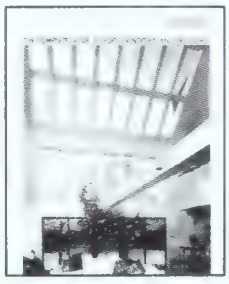
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Weeds and Other Delicacies





The first shoots of spring tempt the palate BY LESLIE LAND

Ancient as a dinner of herbs, innocent as weeds, the equation of edible greens with spring still pulls us—a celebration of renewal. In a world of long-distance year-round everything—strawberries in January, grapes in June—the true pleasures of the season are right in our own backyards where dandelions spangle new grass and wild sorrel creeps across woodlands and abandoned fields.

Say "spring vegetables" and most people will think of asparagus, peas, and artichokes, but there's a long list of earlier arrivals, even for the most intransigent urbanites. Sophisticated produce purveyors now supply sweet violets, fiddlehead ferns, and garlicky ramps as well as the more familiar spinach, chervil, beet greens, and baby lettuces. They're even selling mesclun, the salad mix of small perfect leaves, shoots, and herbs that was once exclusively a country dweller's delight.

Mesclun can be made all year, changing as different greens and flowers come into season, but the best ones are the first ones, sentimental favorites. When I'm at home in Maine, mesclun starts with the things that even a late snow can't discourage: heads of radicchio the size of brussels sprouts, tiny rosettes of mâche, frilly endive thinnings, fat chives, rounded leaves of watercress, lobed leaves of rocket (the old-fashioned English name for arugula). The contrasting colors and textures and tastes—dark against light, sweet against bitter—need only the lightest of dressings to set them off.

As spring wears on and the leaves unfurl, French sorrel and spinach grow luscious and large, ready to move from salad bowl to soup pot. Combined with overwintered leeks, a handful of rice, and pure spring water,

Signs of spring. Clockwise from top left: Small is beautiful; dandelion salad; potage santé; pasta with vegetables. China from Hollyhock, Foster-Ingersoll, and Circa Antiques, L.A. Details see Resources.

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Spring mesclun

they make potage santé, the soup of health. Next thing you know, the mesclun includes purslane, tansies, pea tendrils, tarragon, and baby lettuces. Then lamb's-quarters have replaced spinach, mustard greens are cooking size, and full-grown spring lettuces (Lolla Rossa, Four Seasons, and Bibb are likely varieties) offer leaf after leaf of delight.

In any gathering of greens the line between wild and cultivated—like the line between herbs and salads, foods and "spring tonics"—is blurred by use and custom. Consider the dandelion. Although many a box of herbicide bears a mug shot of *Taraxicum officinale,* tons of dandelions are grown by market gardeners each year, and foragers comb parks and roadsides in search of the jagged leaves. The tradition of the spring dandelion feast was already well established in ancient Rome, and it continues in country districts of England, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, and Greece.

I cut my dandelion teeth in rural Pennsylvania when I was a budding foodie of four or five. Sandy, our family's Scottish nursemaid, discovered I could be kept occupied almost indefinitely if sent to gather dandelion leaves; all she had to do was promise to make my harvest into salad with hot sweet-and-sour bacon dressing. We left the farm when I was eight, and until sometime in my teens I was sure that dandelion salad of blessed memory was a triumph of Caledonian cuisine. In fact, it's more rightly attributed to the Pennsylvania Germans, who simply added the sweet touch to what is a common recipe throughout northern Europe.

Olive oil is the dressing of choice for southern Europeans. Italians and Greeks have a special fondness for stronger-flavored greenery, in part because of a widely held belief that bitterness is a sign of health-giving qualities. In the excellent chapter on the subject in her 1987 book, *Honey from a Weed,* Patience Gray quotes an old Carrarese saying, "Who wants to eat a good supper should eat a weed of every kind."

The number of kinds is staggering. Gray lists dozens, many of them as available in Nebraska as on Naxos. But from the gastronome's point of view, the great wild green after dandelion is lamb's-quarters, *Chenopodium album,* also called white goosefoot or, along with lots of other things, pigweed (pigs love greens). The gray green leaves with floury silver backs are a common weed of cultivated ground just about everywhere in the United States. They have a delicate taste, rather like spinach but less acrid, and a tender, almost melting texture.

I learned the virtues of lamb's-quarters from my neighbor, artist Lois Dodd, who got lasting lessons in cooking wild greens with garlic and oil when she lived in Rome. "We were there right after the war," she recalls. "The greens in the morning market were different all the time, almost always mixed. And I still remember the shock of seeing arugula growing wild along the Appian Way."

Arugula doesn't grow wild here (though it will self-sow in gardens), but there are plenty of other good things to gather. Foragers' guides, from Euell Gibbons's classic *Stalking the Wild Asparagus* to Roger Phillips's exquisite *Wild Food,* will show what's what. Even city dwellers can enjoy an approximation: exotic greens are available from mail-order firms such as Fines Herbes in New York City (800-231-9022, in New York 212-334-9022) and Diamond Organics in Berkeley (800-922-2396). (When buying mesclun from any source, beware of chopped greens: they don't look as good or last as long.)

Either way, carpe diem: it won't be long before dandelions will flower, becoming the stuff of wine instead of salad, the arrival of peas will mark the end of asparagus, and another season will be on the table.

Meanwhile, remember that the key to really great greens is dedicated washing. Fill the sink with cool water, shake the greens around, and lift them out. Clean the basin and do it again—and again, until no more sand appears. As Giacomo Castelvetro noted in 1614, "Too many housewives and foreign cooks get their greenstuff all ready to wash and put it in a bucket of water, or some other pot, and slosh it about a little, and then, instead of taking it out with their hands, as they ought to do, they tip the leaves and water out together, so that all the sand and grit is poured out with them. Distinctly unpleasant to chew on."

PASTA WITH SPRING VEGETABLES

- 1½ pounds asparagus
- 2 cups chicken broth
- 2 egg yolks
- 8 ounces orecchiette or other bite-sized pasta
- 1 bunch small scallions, thinly sliced
- ⅔ cup young beet greens, finely shredded
- 2 tablespoons plus ½ teaspoon butter
- Salt
- 3 ounces mild goat cheese, cut into ½-inch cubes
- 2–3 tablespoons finely chopped mint

Trim asparagus, then cut the bottom third from the stalks. Set tips aside. Chop the stalk portions fine and cook in the chicken broth over medium-high heat until the liquid has reduced by half, about 20 minutes. Strain liquid, pressing down on solids. When liquid is cool, beat into egg yolks and set aside. Slice the asparagus tips.

Cook pasta until al dente. Stir in the sliced asparagus, scallions, and beet greens. Cook 10 seconds, then drain. Add butter to the pot, melt over low heat, then add the pasta and vegetables. Add the egg yolk mixture and continue to cook, stirring constantly, until the sauce has thickened, 3–4 minutes. Add salt to taste.

Pile pasta onto warmed plates and scatter cheese on top. Sprinkle with chopped mint. Serves 4.

POTAGE SANTÉ

1 large bunch sorrel, about 6 ounces
3½ quarts mixed spring greens
2 tablespoons butter
2 leeks, thinly sliced
2 tablespoons white rice
½ cup heavy cream
Salt
½ cup small chervil sprigs or leaves
1½ tablespoons minced chives

Cut sorrel into shreds. Almost all the greens should be mild-flavored—spinach, dark green lettuces such as romaine, beet greens, chard, lamb's-quarters. Up to 3 cups may be stronger-flavored—watercress, frisée, young mustard, arugula. Cut greens into ¼-inch ribbons, then chop coarsely.

Melt the butter in a large nonreactive soup pot; add leeks and cook over low heat until translucent, about 10 minutes. Do not brown. Add sorrel and roughly two-thirds of the greens, the rice, and 6 cups of water. Bring to a boil, lower heat to simmer, and cook, partially covered, until greens are tender, about 35–40 minutes.

Whip the cream until slightly thickened and set aside. Purée the cooked greens and return to the pan. Add the remaining greens and cook over medium heat about 3 minutes, just long enough to wilt them. Add the salt and divide the soup among 6 heated bowls. Swirl a generous tablespoon of the thickened cream into each bowl and sprinkle with the chervil sprigs and minced chives. Serves 6.

SPRING MESCLUN

9–12 cups mesclun
2 tablespoons rice vinegar
1 small shallot, chopped
1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
Pinch of salt
⅓ cup corn oil
1 tablespoon hazelnut oil

There is no fixed recipe for mesclun. Quantities depend on appetites and the nature of the mix, and amounts of dressing vary with the pungency of the greens. Allow about 1½ cups per person of small leaves of endive, frisée, dandelion, red lettuce, mâche, claytonia, violets, arugula, watercress, radicchio; fronds of fresh dill, fennel, chervil, parsley, coriander; and edible flowers. The aim is a mix that provides a spectrum of tastes and textures—sweet and sharp, soft and crunchy.

The small leaves of greens should be left whole; the fronds may be broken into pieces and the flowers separated into petals or chunks.

For the dressing, whisk remaining ingredients together and let the mixture sit 30 minutes. Strain over the salad and toss gently. Serves 6–8.

GREENS WITH GARLIC, RAISINS, AND PINE NUTS

1½–2 pounds strong-flavored cooking greens, such as mustard greens, turnip greens, kale, or broccoli rape
3 tablespoons olive oil
2 large cloves garlic, minced
½ cup pine nuts, lightly toasted
2 tablespoons raisins
2 tablespoons balsamic vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
1 small red onion, finely shredded

Bring ⅓ cup water to boil in a nonreactive 1½-quart pot and add greens gradually. When wilted, partially cover, reduce heat to medium, and cook, stirring occasionally, until greens are soft but not falling apart, 15–20 minutes. There should be almost no liquid left. If necessary, remove greens and boil liquid until reduced to a few tablespoons, then return greens to pan.

While greens are cooking, combine oil and garlic in a small skillet and cook over medium-low heat 3–4 minutes until garlic is softened but not brown. Stir in the pine nuts and raisins and set aside.

When greens are cooked, stir in the vinegar and salt, then the oil mixture. Taste and adjust seasonings. Serve garnished with a generous sprinkling of onion shreds. Serves 4–6.

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN WILTED DANDELION SALAD

8 slices lean bacon
2½–3 quarts tender dandelion greens, torn into small pieces
¼ cup cider vinegar
3 tablespoons brown sugar
2 hard-boiled eggs, finely chopped
Freshly ground black pepper

Up to several hours before serving, fry the bacon until crisp, drain, crumble, and set aside. Pour off the fat, reserving ⅓ cup; do not wash the skillet.

At serving time, place dandelions in a large bowl. Combine vinegar, sugar, and reserved fat in skillet, add ¼ cup water and stir until sugar dissolves. Place over medium-high heat, bring to a rolling boil, and pour over greens.

Toss thoroughly and garnish with the chopped egg. Serve with freshly ground pepper. Serves 6. ▲



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Parlor Revival

Victoriana fills every nook and cranny of two collectors' Italianate villa BY CELIA MCGEE

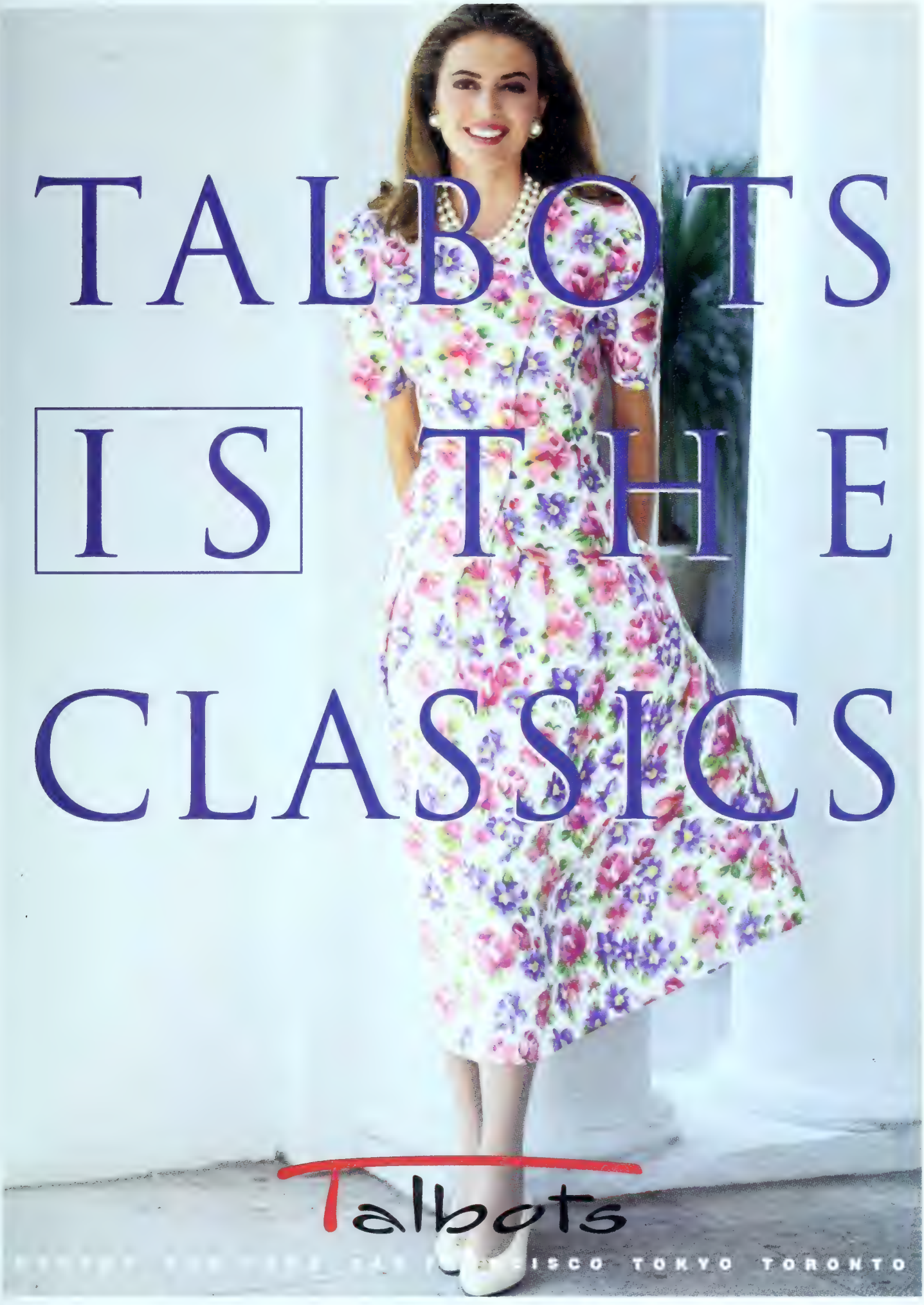
In 1883, five hundred well-heeled and discriminating subscribers across America received the first installment of the two-volume *Artistic Houses*. Printed in imperial folio size, it offered seven-by-nine-inch phototypes of the interiors of the Gilded Age's new rich: Vanderbilts and Hunnewells, Havemeyers and Flaglers, railroad magnates and meat-packing tycoons, oil barons, society doctors, industrialists, borderline scoundrels. The furnishings were by the great American design firms of the day. Herter Brothers, Pottier & Stymus, and Louis Comfort Tiffany's Associated Artists were all intent on asserting a post–Civil War surge in taste and artistic sensitivity and on locking up the juiciest commissions. But their glory didn't last. Dismantled, disheveled, stored away, and forgotten, their opulent furniture and objects have only recently begun to be salvaged by curators, scholars, a handful of dealers, and the occasional out-there collector.

Two of the most avid devotees are DeBare Saunders and Ronald Mayne, who, as Stingray Hornsby, collect, sell, and decorate with the same kind of (and often the same) high-style Victoriana published in *Artistic Houses*. Three years ago they bought the vast granite Castle on the Green in northern Connecticut, designed in the 1850s by Henry Austin for the Wheeler family, whose sewing-machine factory dominated the town. "Our fantasy," Mayne and Saunders call the Italianate villa overlooking the Wheelers' erstwhile industrial fiefdom.



The Stingray Hornsby honored by the twosome was Saunders's uncle, "an amusing and eccentric fellow" who, in addition

A 19th-century Chinese export mug and a Vieux Paris vase, above left, above an English beaded mantel valance. Above right: A c. 1845 Gothic revival secretary holds ivories, bronzes, and lacquer. Left: The master bedroom combines Eastlake-style and Gothic revival pieces. Wallpaper by Stingray Hornsby. Details see Resources.



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to driving the eponymous sports car, collected oriental antiques. Saunders also had grandparents and parents who collected—impressionist paintings, eighteenth-century French and English furniture. "When we visited my grandparents," he says, "the other children wanted to go outside and play ball. I was inside examining rock crystal vases. Sometimes I got to keep one."

After Saunders graduated from Parsons School of Design, the memory of the vases and his grandmother's rock crystal Cartier clocks resurfaced in sculpted Lucite heads set with semiprecious stones which he exhibited at a Madison Avenue gallery. Passerby Geraldine Stutz, then president of Henri Bendel, convinced him to switch to jewelry and made him a star. He worked with Diane Von Furstenberg for a while and, later, made jewelry for Oscar de la Renta's shows. He started a decorating business. "DeBare has had about eight careers," says Mayne. "I've had one other." While traveling on business, the import-export of foreign-car parts, Mayne began to collect art deco and art nouveau.

But a joint epiphany came in 1982 at an antiques show in a muddy Pennsylvania cow pasture where they fell for what turned out to be a signed Pottier & Stymus Egyptian revival settee. It got them started on the furniture of a

DeBare Saunders designs period-style curtains as intricate as Victorian gowns

period when, says Saunders, "furniture making was still an art. The art form you might compare it to is opera, because opera is music, painting, theater, sculpture, architecture. Just in terms of carving, these pieces were treated as if they were rare pieces of sculpture."

To help them with restoration, Saunders and Mayne enlisted Heinz Muller, a retired museum conservator. The name of their upholsterer is still, they say, their biggest secret. "Every competitor and museum is dying for it. It's like a great recipe." They work with this mystery man until the tufting and shirring, pleating and cushioning are just to their liking. "Until," says Saunders, "the architecture of the piece is perfect." A dead ringer for the settee they found in the pasture takes up one end of their thirty-two-foot-long front parlor.

Several of the fabrics and the carpets in the house have been re-created for them by Scalamandré from recolored document patterns. Saunders designs window





Herter Brothers made the parlor easel and Egyptian revival chair and credenza, above left. Carpet by Scalamandré. Above right: The neo-Grec table and gilt chairs and sofa in the garden room are by Pottier & Stymus. Far left: A Vieux Paris figurine perfume bottle and a vase by Édouard Honoré, c. 1850. Left: A Ball, Black & Co. silver tureen, c. 1865, and a Wedgwood urn are flanked by American colored glass.


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The name of their upholsterer is still their biggest secret: "It's like a great recipe"

treatments as intricate as Victorian ball gowns, their linings alone as tantalizing as a glimpse of "just one inch of a lady's petticoat," he says. Nearly all the wallpapers are from Zuber. The trompe l'oeil silver-curtain paper in the dining room is the most over-the-top. "A dining room should be dramatic," says Saunders. "The eye should be as delighted as the palate is. We eat in here every night by candlelight." The flatware is a Ball, Black pattern patented in 1863. Mayne is the obsessed cook.

The house is outspokenly not a museum. "That can be so unamusing and uninspired," Saunders says. "We're our ideal clients," says Mayne, "because we're doing this for ourselves." However ornate, the rooms are spare by Victorian standards, the pieces arranged for sculptural effect. "It's not *decorated*," Saunders says. But it's only because of their experience as decorators that Mayne and Saunders could have pulled off restoring and furnishing the eighteen-room house in a year. Taking possession of a place in complete disrepair, with sixteen amps of electricity and crumbling walls, they put in new wiring, plumbing, and central air. They made a schematic design, down to channels for hiding picture-light connections.

What *didn't* need to get done was as important as what did. The original gilt window cornices, flooring, plaster ceiling medallions, marble fireplaces, and Union Porcelain latch covers were intact. All that was used to revive the gilt-framed overmantel mirror in every room, says Mayne, was "a little soap and water." The hardest thing to find was period lighting. The garden room, which takes the overflow during large dinner parties, was designed around a gasolier from the Dakota and includes a Pottier & Stymus neoclassical sofa and chairs and a neo-Grec table (by the same firm), from New York's A. T. Stewart mansion, facing a painted theater drop from a castle in Spain. Mayne and Saunders have just completed a Gothic study off the Gothic master bedroom suite. They're putting in a summer dining room on the second floor of the carriage house they turned into an Italianate guesthouse, which is flanked by a Renaissance-style herb garden and a woodland garden centered on a goldfish pond.

Their final project is the belvedere, from which Mr. Wheeler could clock his factory workers. It's going to be a Turkish sitting room done up with more of the historic pieces Mayne and Saunders track down by researching family records, nosing through old wedding announcements, studying bygone estate auctions, and waiting for "strange nocturnal phone calls that make you drive three hundred miles to find something either hideous or so wonderful it makes your heart stop."

With almost everything in place at home—the Chinese library, the lady's guest bedroom, the aquarium for Saunders's pet frog, Duncan—they can continue to treasure-hunt for collector clients, many of whom have them concoct interiors complete to the last piece of Vieux Paris porcelain. The governor's mansion in Albany, New York, has carpets of their design. They're doing Tim Forbes's Manhattan brownstone. The singer whose name starts with M has bought from them.

But few live the period like Mayne and Saunders, with their fancy-dress balls, Victorian dinner parties, and the croquet matches they've reinstituted on the Green. "It's contagious," says Saunders. "Three or four houses around the Green are being restored now. We're helping to start a preservation society." Back in the cow pasture days, Mayne says, "we really did stand alone." Not anymore. ♠

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Going Home to Kew

After living abroad, the director of the Royal Botanic Gardens fulfills a boyhood ambition BY PAULA DEITZ

At the northern end of the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, near London, there is an inconspicuous gate simply marked "Private." Though hidden from public view, the complex of gardens and greens beyond and the brick buildings that face them have become the nerve center for far-reaching developments in the worlds of botany and conservation. Since 1988, this has been the home and office of Professor Ghillean Prance, the director of Kew, and his wife, Anne, and these are their private gardens: two undulating perennial borders with central shrubbery, which extend from the solidly comfortable three-story late-Georgian house, and a Victorian walled kitchen garden.

Although it may not seem unusual for the director of Kew to have a splendid garden of his own, this is in fact Iain Prance's first English garden since his boyhood days gardening in Gloucestershire. In 1963, while completing his doctoral studies at Oxford, Prance went to New York—via a plant-collecting expedition in Suriname—to spend a year at the New York Botanical Garden studying plant specimens in the Herbarium. He ended up staying twenty-five years at the NYBG, where he eventually was named senior vice president for science and led numerous expeditions for botanical exploration and research in Brazilian Amazonia.

"What I looked forward to on my return to England," he said soon after his appointment to Kew four years ago, "was being able to have a British garden again in a climate that is suitable for horticulture," an allusion to the extremes of weather that make New York and its region inhospitable to many plants. The walled kitchen garden used to be one of Kew's best-kept secrets, but it has turned out to be one of the Prances' major assets in their imperative campaign to increase the Royal Botanic Gardens' role in scientific research, conservation, and plant exploration throughout the world.

"On the average," says Anne Prance, "we entertain thirty people a week—occasionally two hundred—for breakfast, lunch, tea, drinks, or dinner, and all the ingredients for soups, sauces, salads, and vegetables, when in season, come from the kitchen garden." For parties of up to sixteen guests she prepares all the cuisine herself, freezing stock and sauces against future use for the steady stream of important international visitors who appreciate her gleaming silver flatware and starched table linens. It is no exaggeration to say that rain forests and endangered plant species everywhere may ultimately be saved at the Prances' table. Also, with the recent launch of the American-style Kew Foundation and Friends of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, the number of guests is likely to rise as Kew tries to increase private funding from twenty to thirty percent. (Guests from the garden-visiting public now find a warm welcome at a new visitors center, which opened last month.)





Ghillean Prance, top. Above: His house on the Green at Kew has serpentine borders of perennials. Left: The Victorian kitchen garden supplies produce for family and guests.

"Nothing gets accomplished at Kew without teamwork," Anne Prance emphasizes. Although her profession is teaching English as a second language, she has become a key player in her informal group of



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Endangered plant species everywhere may be saved at the Prances' table

gardeners, scientists, and flower arrangers. Just steps away from the Prances' back door, along a path lined with old camellias and a mulberry tree, the walled garden has retained the same general workaday plan since Victorian times, and with constant harvesting, its appearance changes daily. High walls of mellow brick are enhanced by espaliered fruit trees and, in summer, climbing sweet peas.

In what Iain Prance calls the microclimate of the walled garden, peas, potatoes, broccoli, leeks, and fennel are just a few of the crops rotated periodically. Among several varieties of pole beans, the orange red scarlet runner stands out against a summer sky. Raspberries, gooseberries, and currants are grown under wire-mesh cages to protect them from the birds. And the herb section would suffice in beauty and quantity even on its own. Rows of marigolds grown alongside the tomato plants help to repel insects, and to set an example in conservation, the natural mulch used to fertilize the garden does not include peat from endangered bogs. A small potting shed houses an orderly array of garden tools and wire-mesh trays of onions drying in the sun. Inside a small greenhouse set against the garden wall, four grapevines clamber up the glass.

To accommodate the expanding programs at Kew, the Prances reassigned some of the interior of their wisteria-draped residence as more public areas for meetings and official receptions. The private dining room was relocated upstairs overlooking the double borders and, beyond them, the Princess of Wales Conservatory within the public area of Kew proper.

"One of the first changes we made to the garden," says Anne Prance, "was to widen the borders, to give them an exaggerated serpentine edge." By grading the heights of perennials planted in front of the old shrubbery, they have linked the two elements, and now the deep green background foliage contrasts with delphiniums, tree peonies, phlox, dianthus, and *Sedum spectabile* 'Meteor'. At seven-thirty breakfast meetings the view often includes a dew-drenched shadow of a tree before the sun has burned off the dew.

A crescent of blue and brown iris separates the private garden from the croquet lawn where Kew staff members often compete at lunchtime. Iain Prance's office is in the green-shuttered administration building, just across the garden (he also maintains a small research office in the Herbarium where he works mornings from seven to nine). At the end of the day, he has only to cross the lawn, but still, he says, "the house and garden make such a nice place to come home to." ▲

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Cubism in the Round

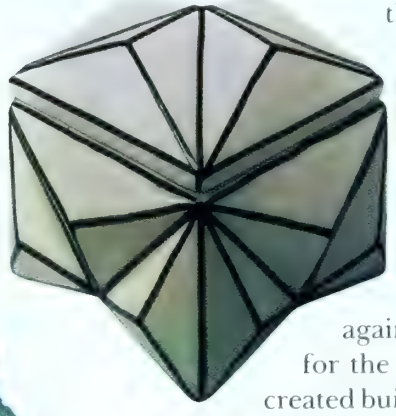
Czech architects gave new dimension to the principles they learned from the paintings of Braque and Picasso

BY JOSEPH GIOVANNINI

In what is now Czechoslovakia, for a few exhilarating years before World War I, leading a cubist life was a tantalizing possibility. A coterie of Czech intellectuals, artists, and patrons wrote at cubist desks, toasted with cubist glasses, and entertained on cubist sofas in rooms decorated with cubist fabrics and wallpaper. Cubist architects in Prague and other parts of Bohemia built about a dozen multistory structures—including villas, apartment buildings, and a spa—which looked as though Braque or Picasso had painted them in space, their façades as elegantly faceted as the bodies of the "demoiselles d'Avignon."









For all its spatial suggestiveness, cubism in France remained the pursuit of artists rather than architects. It was only the Bohemians who fully understood the architectural potential in cubism and took it into the third dimension. From 1911 through 1914, in what was one of the earliest episodes of abstract architecture and perhaps the first reaction against functionalist modernism, Czechs searched for the spirit and hidden dynamics in matter; they created buildings, objects, and furniture whose surfaces, like the ripples and swells of bodies of water, suggested the movement of forces beneath. The crystalline bas-reliefs on these animated façades also represented a reaction against the faint ornamentalism and organic

Cubism took habitable form only in Czechoslovakia, in the work of such architects as Josef Gočár, whose 1912–13 apartment house, top left, juxtaposes a curved bay with faceted planes, and Josef Chochol, whose façades for a 1913 apartment block, left, and a 1911–12 villa, center left, are abstractions in three dimensions. Pavel Janák applied cubist theory to a chair, 1911–12, center right, and a ceramic box, 1911, above left.



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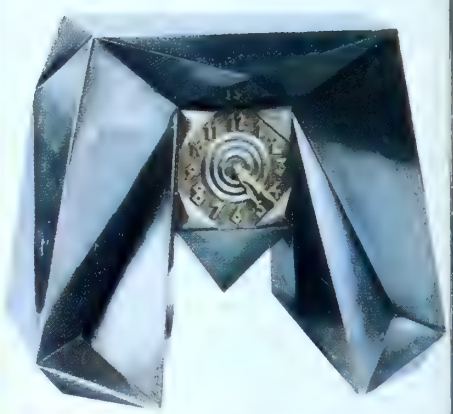
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Czech cubists searched for the spirit and hidden dynamics in matter







Beveled surfaces and unexpected angles animate Gočár's writing desk, above left, and table clock, above, and the vitrine he designed for his own apartment, bottom. Left: Sunlight accentuates the folded planes and projecting elements of a Chochol apartment house on the Vltava River.

naturalism of dream-state fin de siècle Viennese architecture.

Prague in those years was alive with new ideas. Intent on forming their own cultural identity, Czech painters were eschewing the Austrian capital, traditionally the source of their artistic influence, in favor of Paris; they returned bearing the banner of cubism. In Prague's avidly receptive intellectual climate, works by Picasso and Braque were being exhibited, Einstein was lecturing, and Kafka was writing. According to Milena Lamarová, head of the department of design and a curator at the Museum of Decorative Arts in Prague, the Big Bang in architecture came in 1911, when the Group of Plastic Artists was founded. Pavel Janák, the primary exponent of the movement, was among the first to propose buildings conceived as expressions of force rather than function. His earliest drawings show prismatic architectural surfaces, without any supporting structure, as though mass had become energy. Antifunctionalists wanted matter to radiate joy.

A precocious and unique movement, Czech cubism anticipated neoplasticism in Holland and suprematism and constructivism in Russia before losing its momentum at home, first to war and then to politics. For several decades the furniture and ceramics as well as the houses and apartment buildings created during this daring experiment languished, discredited by the state as abstract, nonfigurative, bourgeois, and unintelligible to the masses. Beyond this official disapproval, the objects and buildings were obscured by the overwhelming beauty of the city of Prague, which assimilated such radical presences by an unconscious act of aesthetic integration: spired medieval churches, endless Habsburg palaces, and Jugendstil concert halls lulled away the shock of cubism.

But in the 1950s, without making ideological declarations, a few curators in Czechoslovakia started quietly collecting cubist pieces that otherwise might have been lost. Now the liberalized cultural politics of the Velvet Revolution have made possible a celebration of the accomplishments of Czech cubism. Last May the Museum of Decorative Arts in Prague organized a major exhibition in association with the National Technical Museum and the Vitra Design Museum in Germany—under the patronage of two presidents, Václav Havel of Czechoslovakia and Richard von Weizsäcker of Germany. In a public acknowledgment of support that amounted to a political statement—and was much appreciated by the Prague intelligentsia—Havel attended the exhibition's debut. An enlarged version of the show then opened at the Vitra Museum in Weil am Rhein, where it became the first exhibition to occupy the whole of the spacious deconstructivist museum recently completed by Frank Gehry, a prismatic building conceptually akin to the cubist work displayed inside. The nearly three hundred pieces in the traveling show offer convincing evidence of a promising adventure in architecture and design. (The exhibition, funded largely by the Vitra Museum, is at the Centre Georges Pompidou in Paris from March 18 through June 9; it is scheduled to open at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum in New York in the spring of 1993.)



Perhaps the most eloquent statement of cubist architecture is a five-story apartment building by Josef Chochol in a Prague neighborhood remarkable only for two of his other cubist buildings (including a villa facing the languid Vltava River). The masonry walls of the 1913 apartment block are sculpted into facets that, with a raking sun, break into large diamonds of light and shadow which contradict the structural lines of gravity. These sur-

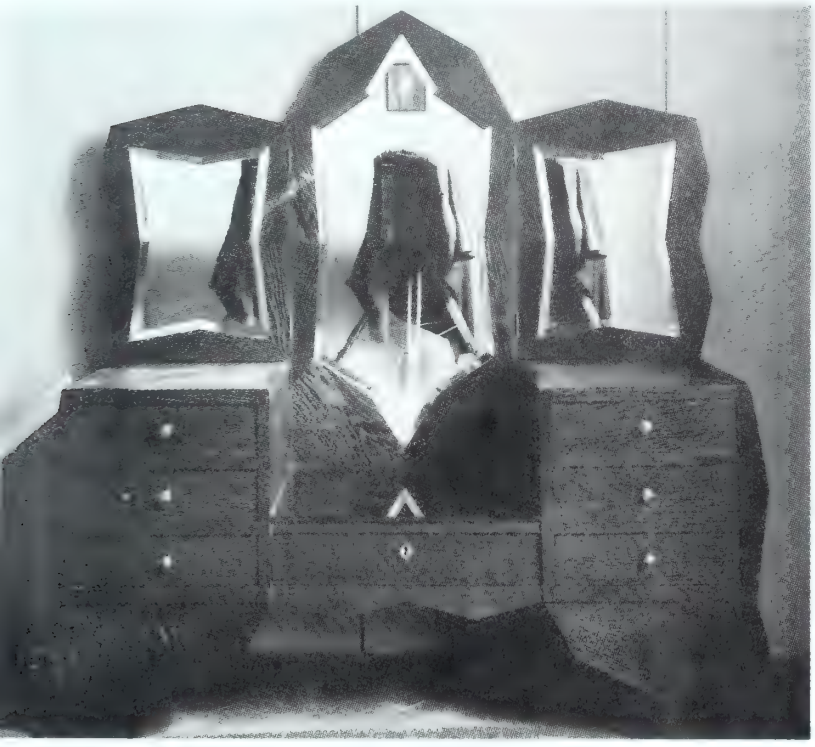
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The vanity, with its trio of adjustable mirrors, captured the cubist imagination



face modulations, based on oblique planes passing through vertical and horizontal planes, transform the apartment block dynamically. Chochol abstracted the building on its own façade; Picasso could hardly have transformed it further on canvas.

Other buildings of like spirit appear in surprisingly prominent locations, even in a neighborhood adjacent to Prague Castle. In Staré Město, the old town, drivers emerging from the Intercontinental Hotel's underground garage confront a block-long apartment house by Otakar Novotný, completed just after World War I. Its classical order is irregularly fragmented, its surfaces heaving in faceted movement. The effect is most pronounced when the building is seen from an oblique angle, the planes shifting against one another. In an early attempt at energizing space, Novotný also adapted the cubist principle of dynamizing and deforming mass to the wrought-iron gates and railings, which project from the flat planes. In Josef Gočár's 1911–12 three-story spa in the North Bohemian town of Bohdaneč, the architect tiered and folded the pediments over the entry with the skill of an origami master and angled mullions to create the illusion that windows bulge from their frames.



In a 1919 photograph, top, the camera records the fragmentation of its own image in the mirrors of a Gočár vanity. Above: Panels on the sides of a Janák desk, 1911–12, echo its bulging silhouette.

With their Gothic churches and baroque buildings, Czechs had long appreciated the spiritual pulse possible in stone. Janák, in the 1913 renovation of a baroque house on the main square at Pelhřimov in South Bohemia, capitalized on its undulations by turning the curves into facets, underscoring the common interest of the two styles in the articulation of movement rather than construction. But such spirited experimentation on façades did not affect the floor plans or interior spaces, which remained straight, regular, and suitable for any upright burgher and his family. Cubism inside these buildings was a matter of chairs and china cabinets and chandeliers. Perhaps the self-imposed limitation was a matter of engineering: in a world before computers, asymmetrically structured buildings would have required more time to calculate than to build.

The architects who were the primary agents of Czech cubism often sketched out in objects their ideas for buildings. Chairs have always been a laboratory for architects, and Janák designed a cubist classic: the back is a triangle, the seat a trapezoid with one subtly folded edge, and the legs are bent at the ankle, changing profile as a viewer walks around. The simple planes themselves have an ornamental quality. Desks were also favorites for cubist investigation; most seem to bulge, as though restraining an explosion at their core. A few ceramic pieces contain the whole cubist thesis, among them a white stoneware jewel box, designed by Janák, with black lines accentuating its crystalline edges: the surfaces are broken into triangular faces and pyramids that make up an unprecedented polyhedron.

But perhaps the object that most engaged the cubist imagination was the vanity; its triptych of adjustable mirrors afforded the opportunity of designing constantly changing reflections. Cut in the profile of gemstones and beveled at the edges, the mirrors of two vanities in the show reflect and fragment one another so that no image survives intact. In a playful period photograph of an imposing 1912–13 brown-stained oak vanity by Gočár, the shrouded camera, stationed on a tripod in front of the central mirror, photographs its own segmented image. The instrument of the supposedly neutral photograph is itself "painted" by the vanity into a cubist diorama.

The vanity would do the same to a Prague couple dressing for the evening–he knotting a cubist cravat; she arranging an off-the-shoulder scarf; both transformed by the oddly shaped and faceted mirrors, as by a painter's eye, into a living object lesson in cubism. ▲



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Joanna Rock, left, hand-prints her wallpaper designs to give them texture and subtle variations. Below: She carves a leaf pattern into a linoleum block. Details see Resources.



Rock's Steady Hand

Joanna Rock prints wallpapers inspired by Amish quilts and the Alhambra BY EVE M. KAHN

NOBODY ELSE DOES WHAT I DO—they'd be out of their minds if they did," says Joanna Rock, a one-woman wallpaper factory. First she dreams up a bold repeatable pattern and carves it into an eleven-inch linoleum block. Then she paints an eleven-yard-long strip of paper with latex paint, slathers the block with contrasting latex, and presses it along the paper's length. Finally, she hangs the results to dry on an overhead rack, like a preposterous bedsheet. For the rare orders too large to handle herself, Rock hires a silk screen studio to pump out football fields of her designs—with regret. "There's no movement, no subtle discrepancies," she sighs.

A fast-talking, easy-laughing native of a London suburb, Rock acquired printing skills in the mid 1970s when she was at London's Royal Academy of Music studying guitar. Discontent with her courses and decrepit living quarters, she took comfort in a part-time job as a printer for Peggy Angus, a linoleum block wallpaper pioneer. "That job was a lifesaving force," Rock recalls. Another, she adds, was classmate Charles Rock. He swept his bride first to the San Francisco area, where he taught music and she founded her wallpaper business, and then to Dobbs Ferry, a New York suburb, where he now practices law. When Colin and Oliver, the Rocks' seven-year-old twins, are in school, she descends into the basement and labors over paper. A single roll takes an hour and a half, and Rock generates a few hundred rolls annually.



Jazz Age–style geometric.



An Alhambra tile design adaptation.

William Morris revisited.

A door laid on sawhorses acts as her work surface; columns of paint tins ring the room on a waist-high shelf. The walls carry samples of the twenty-one patterns in her line: abstract squiggles, Amish quilt–style pinwheels, tapestry lions. Also on display are inspirations for future designs: photos of a two-hundred-year-old daffodil-filled wallpaper found in Quentin Bell's former Sussex house and a vibrant Precolumbian textile.

"Everywhere I look, I see something worth adapting," says Rock, who restrains herself to two new additions per year to avoid stretching too thin. And, whenever possible, she installs her wallpapers herself, basking in the textures. But her devotion to hard work does not preclude a longing for recognition. Showing off a delicate white-on-cream floral print she produced for Diane Sawyer's home dressing room, she muses, "The business keeps simmering along, and maybe someday it'll grow too big for this basement." ▲



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Scenes from Everyday Life

The realism of Stone Roberts suggests mysteries beneath familiar surfaces BY DOUGLAS BRENNER

The ghost of a Dutch master would probably smile at the paintings of Stone Roberts, a forty-one-year-old New Yorker. The smile might first show recognition and approval: "Ah yes, one of those still lifes we used to call breakfast pieces." But admiration might well turn to bemusement as the practiced eye passed from exquisitely luminous lilies, lemons, and gourds reflected in silver and glass to a plastic kitchen timer painted with no less elegant precision. A modern version of the hourglass that symbolizes fleeting moments in the classic vanitas? A shape and texture that simply caught the artist's fancy? A private joke? Unanswered questions echo through much of Roberts's work. More often than not the resonant enigma centers on the mysterious workings of time, the ways the artist puts history and memory to use in grasping an ephemeral present.

As a boy growing up in North Carolina, Roberts pored over the color plates in Francis Henry Taylor's *Fifty Centuries of Art,* and he still remembers exactly which images he found most absorbing: Hubert van Eyck's *The Crucifixion,* a Dürer watercolor of a hare, Veronese's *Mars and Venus United by Love,* an Ingres portrait. Over the years Roberts came to appreciate abstract, pop, and other movements that dominated the contemporary art scene, but when he began to study drawing and painting as a Yale undergraduate, he knew that his personal style would be more akin to that of the pictures he had loved in childhood.







Stone Roberts, top, with *The William A. V. Cecil Family,* 1990–91, a modern conversation piece rich in ancestral symbolism. Above: *Lemons, Lilies, and Gourds,* 1987. Above right: *The Visit,* 1989, alludes to religious iconography. Right: *Luke and Flowers,* 1987, casts Roberts's dog in the role of a naughty cupid.

Now, as a figurative artist in his own right, Roberts is keenly aware of the weight of associations that a gesture, a pose, or an object can carry. All the same, his paintings entice the eye not simply to travel through time but also across the dense, richly varied surface of an artifact very much in the here and now. Brush strokes make the fold of a sleeve almost palpable; color suffuses a shadowy bruise on the skin of a pear, creating episodes in a purely visual drama that can be enjoyed without art historical footnotes. Sensation and thought are tightly interwoven in patterns as intricate as those of the oriental car-



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pets that are a recurrent motif.

At its most obvious, Roberts's acknowledgment of the past may be as direct as the depiction of Seymour Guy's 1873 group portrait of the William H. Vanderbilt family which is included in the artist's own 1991 portrait of Vanderbilt descendants, the William A. V. Cecil family. The Cecils commissioned the new painting to hang opposite Guy's at Biltmore, the ancestral house Roberts used as the setting for his picture. Such formal reprises underscore particular dynastic loyalties, while the subtle counterpoint of glances and distant stares within the conventional format of a conversation piece hints at universal ambiguities of family ties. "I like the idea of a painting one can come back to again and again and see different things in," says Roberts. "You should almost be able to read it like a novel, with different relationships emerging over time."

It is tempting to tug at narrative threads in Roberts's paintings, especially when, following centuries-old precedent, he has applied a mythological or biblical title to a scene of characters in modern dress. In *Venus and Adonis* (1987–88), Venus could be a regular customer at Bergdorf Goodman, and the stricken Adonis, laid out on a penthouse floor, has a tennis player's tan lines. One need not be an art historian to sense portentous overtones in *The Visit* (1989). In lighting, tone, and composition, this work shows that Roberts has looked long and hard at Caravaggio and Georges de la Tour. Most of their followers would have called such a piece *The Visitation* and made sure that every detail identified it as the meeting of the Virgin and Saint Elizabeth recounted in Luke 1:39–56. Roberts has taken a different tack. Details such as the iris (long associated with Mary), the spilled wine, and even the harnessed dog (like the leashed monkey, a traditional emblem of sensuality held in check) can indeed be interpreted according to standard iconography. But the playing cards, the sunglasses, the charioteer pattern on the jacket of the blonde (a likeness of Roberts's wife, Betsey)—what do they signify? These may just be women any well-connected New Yorker might know going about their worldly pursuits, though there is a lingering intimation that mundane encounters can offer unexpected epiphanies.

The dog, a portrait of Roberts's spaniel, Luke (Saint Luke is the patron saint of painters), figures in many works. In *Luke and Flowers* (1987), he is caught in the midst of a minor domestic mishap, as if one of Stubbs's animal sitters had bounded off into Hogarth's *The Rake's Progress*. Or Luke could be the metamorphosis of countless naughty cupids or one of Balthus's bad children. The subject is also a fine excuse for a dynamic diagonal composition, a chance to play off fur against linen and peonies, crimson and ocher against black and white. With characteristic irony, Roberts nimbly transforms a leap of the imagination into a tableau of contemplative stillness. ♠

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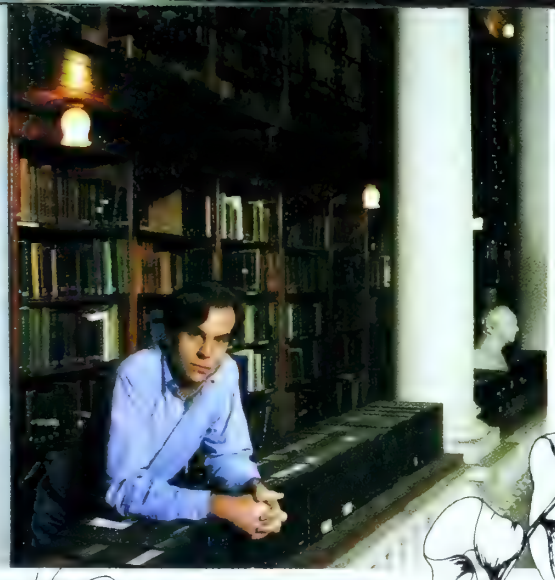
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The Latest Words on Gardening



Mark Griffiths, top, editor of the new Royal Horticultural Society dictionary, is also a poet, an illustrator, above right, and a cycad expert. Above and right: His drawings of *Zamia fischeri* and *Z. pumila*, from the dictionary.

A young horticulturist uproots provincial ideas with a revolutionary new dictionary BY PATTI HAGAN

Last fall I got a sneak preview of *The New Royal Horticultural Society Dictionary of Gardening* as its editor, Mark Griffiths, penciled in his final changes in the cultivation notes: "I'm just going through getting rid of peat. The book is contaminated by peat and insecticides and herbicides." To encourage healthy horticultural practices, he relegated the offending chemicals to glossarial oblivion at the back of the book. Same for peat. "For the last twenty years peat has been the horticultural panacea in the U.K.," he declares. "That's how we lost the craft of soil management."

The new four-volume 3,000-page dictionary, published here by Stockton Press ($695, $795 after April 15), is in no way a revision of the 1951 Royal Horticultural Society dictionary, which Griffiths dismisses as "the last great puff of colonialism," a work "rooted in life below stairs or life in the potting shed." Since he put aside research for his doctoral thesis on cycads four years ago to take on the RHS project under editor in chief Anthony Huxley, Griffiths explains, he has dedicated himself to producing an original work of "systematic and beautiful and good botany" relevant to "the very intensive but small-scale domestic garden" of today—not just in Britain, but around the world. Griffiths says his model "for the look of the thing"—400 pages of botanical illustration, some of it his own—was Parkinson's *Paradisus* (1629) and "for the content" Liberty Hyde Bailey's *Cyclopedia of American Horticulture* (1900–02). For the rest he was confident he could "bring a few new things to it, like conservation and genetic engineering."

He could certainly draw on a plant-precocious youth: as a hay fever–afflicted seven-year-old, Griffiths read in Darwin that "orchids have enclosed pollen" and began an orchid collection; at nine he started what he calls "an extraordinary apprenticeship" to noted orchid nurseryman Peter Black; by ten he was training bonsai; at twelve he fell for the cycads at Kew and added the palmlike trop-


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icals to his collection at home. "I was beginning to get fairly heated about conservation issues," he recalls, "and I thought that cycads were a group where people could really have some impact by horticultural means." Griffiths and his cycads and orchids went up to Oxford together in 1982, he to read English by day and garden for the department of botany by night, the plants to join the University Botanic Garden collections. The Linnean Society named him a fellow at twenty-three.

Now twenty-eight, Griffiths suggests a nineteenth-century naturalist/man of letters: he writes poetry and prose, studies plants, does botanical illustration, designs gardens, and edits. "The dictionary justifies it all," he says. "It allows me to bring together the literary interest and the taxonomic interest with true horticultural matters."



Paphiopedilum, one of 400 pages of line drawings in the dictionary.

"Orchid coverage has come down by fifty percent. A lot of these things are actually extinct"

Although he has no academic degree in science, he points out that the dictionary is "very botanical." (Even so, "uncompromisingly botanical" descriptions—"elongate, subterete, arcuate, wingless, footless"—turn poetic.) And despite his having avoided the "tradition of taxonomic scholasticism," his dictionary describes and classifies 60,000 garden plants, including thousands of cultivars. Griffiths says the staff mined catalogues ("All the literature for modern cultivars is commercial"), consulted the "best possible people in the business," and developed a massive synonymy with cross-references.

"The only way to justify having all this bloody botany was to have something a little bit gentle," he continues, moving on to another of his innovations: the cultivation notes. "We ended up looking at cookery books like Mrs. Beeton for a short elegant form that told you how to do something." The garden recipes include charmingly phrased directions for encouraging plants to become "well furnished at the base" and "removing all uncongenial soil," along with hybrid cultural asides: cattleya orchids "have fascinated collectors, corsage-wearers and commentators as far from the horticultural community as Proust and Nabokov."

While the project's roll of advisers and contributors includes more than two hundred taxonomists and horticultural experts, the new headwords are clearly a menu of the editor's concerns: Biological Control, Conservation, Conservation of Gardens, Hardiness ("Hardiness is a complex phenomenon, a highly relative quality belonging to the individual plant—not to its projected site"), Plant Anatomy, United States: History of Gardening, Urban Landscape. Ecology, two lines in 1951, fills a page and a half and concludes with the observation: "Good gardeners are generally successful because they are intuitive ecologists: if they did not take account of such principles as competition, succession and invasion, their gardens would fail functionally and aesthetically. Their eagerness to harness these principles in such environmentally 'friendly' practices as Integrated Pest Management and organic cultivation reflects to some degree a flourishing of environmental concern in recent years." The Conservation entry is an impassioned brief for biodiversity and plants' rights.

While the new dictionary is rich in textural diversity, much biodiversity has been lost to it. "Orchid coverage has come down by fifty percent," Griffiths laments. "A lot of these things are actually extinct. One of the saddest things I've had to do is throw out plants for which I could find no evidence at all of cultivation." *Zamia skinneri*, a cycad he had never seen, kept its place only because he happened to spot it in the window of a London flower shop late one night last summer. Thus the entry on CITES (Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species) takes a stern tone—"It is not unknown for unscrupulous nurseries to state that plants are nursery-propagated when they are in fact taken from the wild"—and assigns a job to every reader: "Horticultural societies and botanic gardens should be encouraged to campaign for nurseries not to sell wild-collected material. . . . Gardeners should be vigilant and refuse to purchase material of dubious origin." The book stresses that hybridization "has largely taken the place of plant collecting."

Now Griffiths is awaiting the critics. He frets about the cultivation notes ("Everyone has a different way of skinning a cat. People go, 'I've never grown a cattleya that way!' ") and accusations of inconsistency. "And some people won't see the point in our having something on, say, ethnobotany." He adds, "I think it's actually in the nature of taxonomy and gardening that people will bicker like hell about it." I suspect he'll be disappointed if they don't. After all, gardening is overdue for a good literary-horticultural ruckus. ▲

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Italian fashion photographer Fabrizio Ferri tries some sharp new angles

style

BY WENDY GOODMAN

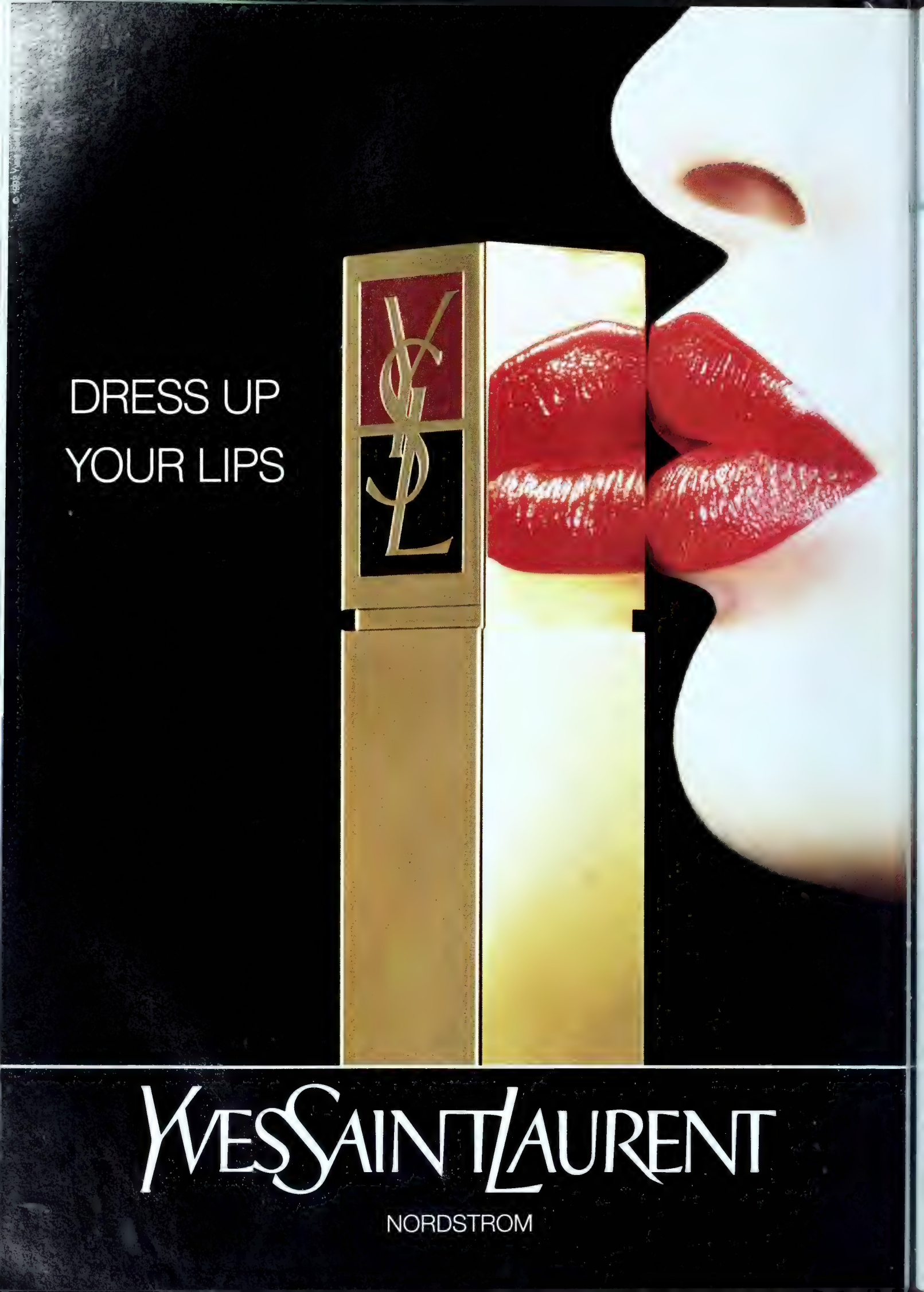


Ferri's shifting focus. Clockwise from top left: Mahogany slat armchair with a flexible back. Ferri and his daughter, Marta. Walnut table with removable sets of drawers. Industria Superstudio's daylit top-floor space. Cashmere/velvet shawl over cotton shirt and pants, all by Industria. Details see Resources.



"MY EYES HAVE TO BE BIG IN MY BUSINESS," SAYS PHOTOGrapher Fabrizio Ferri, "but my ears are bigger. I listen to my friends and find out what they need." In March 1991, recognizing that the recession would curtail travel for fashion shoots, he opened New York's Industria Superstudio, a 22,000-square-foot rental photography studio. Now Ferri is launching an Industria line of practical and affordable clothing and furniture, designed by a team he assembled. The clothing is based on off-the-runway favorites like the sweaters that models borrow from their boyfriends. The slat chairs have pliable backs, and the table is topped with removable sets of drawers. Ferri hopes his next step will be Industria stores with pared-down studiolike environments. "You go buy clothes and furniture as you would camera equipment," claims Ferri. "You need to see the pieces with no pretense."


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April

Editor's Page

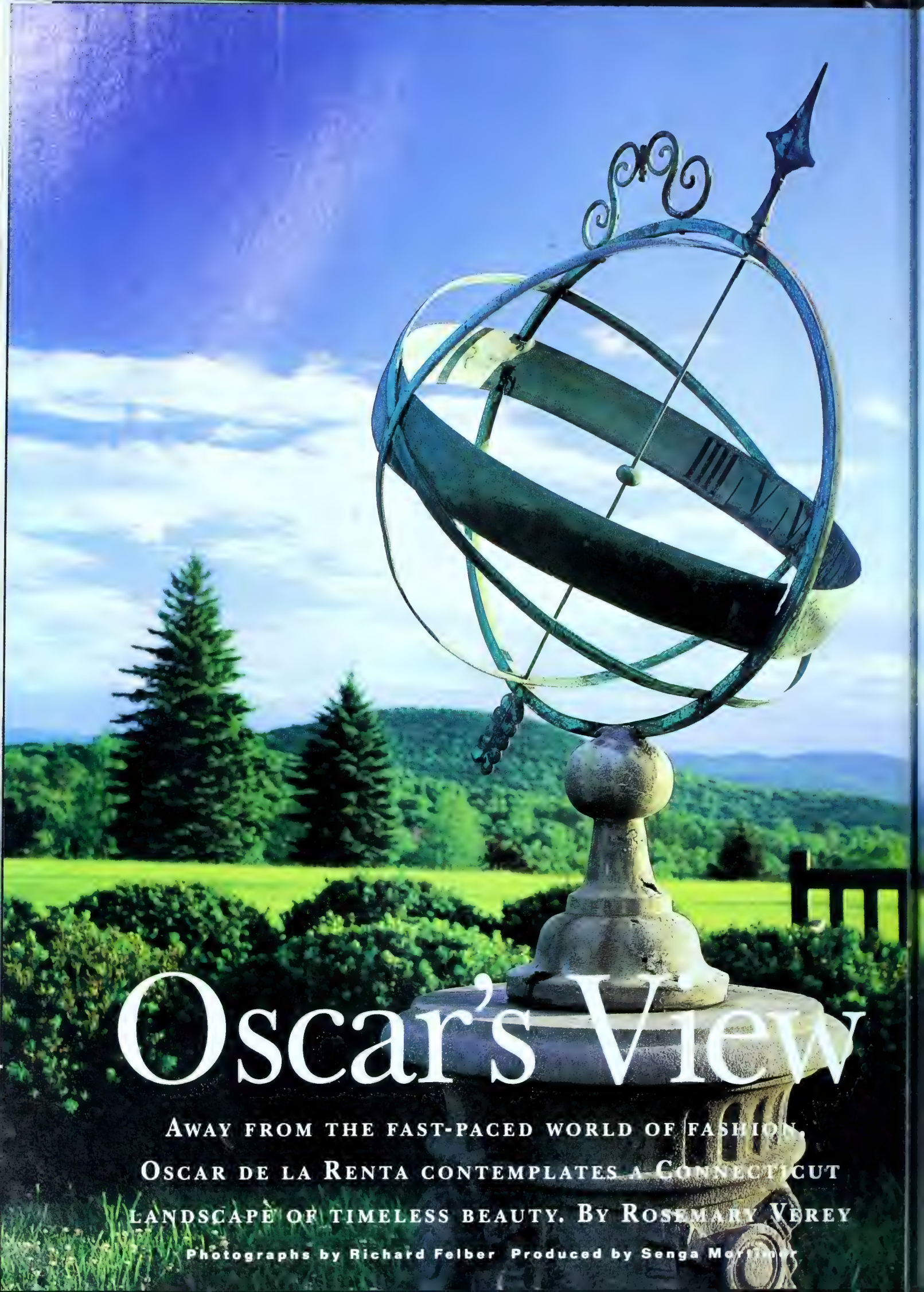


Oak Hill, like many Hudson Valley houses, was built to take advantage of views of the river.

HAVING GROWN UP in New York with a memorable view of Central Park, I have found myself almost physiologically unable to live without a vista or at least without light and an airy sense of space. (How this has affected me and my family in the New York and Connecticut real estate markets is a complicated subject.) Nothing—not even the urban expansionism of the twentieth century—can erase the American longing for open space, whether Longfellow's forest primeval, Thoreau's Walden Pond, or, as in my early life, Frederick Law Olmsted's 840-acre approximation of the natural world. This month we consider the question of siting and view in a variety of ways, examining the centuries-old preserve of the Livingstons, Aldriches, and other patrician families whose houses front splendidly on New York's historic Hudson River. Then there's the more cultivated slice of nature of Oscar de la Renta's garden in the gently rolling wooded hills of Connecticut where ordered beds, allées, and borders have been coaxed from a stretch of land that would have tantalized Humphry Repton. A house by Christopher Alexander, the idiosyncratically modern architect, on an island in Puget Sound has everything to do with cooperation with nature—in terms of both its spectacular vistas of towering trees and the Olympic Mountains and its own cedar-sheathed structure, designed to meld with the forest. Decorator John Oetgen's house in Atlanta offers inward-looking diversions—French windows to allow in natural light and a garden trellis covered with flowers to block the driveway view. Architect Richard Meier's two new showstoppers—the Getty Center in Los Angeles and the Canal Plus building in Paris—are meant to be the best-ever spots to survey their cities; they both embellish and oversee their respective skylines. The April HG also takes a panoramic look at the 1970s in an intriguing essay by Herbert Muschamp. Getting in touch with your feelings, as we all rushed to do in the seventies, may just be easier if you have a good view.

Mary Novogrod

EDITOR IN CHIEF



Oscar's View

AWAY FROM THE FAST-PACED WORLD OF FASHION, OSCAR DE LA RENTA CONTEMPLATES A CONNECTICUT LANDSCAPE OF TIMELESS BEAUTY. BY ROSEMARY VEREY

Photographs by Richard Felber Produced by Senga Mortimer



Annette and Oscar de la Renta, *right*, with Norfolk terriers Jupiter and Lily, in the avenue of pear trees. *Left:* An antique armillary sphere marks the end of the avenue where it opens onto a panorama of meadow and woodland. Details see Resources.

WHILE OSCAR de la Renta was showing his spring ready-to-wear collection in Paris last fall—the only American designer to be accorded this privilege—I had the good fortune to be walking in his very personal garden in Connecticut which he shares with his wife, Annette. Oscar had already talked with me at length about the garden, describing how it is surrounded by rolling hills, by woodland and meadows, about its structure and the way his planting plans have slowly evolved, and about his dreams for the future. His strong love of his land came through clearly.

To be successful, the creator of a garden must have a sympathy and deep feeling for nature and a love of plants, combined with patience and an understanding of design and color—above all he must have artistry. And, of course, he must realize that he is creating an ever-changing scene, both as the seasons advance and as each year brings new growth. Oscar possesses all of these qualities as well as a lively imagination. He has the hands of an artist, but they are useful hands that can dig as well as draw and paint.

Born in the Dominican Republic, he went to art school there and had a one-man show of paintings when he was only seventeen. Now, years later, Oscar and Annette's New York apartment has a long gallery divided by five-foot-high bookcases into definite spaces—living room, library, and dining area—each one filled with paintings, books, and objects of everyday life, all arranged in an exciting, enviable collage. In a subtle way those spaces and our conversation there prepared me for the pleasures of his garden and its compartments filled with varying incident.

It was in 1972 that Oscar and his late wife, Françoise, decided that they needed a country retreat away from the bustle of life in Manhattan. They imagined a tiny cottage, with nothing of special value inside, where they could relax. It was only out of curiosity that they went to see the Connecticut property. But as Oscar recalls, "The moment we drove in I said, 'This place is going to be our home.'" Here was peace, fifty-five acres (now grown to two hundred), a small gabled clapboard house with paddocks for horses, and the most wonderful view. All his life Oscar has loved nature, but until he bought this place he had never had the opportunity to enjoy a rural life.



Brick paths and circles of box and grass, *opposite above,* frame beds of alyssum and herbs in a formal garden. *Opposite below:* The adjoining enclosure has borders of salvias, snapdragons, dahlias, and roses interspersed with nicotiana and other scented plants. Lemon trees in terra-cotta pots are brought outdoors in summer. *Above:* In the pool garden, white roses and peonies stand out against the prevailing green.

While he learned to garden by trial and error and studied nursery catalogues and planting plans, Oscar was too busy to come to grips with an overall design for his estate, one that would complement and merge with the surrounding countryside. His New York apartment at that time overlooked the Frick Collection, and he found himself fascinated as he watched his friend the great landscape architect Russell Page laying out the museum's flower garden. He invited Russell for a weekend in Connecticut to advise him.

Russell arrived on Friday night, and on Saturday morning Oscar took him for a walk around the property. They passed a small border that Oscar had lovingly dug and planted himself, and Russell, looking down on it from his full six feet, dryly inquired, "What's that?" "I cannot describe to you," Oscar told me, "the way that he looked at my prize—my herbaceous border that I was so proud of." He was so embarrassed by Russell's evident scorn that he found himself saying, "The people who used to own the property did that and I simply haven't taken it out yet."

Russell asked what he would like, and the honest answer came, "I would love to have a garden." "Well," said Russell, "you know you'll never have a garden—a garden needs walls and you have no walls. Here you have this extraordinary view and all you can do is enhance it." Oscar was dismayed, but Russell sketched out some ideas.

Oscar carried out some of Russell's basic suggestions, but from then on he became the designer. Determined to have his flowers and to plant hedges to emulate solid walls, he concentrated on establishing a garden oasis tucked away where it would not interfere with the all-important view from the house. The stables were converted into a pavilion for a new swimming pool, which now forms the heart of Oscar's series of connecting garden rooms divided by hedges and the shrub borders that screen a small greenhouse.

To reach the pool, you go through a white wooden gate into a square formal garden laid out with box-







"As a boy, I thought scent was contained in dewdrops on flowers"

wood patterns. The centerpiece is a neoclassical stone urn on a pedestal, and round this a bed of spring bulbs and summer annuals is ringed by a circle of box. Concentric circles are formed by a brick path, a band of grass, and more box hedges. Bisecting brick paths define quadrants that are planted for color from spring through to fall. In spring the lily-flowered *Tulipa* 'White Triumphator' and the almost-black *Tulipa* 'Queen of Night', generously planted, flower at the same time as the ornamental crab apples. During the summer the scene changes to soft blues, pinks, and white—all chosen for their long flowering. In winter the clipped box makes the picture. These formal beds are backed by taller herbaceous flowers to give an element of height and fullness. No less formal is the planting of herbs for use in the nearby kitchen. The central urn with its ram's-head motif overflows with gray-leaved thyme.

A gate on one side leads through to the pool with its fragrant all-white flower garden, but if you walk on along the brick path and under a white wooden archway entwined with pink roses, you reach another enclosed garden. Once this was full of roses, but Oscar has wisely taken out most of them—the winter cold was too harsh—and instead he now has borders of bright colors and an abundance of flowers chosen for their scent, including nicotiana, dianthus, and sweet peas.

I remembered my conversation with Oscar, who had told me disarm-









ingly, "When I was a boy I thought scent was contained in the dewdrops on flowers and if I got up very early in the morning, I could collect it and make perfume. To my great disappointment it was not there at all." A sad moment for a young enthusiast, but today he is launching a third fragrance for women, Volupté, an alluring name celebrating the pleasure of all our senses. I asked Oscar if he had his own garden as a boy in Santo Domingo, and I heard about his six older sisters who grew flowers in their small town yard while he, the only boy, planted spinach and corn because he could sell his crops to his mother. The inspiration of a warmer climate and tropical colors comes through in this New England garden of annuals and roses edged with box where four large clay pots with lemon trees are put out in summer, echoing the symmetry of the borders.

Leaving the two enclosed gardens and walking on through the second white archway, you come upon a wonderful surprise. Instantly the view changes to one of open space and greenness, though the scene is still ordered and disciplined. Your pace may quicken as you walk along a majestic double avenue of *Pyrus calleryana* 'Red Spire' pears planted by

The changing scene. *Clockwise, from opposite above left:* Jupiter poses beside a box topiary flanked by agapanthus and daisies. An autumn profusion of antirrhinums, zinnias, and dahlias in the cutting garden. One of three yew "wedding cakes" is deployed like green sculpture on the lawn. Hostas line stone steps to the woods. Rhode Island Reds and other hens supply eggs for the house and manure for the potager. A goddess in a bower of white philadelphus. Densely planted sedum and perovskia bloom in a fall border. An avenue of spring-blossoming ornamental crab apple trees.







In spring the pale *Tulipa* 'White Triumphator' and the nearly black *Tulipa* 'Queen of Night', *right*, surround a neoclassical stone urn at the center of the formal garden. *Left:* A 550-foot-long perennial border parallels the series of "wedding cake" topiaries and the pear allée.



Gardens everywhere from Europe to New England have influenced Oscar de la Renta's ideal of harmony in the landscape

Powers Taylor and the late Doug Bean of Rosedale Nurseries. This allée extends past a stone urn, three giant "wedding cakes" of yew topiary, and up to an armillary sphere embraced by a double semicircle of clipped box bushes.

In the Connecticut countryside beyond, native birches, oaks, and sugar maples are allowed their freedom and beauty unimpaired. I was reminded of the estate Thomas Jefferson carved out of the woods at Monticello. Whether or not our surroundings are true wilderness, we all have an insatiable wish to conquer nature, but we should never work against it. The subtlety of man's approach to the landscape has always lain in his ability to create a harmonious meeting of the wild world and a nature that has been tamed to his own vision. Oscar's ideal of harmony has been influenced by many gardens he has admired everywhere from Europe to New England. He will undoubtedly continue to explore the realm of plants with an eye to blending fresh discoveries into his own already magnificent setting.

Besides Oscar and Annette, there are the all-important people who tend the estate: Roger Whitmore, the caretaker, and Felix Trinidad, a Santo Domingan, who like Oscar have a natural instinct for plants. Felix took me up through a hosta-lined woodland path and downhill to a working area where vegetables chosen by Oscar and Annette are grown with loving precision. The cutting garden next to this potager was bounteous with flowers waiting to be gathered and arranged in the house.

Gardeners and couturiers possess many of the same talents: imagination, knowledge, and industry. Both know which colors shock or coordinate, which textures rasp or soothe, and both see fashions change—but they never forget that the concept of beauty is timeless. A masterpiece of a dress may travel the world for many seasons, and the world will always come to visit a distinguished garden. The taste and skill Oscar de la Renta has displayed in his professional life are amply reflected in a garden which, though beautiful today, will continue to mature. ♠





The avenue of 'Red Spire' p
trees changes character with
the seasons. *Above:* In sprin
the allee looks like a proces
of pale bouquets. *Opposite:*
Dense summer foliage casts
rhythmic bands of shade.

"You'll never have a garden," said Russell Page. "A garden needs w



you have no walls. All you can do is enhance the view"



An 18th-century Chinese calligraphy scroll runs the length of the living room above a sofa in a Clarence House fabric and an armchair in suede, both by Jacques Émile Ruhlmann. The diminutive faux marbre fireplace allows for an offbeat play of scale. Details see Resources.



Bentley LaRosa Salasky continues a great tradition of French style

Mood Moderne

By Heather Smith MacIsaac

Photographs by Oberto Gili

The designers' plans had to remain flexible to allow for fortuitous events like the discovery of a pair of Ruhlmann armchairs



ARCHITECT SAL LAROSA OF BENTLEY LAROSA Salasky makes it a practice to tell clients they should not expect that changing their surroundings will change their lives: problems in the "before" condition will not disappear in the "after." To this caveat one of the firm's recent clients, a serious collector of art and furniture who is married to a communications consultant, responds, "Sal, you proved yourself wrong." Restless in their old apartment, the couple were taken aback by the uplifting effect their new place had on them. "Sal brought the kind of peace into our environment that people search for all of their lives," the woman explains. "He understood my need for tranquillity. He understood furniture. He understood me. From the first meeting it wasn't just their portfolio that inspired me, it was Sal's ability to get inside my head." LaRosa agrees: "We had a meeting of the minds," a harmony that aided the architects in the difficult process of tailoring a New York apartment to a group of museum-quality French furniture that had yet to be assembled.

Here was a couple who collected contemporary art, lived in a streamlined seventies interior while they raised their two children, and had decided to downsize from a



a corner of the living room a Jean-Michel
nk desk is surrounded by a Tiffany
p, a Susan Rothenberg drawing, and
igh-back sofa by Bentley LaRosa
asky in fabrics from Clarence House.
posite above: A Howard Hodgkin painting
gs over a Eugène Printz cabinet, and
rank screen stands behind an Albert
euret torchère. *Opposite below:* Against a
ce Marden canvas the all-star furniture
eup includes an Edgar Brandt lamp, two
hlmann armchairs, and a Frank table.



three-bedroom to a one-bedroom apartment while upgrading the quality of their furnishings. They had always appreciated a spare aesthetic but their appetite for minimalist purity had waned. "They expressed an interest in art deco furniture, which, for people coming from a modernist point of view, seemed like a good transitional style," says LaRosa. Francophiles that the couple are, art deco for them meant elegant pared-down pieces composed of wonderful materials by such masters as Jacques-Émile Ruhlmann, Jean-Michel Frank, and André Arbus—not the Hollywood deco of mirror and chrome and jagged lines.

So while their clients started shopping, Bentley LaRosa Salasky got to work clarifying the layout of the prewar apartment which had good light and views north and west but no extraordinary features. The emphasis on late twenties and early thirties designs focused their efforts on creating clean rooms with graceful proportions and classical detailing. In the words of the woman client, "The architects took the negatives and made positives." An ugly foyer metamorphosed into an elongated octagonal entrance hall, paneled in cherry and anegré veneer, that is grand in everything but size. Tucked into the pockets created by the octagon are a hall closet, off-season closets, and a passageway to the kitchen which incorporates stereo storage and a jewel of a powder room. In the living room a grid of beams introduced a new element of balance, and a tiny fireplace added an unexpected play of scale. Lowering a window and fashioning an oval ceiling turned a small ordinary dining room into an intimate elegant one, perfect for the dinners for six that the owners like to host. And in the master bedroom, an arc of molding visually organized and unified a wall of closets and a door. All of the rooms show distinct character, but the flow between them is smooth because each, with the exception of the master bedroom suite, now has multiple entrances. Notes LaRosa, "Providing many paths makes the apartment feel bigger."









The shell of the apartment is as carefully crafted as the furniture

As the carefully composed architectural plans fell into place, the furniture lineup remained in a state of flux. When the owners found a pair of Ruhlmann chairs in Paris, every fabric in the living room had to be reconsidered and orders canceled. For months a steady stream of pho-



In the dining room, *opposite*, BLS designed bronze sconces and a mahogany table to complement the Cheuret heron chandelier in bronze and alabaster and 1920s French chairs. The entrance foyer beyond features a Frank Stella painting and a 1940s French table. *Above right:* Details of sculptural legs by (clockwise from top left) Adolf Loos, BLS, Printz, and Ruhlmann. *Right:* Drawings by Gustav Klimt, Francesco Clemente, and others are gathered in a study warmed by chamois-colored wallpaper from Norton Blumenthal and a sofa in a Brunschwig cotton chenille.



tographs, dimensions, and plans jetted between the peripatetic clients and architects. Fortunately, both camps almost always agreed on matters of taste. In the end what everyone learned was that it's best to have eighty-five but never a hundred percent of the furniture on hand before the move-in date, to allow room for serendipitous events—like the discovery of a Frank screen which, together with a Ruhlmann daybed and an Albert Cheuret torchère, forms a golden composition in a corner of the living room.

"When you have the opportunity to work with fine things, they offer a wellspring of ideas," says LaRosa. "The shell of this apartment is as meticulously crafted as the furniture, yet every surface has a degree of restraint." All of the exposed wood was oiled and hand-rubbed to a satiny finish except for the mahogany floors, which are waxed regularly. Some of the walls were painted five and six times, sanded and buffed between each coat; others were covered with subtly textured materials—raw silk, linen embossed with string—that set off the art. Original bronze hardware was removed for refinishing, and matching hardware was cast to fill in gaps. A half-oval piece of honed slate was set flush into the living room floor for a new hearth. Slabs of marble, rather than the quotidian marble tile, anchor the master and guest bathrooms, which are poetic renditions in frosted glass, nickel-plated brass, and slender porcelain tile of traditional French hotel bathrooms.

BLS seamlessly mingled thirties classics with their own renditions of modernist design

The few major pieces of furniture that couldn't be found came from Bentley LaRosa Salasky's drawing boards, including the master bedroom's king-size headboard, pair of night tables, and TV cabinet/chest of drawers in sycamore. For the dining room the architects created a mahogany table with shapely legs that end in delicate brass feet, as well as tapered bronze sconces designed to complement a rare Cheuret chandelier in the shape of a soaring heron. The new and the old are so seamlessly mingled that an antiques dealer who specializes in the period asked the clients how they ever found nine matching sconces and a suite of bedroom furniture in such pristine condition. Clients and architect could not have been paid a higher compliment. ♠

In the spirit of traditional French hotel bathrooms, BLS furnished the master bath, *left,* with a graceful nickel-plated brass basin and complementary sconces. *Opposite above:* The master bedroom is an elegant mix of the new (TV cabinet/chest of drawers by BLS, linens from Pratesi, carpet from Stark) and the vintage (an André Arbus chaise, an American 1930s parchment-covered cabinet, and a Jules Leleu armchair). *Opposite below:* On a wall of doors an arc of molding unites two closets and the glass-paneled entrance to the bathroom.

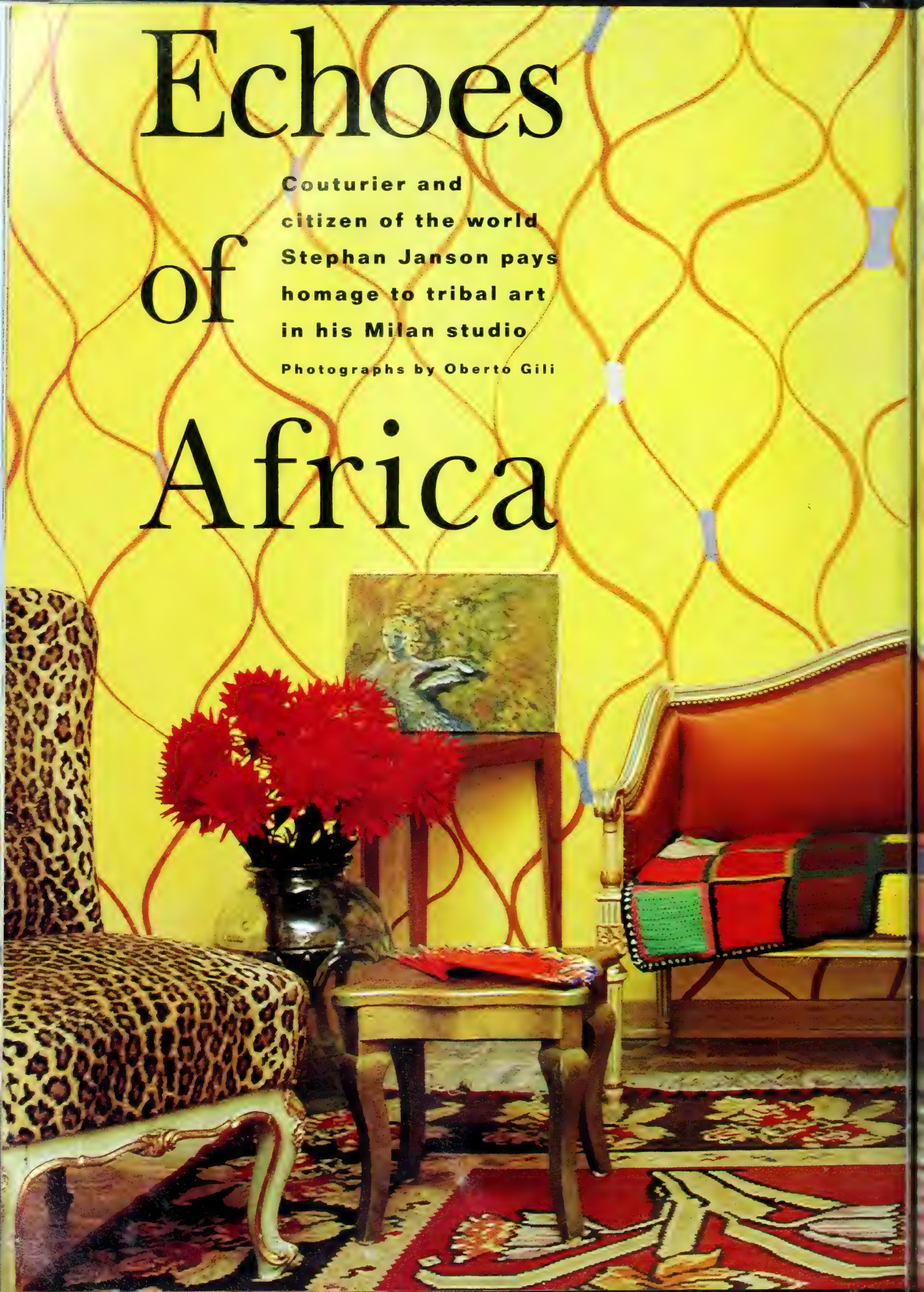




Echoes of Africa

Couturier and citizen of the world Stephan Janson pays homage to tribal art in his Milan studio

Photographs by Oberto Gili



By Wendy Goodman

A Frenchman who lives in Milan and commutes to Tokyo, fashion designer Stephan Janson personifies what he calls "the global citizen rather than the expatriate." One mark of Janson's cosmopolitanism is the name on the door of his new atelier in Milan: Apolide, an Italian term for being without ties to any single state. Another is just inside that door: a dazzling series of frescoes inspired by the wall paintings of West African women. "They are my tribute to Africa," he explains,



...on's Milan show-
...a Berber carpet
...alls inspired by
...an women's murals
...a vibrant back-
...for Louis XV–style
... in leopard print
... and a Louis XV
...sofa in red satin.
...h see Resources.







"my dream vision of Africa."

Born in Provence, Janson decided to be a couturier at the age of eight when he saw his grandmother's copy of French *Vogue* with Yves Saint Laurent's Mondrian dress on the cover. "I hardly slept that night," he recalls, "and I dropped the idea of being a pastry chef." At twelve he moved to Paris. "From my bedroom window I could see the back of the house of Yves Saint Laurent. No need to say it was heaven." The following year Pierre Bergé invited him to see the next collection. "When the first model came out, I realized it was like my first day of high school. I understood the difficulties of my métier, but I could not have been happier." He launched his own line in 1987, after several years in New York as a designer for Diane Von Furstenberg.

As for Apolide's decoration, Janson says, "I couldn't design and show my collection in a neutral space." Under the spell of the photographs in Margaret Courtney-Clarke's *African Canvas*, Janson and his partner, writer Umberto Pasti, had painter Santino Croci reinterpret patterns from Ghana, Burkina Faso, Mauritania, and Nigeria in appropriately earthy pigments. In a week the walls of the stairwell and entrance hall were covered with the chevrons and geometric motifs favored by the Soninke women of southern Mauritania, and those of the showroom with rhythmically curving lines of red against a brilliant yellow ground, a Nigerian evocation of a knotted fishnet.

Africa promises to be a continuing influence on Janson. He and Pasti recently bought a house in Tangiers, and he traces the fluidity of his latest collection to North African garments. "For me," he says, "Africa is endless inspiration." ♠



"I couldn't show my collection in a neutral space"



Frescoes on walls of the well, *opposit* and entranc hall, *above l* and *above r* express wha Janson, *far* calls his "dr vision of Af *Above cente* Gio Ponti s cotton flann *Left:* Bened Barzini wea Janson's wi jersey dress chiffon stol





Back Porch on the Future

For a house on Whidbey Island, architect Christopher Alexander finds eternal archetypes in a homespun past. By Pilar Viladas

Photographs by Mark Darley

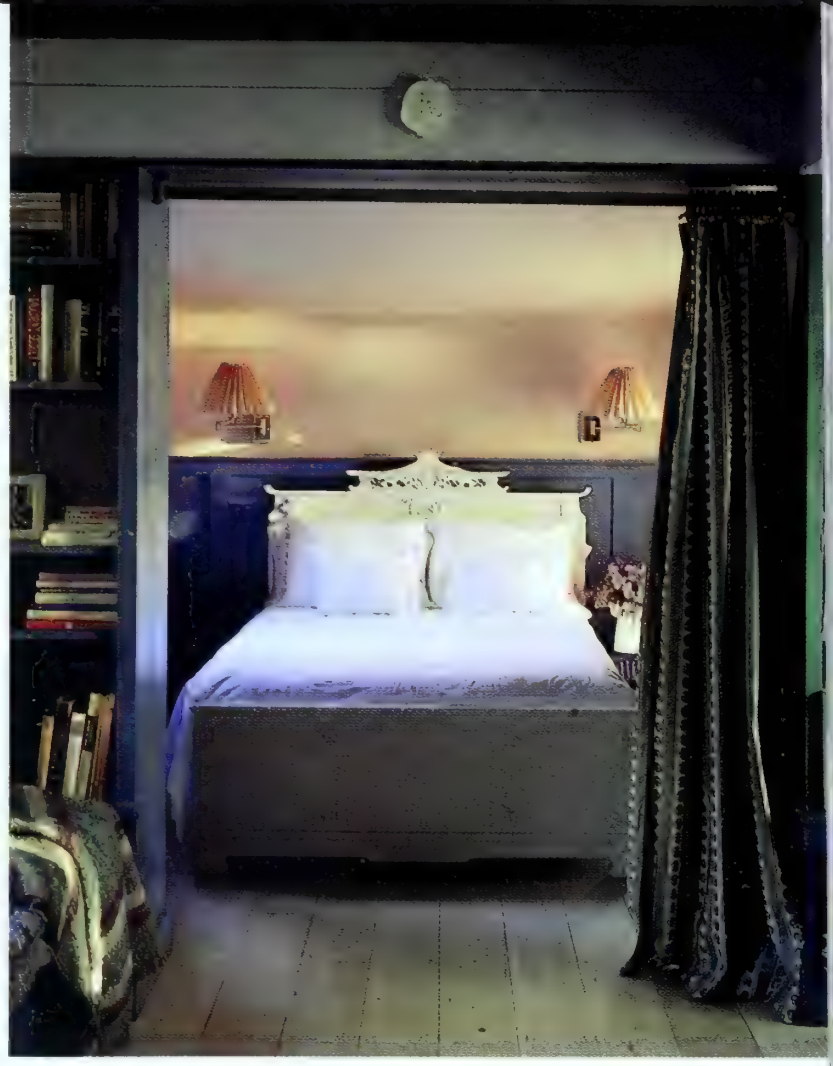
Ann Medlock and John Graham's porch, *opposite*, looks toward the Olympic Mountains, *above*. Architect Christopher Alexander designed the cedar-sided house to take advantage of its site yet have minimal impact on the land.





SEE THIS NICE, WARM, OLD-FASHIONED-LOOKing house? It's the work of one of the most controversial architects in America. Berkeley-based Christopher Alexander contends that no matter what style, contemporary architecture has produced buildings that people hate. It has strayed from the traditions that for centuries allowed Everyman to create simple, beautiful, well-constructed buildings. Alexander's attempts to recapture those traditions—in books such as *A Pattern Language,* in a growing number of built works, and in a commission blessed by the arch-populist prince of Wales—call for a revolution in the way we build.

Which is why Ann Medlock and John Graham spent seven years and every penny they had to build the house that Alexander designed for them on Whidbey Island, twenty-five miles northwest of Seattle in Puget Sound. They are mavericks themselves. Medlock, a former journalist who says she got fed up with "what is considered news," is the founder and president of the Giraffe Project, a nonprofit organization devoted to "inspiring people to stick their necks out for the common good." Graham, a former foreign service officer who served in Vietnam and at the United Nations before suffering his own brand of professional burnout, is the Giraffe Project's executive director. They left a comfortable life in New York for a vastly diminished income at the project, sold their apartment as Manhattan's real estate market bottomed out, and set out to build their dream house with Alexander and Gary Black, the vice president of Alexander's Center for Environmental Structure.



The house feels solid, as if it has been there forever

Alexander doesn't work the way most architects do. He interviewed Medlock and Graham at length about who they were and how they envisioned their lives in the house. He and Black spent hours walking the densely forested site, agonizing over which trees to cut. When something was built that didn't look quite right, it was ripped apart and built again, in keeping with Alexander's belief that architecture should be made on-site rather than on paper.

The house embodies many of the patterns, or conventions, that Alexander spells out in *A Pattern Language.* Its shape is long and thin, both to minimize its impact on the land and to maximize daylight in each of the rooms, which are strung together like beads on a necklace. The walls, enclosing a structure of heavy wood members, are almost a foot thick. "The difference in this house is the



The view, *opposite top,* from the sunny living room through the octagonal hall toward the kitchen illustrates Alexander's taste for alternating light and dark spaces. *Opposite bottom:* The informal dining area beyond the kitchen has its own deep bay window and mountain vista. *Above right:* The bed, made up with linens from the Cottage in Langley, Washington, is set into an alcove framed by the bookcases of the dressing room. *Right:* Natural light floods the stairwell. Details see Resources.

construction system," says Black. "You feel the way it's made." Dark and light spaces are alternated so that you are always drawn toward the light. Alcoves and bay windows—places for quiet conversation or reading—abound, as do built-in seats and bookcases. Color is used in every room, in hues chosen by Medlock, who showed a firm grasp of Alexander's theories on the subject.

The completed house feels solid and warm, as if it has been there forever. The light alone is worth a trip. A carpenter who helped build the house, Curt Brown (who is married to Alexander's sister-in-law), says, "It's a strange thing to be emotionally attached to a building, especially today. I have a lot of my soul in that building. There's a certain spirituality to it—it gets at your gut."

Medlock and Graham freely admit that the Alexander experience was no picnic—it took forever and cost more money than they had. Nevertheless, they'd do it again. "If you just want a place to live, don't do this," counsels Graham, who is no stranger to risky business; as part of a Harvard team in 1963, he made the only successful direct ascent to date of Mount McKinley's north face. "But if you want to make a miracle, do it." ▲



A mudroom paved with handmade tiles, *opposite*, leads from the main entrance to the kitchen and dining area. An octagonal room, *above*, with a compass rose painted on its floor, provides a transition between living and dining-kitchen areas and opens onto stairs on one side and a porch, *top*, on the other.


HOME
SWEET HOME





In his garden room Oetgen covered furniture in a Brunschwig check and used antique pediments as shelves for displaying prized objects and gifts from friends. *Opposite:* Cody, a bearded collie, sits in the entry before a stool with a cushion in a fabric designed by Oetgen. The spiked column serves as a coat-rack. Details see Resources.

True Wit



Decorator and dealer John Oetgen plays with history and fantasy in his Atlanta house

By Dana Cowin

Photographs by William Waldron

Produced by Anne Foxley



A terra-cotta harlequin stands by a Sonia Delaunay engraving in the living room, which is patterned with gold symbols of earth and sky. The armchair in a Clarence House silk stripe and the banquette in a Cowtan & Tout velvet are both Oetgen designs. Curtains of Scalamandré silk hang from steel pipes. *Left:* A mirror reflects the mantel with moss-covered urns by Ed Wilbur.

I LOVE HARLEQUINS. SOMETIMES I think I am a harlequin," John Oetgen said to me not once but several times over the course of a day together. This, coming from one of Atlanta's hottest decorators, gave me pause until I saw his house in Ansley Park. Clearly a harlequin had his hand in many of the decorative effects here. The walls are costumed in vivid colors and the rooms are arranged like stage sets, each offering its own distractions. Designed to be lived in at night, Oetgen's house is charged with an air of mystery and magic.

The Queen Anne–style brick structure built around 1910 was divided a decade ago into two spacious houses with a shared entry. By the time Oetgen bought his half in 1989, his career as a decorator and antiques dealer was in full swing. After dismissing the possibility of working in the family insurance business, he had graduated cum laude with an interior design degree from Georgia State University and gone on to win decorating awards, mastermind charity events, open an antiques shop, and develop an impressive list of clients—friends he'd grown up with in Atlanta and even the man in the other half of the brick house.

Oetgen's new neighbor happily gave him free rein in the shared vestibule, and the jester went to work. Challenged by the lack of closet space, Oetgen opted for a coatrack in the form of a plantation-size column that is pierced with gold spikes, which serve as hooks, and stops before it reaches the ceiling—"It's fake, and I don't want anyone to think it's real." The effect is the antithesis of imposing southern grandeur. The same holds for the flower arrangement, which is gloriously simple: anemone blossoms and lilacs in four squat gold pots. Says Oetgen, "This way you can see what's important—the stem and the bloom." On the walls, gray grosgrain ribbon studded with tacks simulates molding and gives the room perspective, an idea he adapted from one of his French heroes, decorator and antiques dealer Madeleine Castaing.

In the living room, Oetgen conjures an entirely different world. With a minimum of gold paint and admirable restraint, he suggests no less than the universe. "I wanted something that was mystical and amusing at the same time," he says. "The idea is that the painted grasses on the walls are the earth. The swirls


L'Art de Vivre



are symbolic clouds or eternity. And the stars and moons represent the heavens." At night the room glows, the heavens twinkle. Three-dimensional gilded plaster stars and moons of varying sizes and shades shine out from above, some just a faint glimmer, some bold and bright.

Beyond the metaphorical grass walls, sophisticated comfort, not cleverness, prevails. Possessed of a gentleman's education—Oetgen has traveled extensively, read extensively, observed extensively—he intelligently mixes elements that he admires most from a range of styles: a touch of eighteenth-century classicism here, twentieth-century moderne there. ("I like every century, except maybe the thirteenth," says the decorator, which might explain why his work for clients bears no signature imprint, just good taste.) Roomy banquettes that he modeled after French salon furniture hug the walls, while the rest of the seating floats on a sea grass carpet in the middle of the room. There are armchairs to sink into, klismos chairs tinted a celestial silver to perch on, and a square brass-studded ottoman to use as either a leg rest or a table. The soothing grays, yellows, and browns of the upholstery fabrics are too close for contrast, close enough for calm. At one end of the room, Oetgen's alter ego—a harlequin in terra-cotta—surveys the scene, toe pointed daintily on an art deco commode in front of a Sonia Delaunay engraving in vivid red, green, and blue.

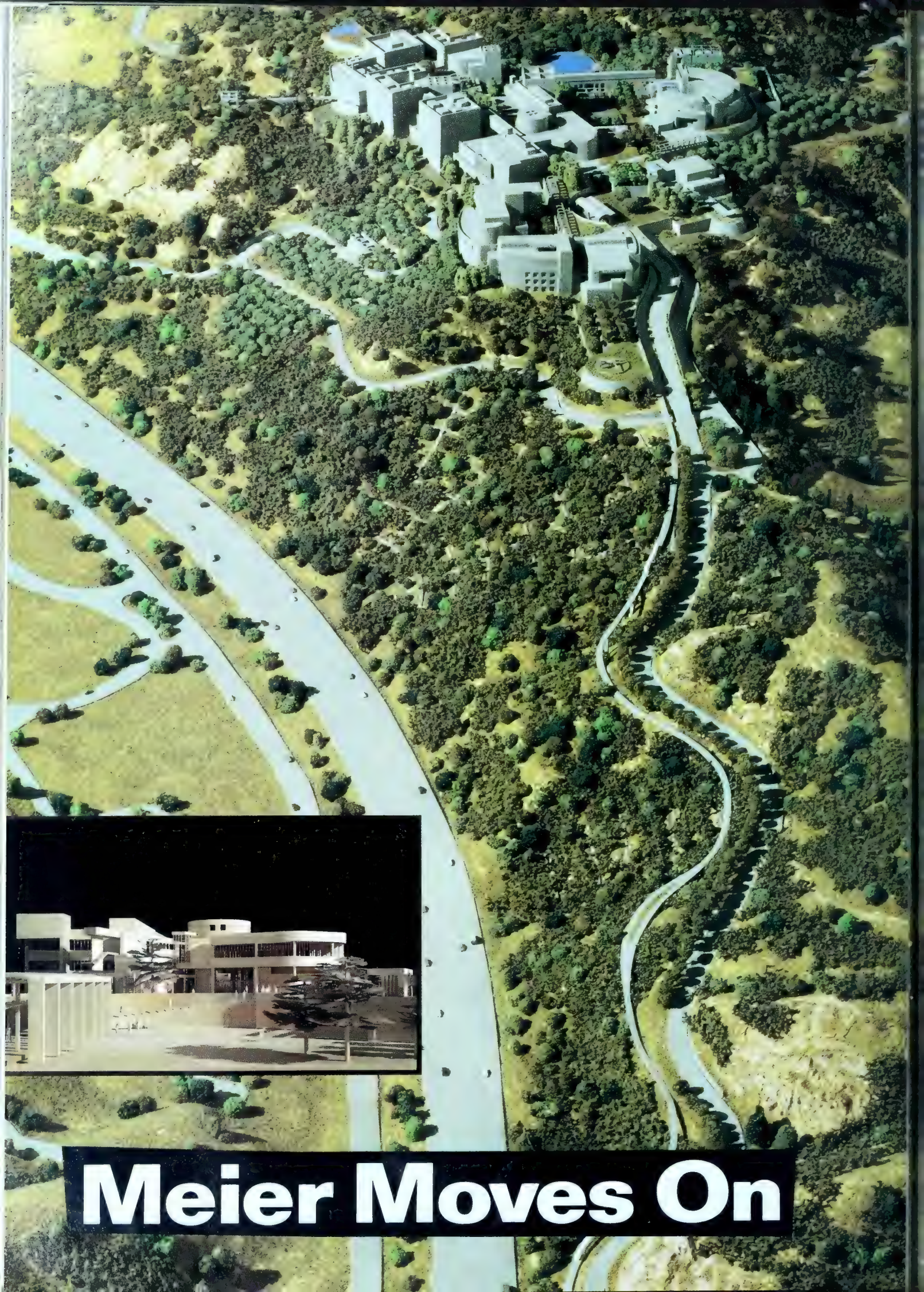
The Delaunay, as it turns out, is a gentle introduction to Oetgen's palette. Blue and green watery stripes wiggle on the walls of his dining room, furnished with an array of pedimented bookcases and complementary Queen Anne–style and Louis XV–style chairs purchased at separate Sotheby's auctions. In the evening the pierced Moroccan lantern hanging over Oetgen's simple wrought-iron table sprays dots of light onto the walls, transforming the space into an exotic retreat, a bedouin tent set for dinner.

Upstairs, the bedroom is bathed in three shades of red. Landscapes of Tuscany, Èze, and Guadeloupe are rendered in broad expressionistic strokes on all four walls. The result is reminiscent of a slide show of a great vacation projected, in this case, through a red gel. "In my bedroom I wanted to take a holiday, a trip to all of my favorite places and times, including the twenty-first century," says Oetgen. *(Continued on page 173)*

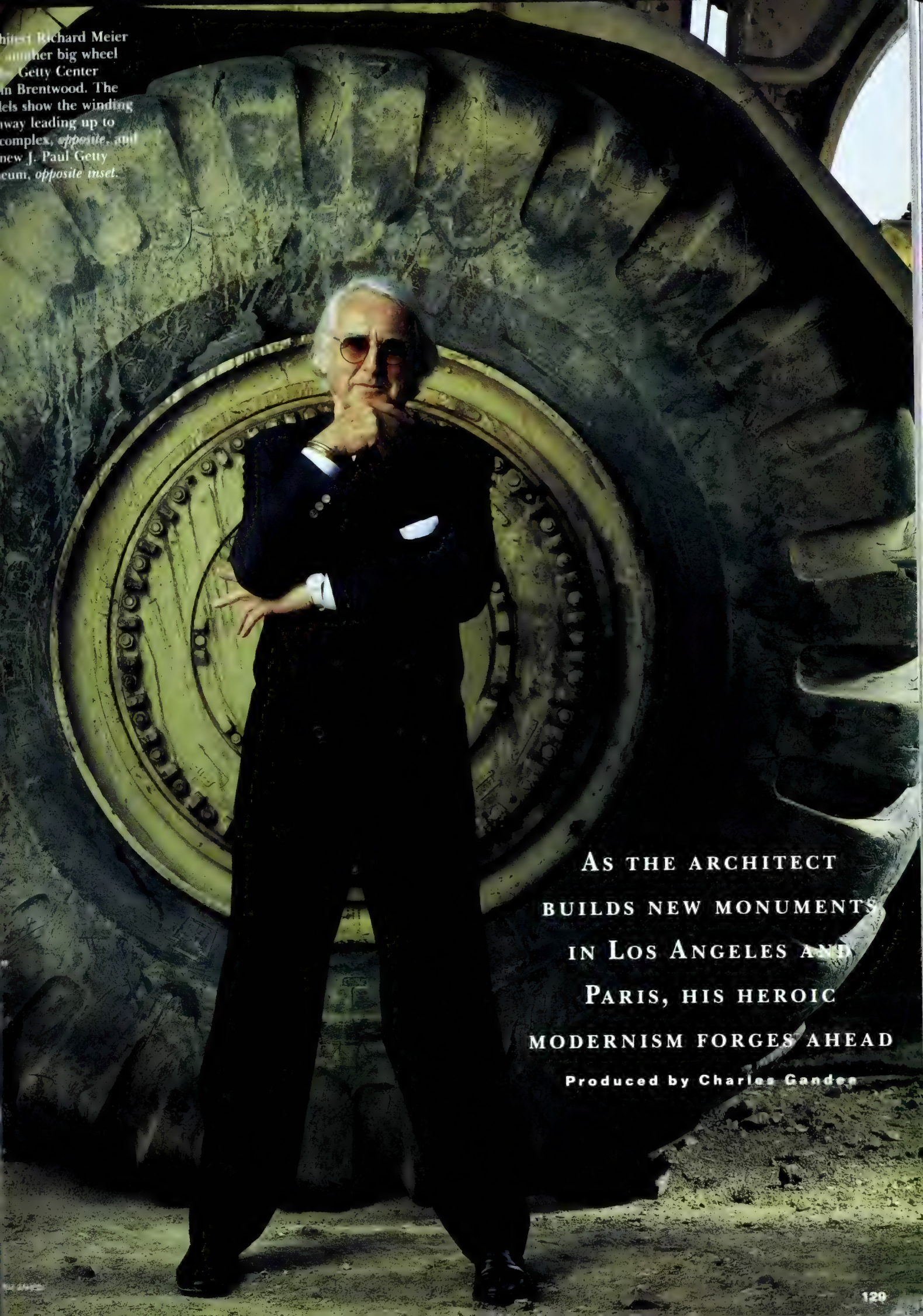


The dining room's hand-painted striped walls, pedimented bookcases, and curtains of Brunschwig fabric give it the look of an updated gentleman's study. *Above left:* Oetgen turned his bedroom into an exotic escape by painting a series of red landscapes on the walls. Sheets and pillowcases by Jean-Charles de Castelbajac; decorative pillows of Clarence House cut velvet.





Meier Moves On



hitect Richard Meier
another big wheel
Getty Center
n Brentwood. The
els show the winding
way leading up to
complex, *opposite*, and
new J. Paul Getty
eum, *opposite inset*.

AS THE ARCHITECT BUILDS NEW MONUMENTS IN LOS ANGELES AND PARIS, HIS HEROIC MODERNISM FORGES AHEAD

Produced by Charles Gandee



FEW RECENT EVENTS IN LOS Angeles have been as eagerly awaited as Richard Meier's design for the Getty Center—except perhaps Warren Beatty and Annette Bening's baby girl, and that took a lot less time. Seven years in the making, the architect's campuslike scheme for the museum and visual arts and humanities complex on a Brentwood hilltop may eventually cost as much as $650 million, but Meier promises that it will define views of the city that "enable people to see Los Angeles in a way they've never seen it before." The museum building itself will be a cluster of pavilions that "makes a big museum seem like a series of small ones." While the forms are classic Meier modern, the exteriors of the museum will be clad mainly in beige travertine rather than the architect's signature white porcelain-enameled metal panels. For a wide expanse of the quintessential Meier surface you must tune in to Canal Plus, France's first and biggest pay television company, whose new 420,000-square-foot headquarters now stands on the site of the old Citroën factory in Paris's fifteenth arrondissement. The façade of the administrative wing features a giant opening—an "urban window," says Meier—that frames the city beyond. The building, he adds, reflects the progressive policies of its occupants, but he is equally proud that young French architects find it "Hausmannian," after the urban planner who did so much to shape the City of Light. Vive le modernisme! **Pilar Viladas**

The "urban window" in Meier's headquarters for Canal Plus, *opposite*, frames a Paris view. *Opposite inset:* The office wing seen from the Seine. *Left:* The white paneled conical tower on the roof of the production wing houses a theater.



Patterns of Family Life

The textures and colors of everyday comfort mix in cheerful profusion in the London house of Sir Peter and Lady Osborne. By Andrew Solomon

Photographs by David Montgomery

Produced by Judy Brittain



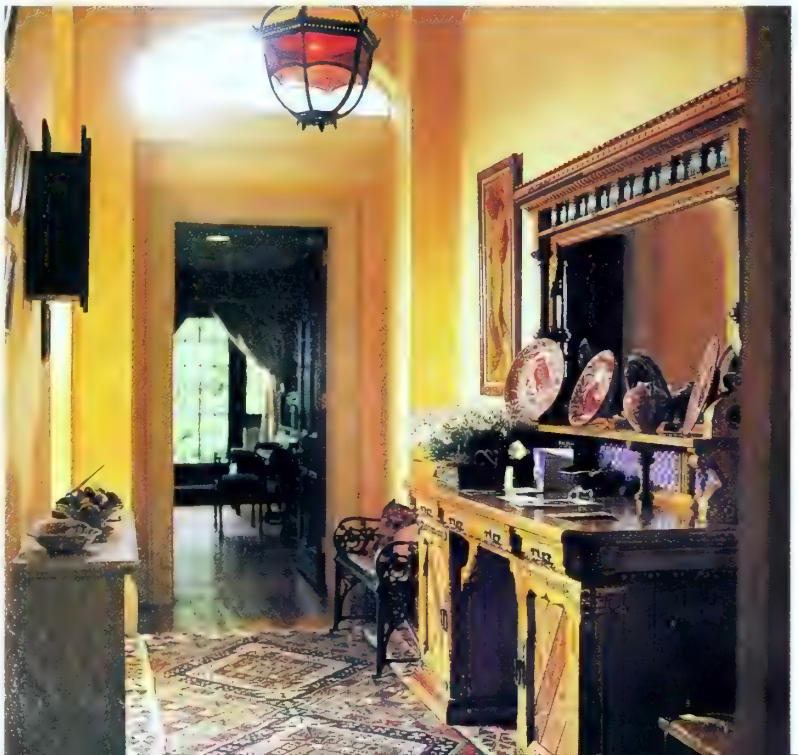
In the Osbornes' drawing room an Os
& Little cotton satin stripe sets off ant
William Morris florals covering a pill
and the long stool in front of the sofa
Near the windows a Portuguese table
a Tiffany lamp and a silver frame by
Ivanovic. *Opposite above:* Sir Peter an
Lady Osborne with their sons Theo, C
Adam, and Benedict. Details see Reso



AMY LOWELL, IN HER SEMInal 1915 poem "Patterns"—suffering under the terrible bondage of social constraints and romantic conflicts—asked in despair, "Christ! What are patterns for?" It is a question that seems not to have troubled Felicity Osborne. In her Bayswater house patterns are everywhere, tossed together in wild abundance, exaggerating and mirroring and undermining and complementing one another. This is a house about surface, not about depth; about what happens in two dimensions rather than three. It is sometimes too easy to miss the complexity of the skin of things; ornament and detail can disappear into form and architecture. Not at the Osborne residence.

Lady Osborne's husband, Sir Peter, is a founder of Osborne & Little, the noted English fabric and wallpaper house. One thinks of Osborne & Little today as a firm so well established, with such resonance, that it must date back at least to Victorian times, but Lady Osborne is quick to explain that it is only the Osborne name that has so protracted and distinguished a history. "Osborne & Little was founded in the late sixties," she explains, "when my husband was just out of university.

"I rarely buy anything so valuable that I can't use it," says Lady Osborne



Tim Farquar's *Fire Eater* surveys the dining table, *opposite*, set with Mason's ironstone and Baccarat tumblers. A nearby bookcase, *above*, houses several pieces of early 20th century English pottery, including a tiered pot by Clarice Cliff and a range of Carlton Ware. *Left:* Three William De Morgan plates rest on a John Pollard Seddon dresser, which dominates the melon-colored entrance hall.

He and his brother-in-law Antony Little felt that there was no interesting wallpaper available in England and set up a shop with paper they printed themselves by hand. We were all very young then, and it was experimental—though we produced, I think, some very beautiful things." That store—in what has since become the fashionable shopping area of Brompton—caught the eye of a director of Clarence House when he was strolling in London; his decision to distribute the wallpapers in America contributed to the meteoric rise of Osborne & Little.

These days, Osborne & Little is one of the great establishments of English design, with a worldwide staff of more than 250 and its own showrooms in America. Though the company continues to produce wallpapers, it is increasingly focused on





The colors are muted, but they are not faded



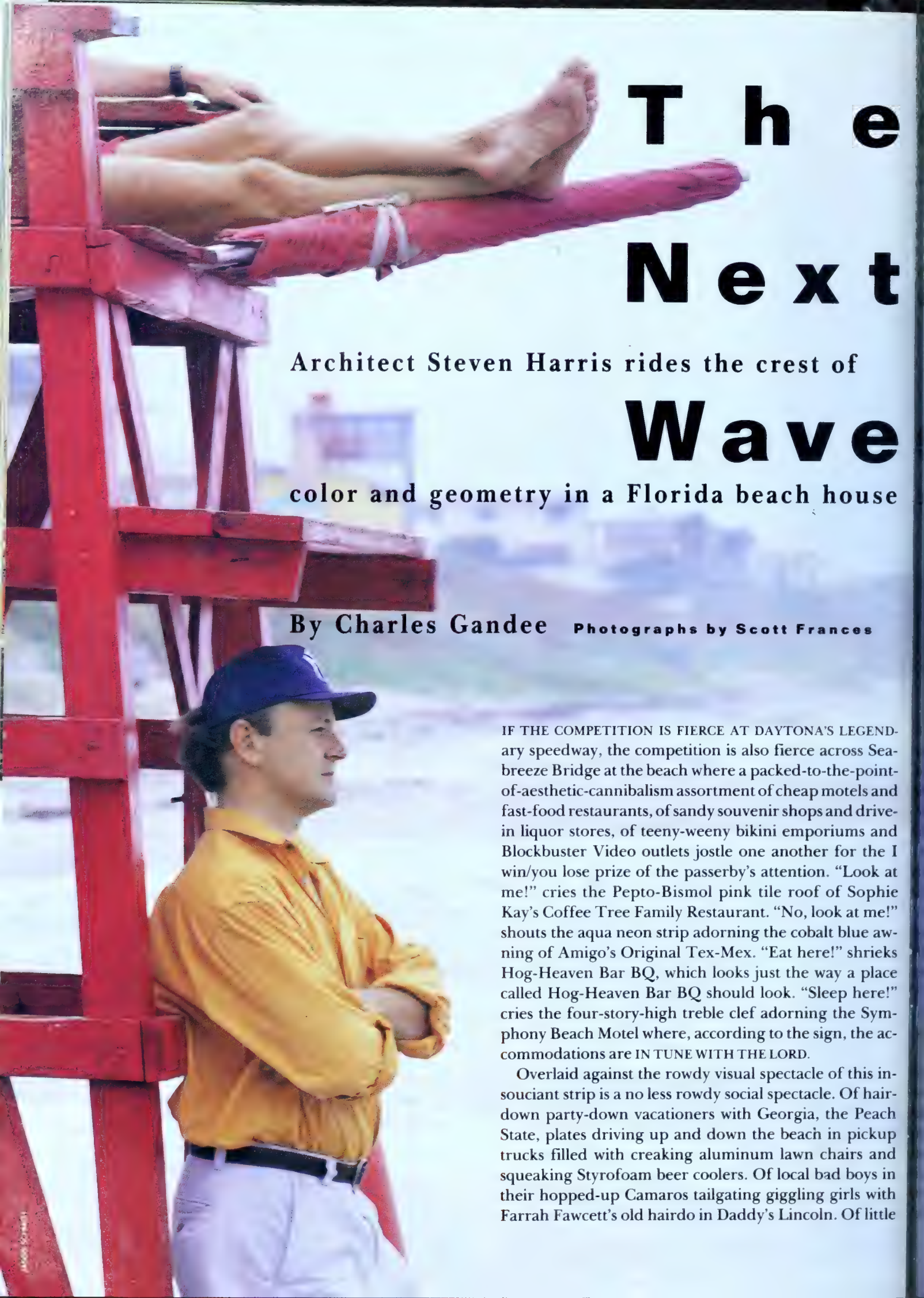
The wallpaper in the master bedroom, *opposite*, and most of the fabrics are Osborne & Little creations, from the damask at the windows to the patchwork on the bed. The dressing table and the headboard, *left*, are 19th-century pieces. *Above:* Minton tiles recount the Arthurian legend, and Edward VIII coronation glasses flank a Maling dish of Crabtree & Evelyn soaps.

the several collections of fabrics it launches every year. Most of the woven fabrics are made in France, but the silks and print fabrics are English, except for the most delicate prints, which are done in Switzerland. Osborne & Little has no single and easily articulated style but the emphasis is usually on elegant patterns in English colors: muted semi-pastels of peach and yellow or deep red, blue, and green to which gold and silver metallic threads or paint are often added. The apparently solid colors are always complex; among the Osborne & Little classics are a series of wallpapers that imitate paint effects, and many of today's papers have a richness that comes from the layering of several closely related tones in their backgrounds. The fabrics use surface and texture to increase the lushness of pattern.

Nearly all the fabrics and wallpapers in the Osborne house are from Osborne & Little. I asked Lady Osborne whether this was a matter of policy—home as showcase—and she laughed. "Other people's fabrics, though often very beautiful, are not free," she said. The drawing room paper has a pattern of two-toned gold stars on a rich cream background; it looks like the background for an Annunciation. The curtains are wonderfully sumptuous cream silk taffeta with green edges. In the kitchen/dining room there are classic stripes; in the bedroom the curves of a scroll pattern in the wallpaper are echoed on a larger scale by the paisley design in the curtains.

To limit discussion of pattern to the papers and fabrics would be to miss the real point of the Osbornes' house. Seldom have I encountered such an array of inlaid, painted, and veneered furniture and of exquisitely decorated and richly fashioned ceramics—even the bindings of the books stand out here in the full splendor of their embellishment. The collection is strongest on arts and crafts; there are William Morris fabrics and chairs and William De Morgan vases, plates, and tiles. There are *(Continued on page 172)*





The Next Wave

Architect Steven Harris rides the crest of color and geometry in a Florida beach house

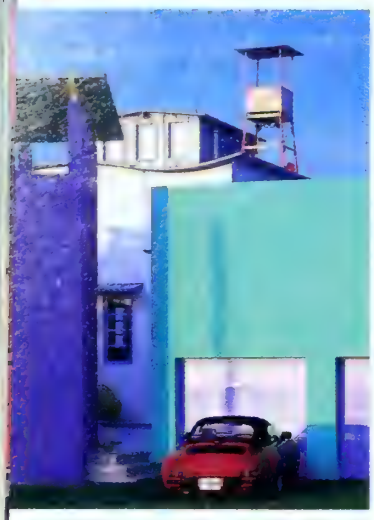
By Charles Gandee **Photographs by Scott Frances**

IF THE COMPETITION IS FIERCE AT DAYTONA'S LEGENDary speedway, the competition is also fierce across Seabreeze Bridge at the beach where a packed-to-the-point-of-aesthetic-cannibalism assortment of cheap motels and fast-food restaurants, of sandy souvenir shops and drive-in liquor stores, of teeny-weeny bikini emporiums and Blockbuster Video outlets jostle one another for the I win/you lose prize of the passerby's attention. "Look at me!" cries the Pepto-Bismol pink tile roof of Sophie Kay's Coffee Tree Family Restaurant. "No, look at me!" shouts the aqua neon strip adorning the cobalt blue awning of Amigo's Original Tex-Mex. "Eat here!" shrieks Hog-Heaven Bar BQ, which looks just the way a place called Hog-Heaven Bar BQ should look. "Sleep here!" cries the four-story-high treble clef adorning the Symphony Beach Motel where, according to the sign, the accommodations are IN TUNE WITH THE LORD.

Overlaid against the rowdy visual spectacle of this insouciant strip is a no less rowdy social spectacle. Of hair-down party-down vacationers with Georgia, the Peach State, plates driving up and down the beach in pickup trucks filled with creaking aluminum lawn chairs and squeaking Styrofoam beer coolers. Of local bad boys in their hopped-up Camaros tailgating giggling girls with Farrah Fawcett's old hairdo in Daddy's Lincoln. Of little

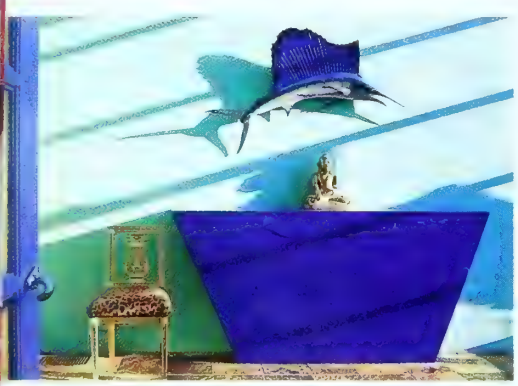


ept for the Juan Gris–
ired mosaic tile pool at
heart of Chapman Root's
ond Beach house, Steven
is limited his allusions to
es a bit closer to home.
eguard tower, a bait shop,
ies motel, a milk bottle
the ringtoss down on the
ona boardwalk, a frozen
—the more you look, the
you find indigenous to
da's east coast community.
site: Harris on the beach.
ils see Resources.



old ladies in GM-blue Olds 98's with window blinds easing ever-so-cautiously into the Publix supermarket parking lot. There's also a beachside boardwalk where you can hear the siren song of sex and drugs and rock and roll interspersed with the carnival chorus of miniature golf being played, fuzzy pink bears being won at the ring-toss, cotton candy being spun in the forever-warm Florida air. The contiguous seaside communities of Daytona Beach and Ormond Beach, in other words, are the honky-tonk sister cities of the Sunshine State's east coast. And though Ormond fancies itself a bit more uptown than Daytona, having, as it does, more backyard tennis courts, more beige houses, and more "luxury" condominiums, it would not be inaccurate to characterize both these sweaty siblings as cut-off jeans and bare feet, as burgers and fries and hot apple pies that come in little cylindrical boxes, as $15-a-night single rooms advertised as "clean."

Since we all know what it means when someone says a child has a face that only a mother could love, perhaps the best thing to say about Daytona and Ormond is that they have a face that only a native son can fully appreciate. Architect Steven Harris is one such native son. Though Harris hied north after picking up his degree in philosophy from Sarasota's then-ultraprogressive New College to attend the Rhode Island School of Design and Princeton, and though he now lives in a decidedly upscale lower Manhattan loft, teaches design at Yale's architecture school, and drives to and fro in a big silver Range Rover, he looks back to his youth in Atlantic Beach, Florida—a somewhat less extreme variation on the Daytona/Ormond theme—with affection. Enormous affection. "The place is exuberant vulgarity at its best," claims forty-two-year-old Harris, who even now gets almost misty looking back: "I









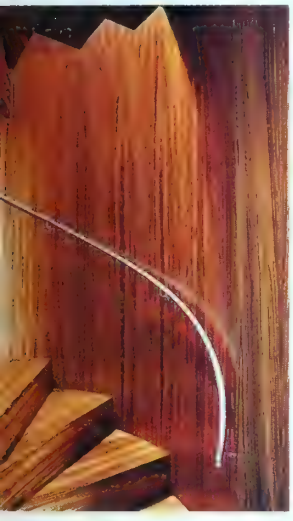
To the street, *top,* as well as to the beach, *right,* the Root house presents itself as an unapologetically colorful collage of discrete volumes and shapes. *Above:* In the atrium-style entry, a sailfish, a Buddha, a metal console, and a gilded side chair with leopard-print leather carry the quirky collage concept from outside to inside. *Left:* Proper British Czech & Speake fittings from P. E. Guerin in the anything-but-proper mosaic guest lavatory by Harris's collaborator, artist Lucien Rees-Roberts.





have a photograph of my grandmother and her three sisters standing on the boardwalk in Daytona. My parents had their honeymoon in Daytona. I remember going to the boardwalk in the evening with them when I was four. I remember riding the rides, going down to play on the beach. There was, and still is, that kind of odd late-forties, mid-fifties hopeful American we-can-do-anything quality." From there Harris moves rapidly and romantically on to recount his formative teens behind the wheel of a convertible Corvair with a surfboard in the back.

Chapman J. Root II is another forty-two-year-old Florida boy who shares Harris's attachment to Daytona and Ormond, although, as the great-grandson of the man whose company created the original hobble-skirted six and a half ounce Coca-Cola bottle and as the son of the man who parlayed that creation into the largest independent Coca-Cola bottler in the U.S., his early years at the beach ran more along the lines of Porsches than Corvairs. But unlike Harris, Root never left. Nor does he intend to. This beach is home. Which is why he bought a late-forties rambling oceanfront "dump," as he characterizes it, which he then presented to Harris to renovate into a guesthouse for his and girlfriend Catherine Rahn's many friends.



Root's enthusiasm for the project, and, according to Harris, Root was wildly enthusiastic, goes hand in glove with an idiosyncratic sensibility cultivated by travel—"Catherine and I just got back from scuba-diving around those World War II Japanese shipwrecks in the Truk Lagoon"—and by a habit of hauling home ever more curious souvenirs to add to his ever-growing collection. Characterizing that collection, Root confesses, "I tend toward the primitive, the bizarre, the strange." Putting a finer focus on it, he adds, "I mean, I like tiger penises."

The exotic eye combined with the passion for local color would explain why Root had not a single reservation about Harris's proposal for transforming the once-anonymous concrete block house into a guaranteed-to-stop-traffic vision of architectural delight. Although more than one car has pulled into Root's yard to ask when the amusement park would be open, Harris explains: "The





In the living room, *opposite*, limestone floors are enlivened by Annie Sherburne's sea-inspired carpets under a barrel-vaulted ceiling with starry-starry-night lights. Roger Crowley's sofa is upholstered in what Harris calls "boiled lobster red" bouclé from Glant. Harris designed the chubby yellow chair covered in a Clarence House mohair. The glass trio is by Catherine Rahn. *Above right:* In the adjacent dining room, chairs from Donghia Furniture surround a table by Roger Crowley. *Right:* The view is the Atlantic; the bench is by Massimo Iosa Ghini. *Above:* A zebrawood spiral stair leads to the master bedroom.





house was an attempt to create something that represents the authentic culture of this beach community. In a funny way it's an incredibly unpretentious building; it's a series of dumb sheds. The issue being addressed is cultural engagement. Maybe it's even a bit political. It's not a bourgeois house because the ideas that inform it are not bourgeois visions of what a house should be. They are 'motel,' they are 'boardwalk,' they are 'pier,' they are 'grandstand,' they are 'bait shop,' they are 'lifeguard tower.' " The house is also unabashedly flamboyant, Harris concedes—has there ever been a purple, a green, a yellow, a red so blisteringly bright? "Because it's so over the top in terms of taste, most people hate it," chortles the architect. "Not enough people, but a lot. They think it lacks decorum." Which, of course, it merrily does.

Encouraging Harris along the way was his longtime companion and collaborator, British-born artist Lucien Rees-Roberts, who spent the final six weeks of the house's construction in Florida overseeing the patterns, colors, and decoration, all of which he helped develop in New York. Rees-Roberts's southern hiatus turned out to be something of a labor of love since, according to Harris, "Lucien's an Englishman who hates humidity."



If Harris's house for Root is a spectacle, it is a spectacle with not only a heart but also a point of view. Harris believes—and is willing to argue with considerable zeal—that every place, every community, every culture has its own spirit and vernacular, which should not merely be acknowledged but glorified. To drive the point home to his architecture students at Yale, Harris assigned the problem of designing a high school in Greenwich Village for gay teenagers. "The idea came from New York's Harvey Milk School, which is for gay kids who are either thrown out of or choose to leave public school," he explains. His idea was to "force the students to think about how a building relates to its culture, how a building represents itself to that culture." Two questions, as Chapman Root's house attests, that are uppermost on Harris's mind. ♠

The stucco pool house, *above left,* was inspired by the grandstands at Daytona's speedway. *Opposite above* and *opposite below:* The "sin den," as the room held aloft by metal piers is called, was modeled after the interior of a cabin cruiser, with goofy gooseneck lamps and built-in banquettes. *Left:* In the master bedroom, a lamp by Kevin Walz for Arc International perches on a Meret Oppenheim table from Palazzetti. The fish rug is by Annie Sherburne. *Above:* A living room porthole looks into the guest room lined in purple silk from Ian Crawford. A Gianni Versace cotton from China Seas covers the bed.

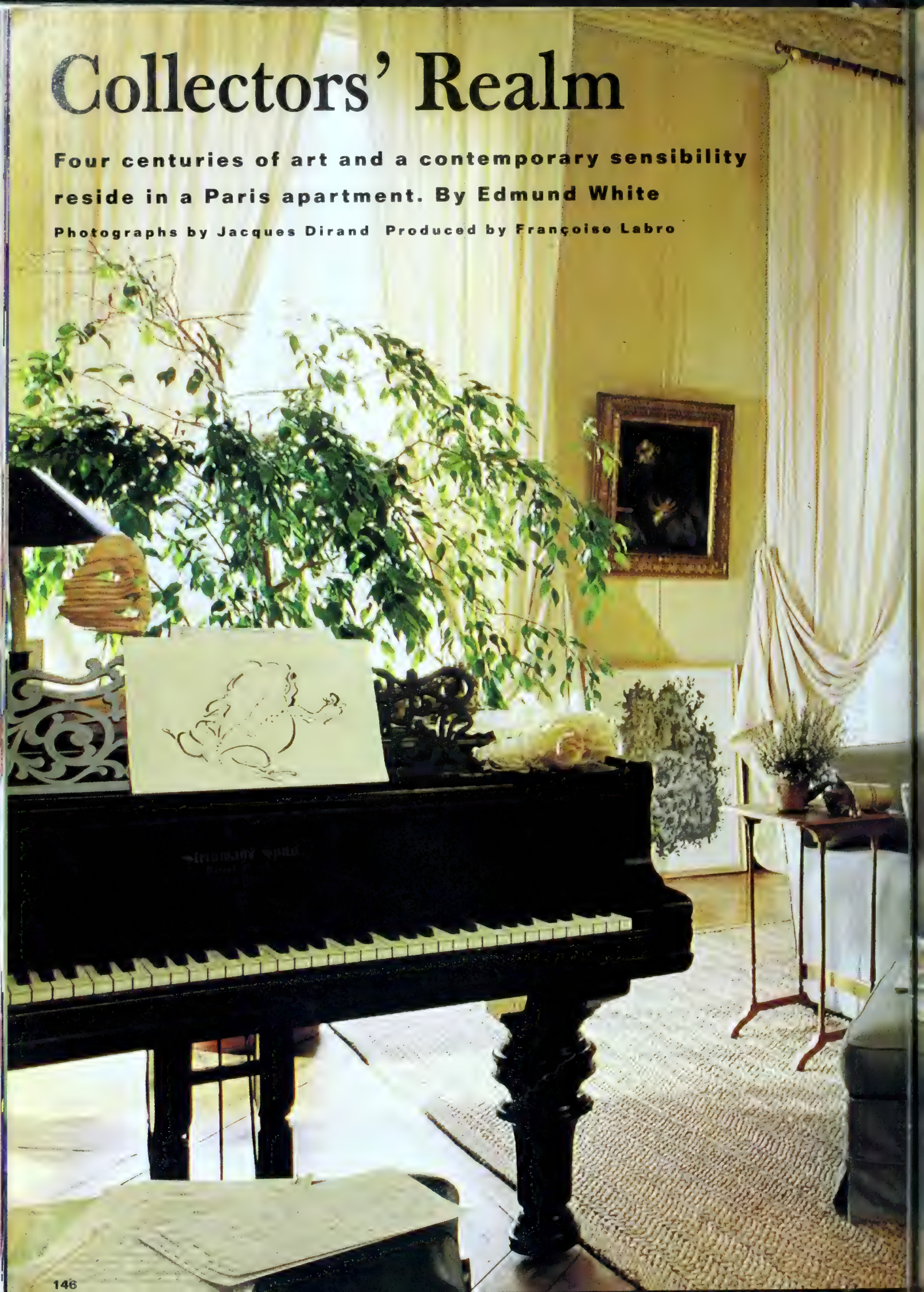


"Because the house is so over the top," notes Harris, "most people hate it—not enough people, but a lot"

Collectors' Realm

Four centuries of art and a contemporary sensibility reside in a Paris apartment. By Edmund White

Photographs by Jacques Dirand Produced by Françoise Labro





In the salon, unlined linen curtains, painted walls, and a rush carpet from David Hicks create a quiet setting for 20th-century abstract works, a 17th-century portrait in the style of Mateo Cerezo, and a painting attributed to Ribera. Simple sofas are covered in raw silk from Manuel Canovas. Details see Resources.













"PRINCELY AUSTERITY" IS PERHAPS THE BEST formula for capturing the spirit of this huge Paris apartment. It occupies a floor of a gracious seventeenth-century hôtel particulier in the Left Bank neighborhood of Faubourg Saint-Germain, once the haunt of Proust's duchesses, now the embassy quarter. The spacious peaceful rooms—with their marble fireplaces, Versailles parquet floors, and plasterwork cornices—are so eloquent they are best left as monochrome and empty as possible. Austerity is not exactly a French bourgeois virtue, but for the art historian who lives here with her husband, it's second nature. Their sense of restraint and sobriety turns out to be the best foil for the majestic proportions of their apartment.

A studied artlessness rules over every detail. The Irish linen curtains, unlined and unhemmed, trail across the floor and are draped carelessly in improvised swags that vary every day but always give a dry yellow tint to the pearly light. The carpets in the main salon and the dining room are woven rush—of the very same sort used in such great French châteaux as Vaux-le-Vicomte during the seventeenth century.

In the shadowy volumes of these noble rooms a sophisticated concealed spot picks out the waxen, nearly green complexion of a suffering saint by followers of Ribera or Caravaggio or Mateo Cerezo. Statues and paintings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries alternate with abstract canvases and drawings of the 1950s by Étienne Hajdu or Jean-Luc Perrot; these periods share the same muted palette and high seriousness, perhaps even the same cruelty and sense of grotesque drama.

Very few pieces of furniture clutter the generous spaces. "I want everything to seem stripped and bare," the art historian declares, "like a Visconti movie set." In the bedroom, for instance, she's placed little else other than an antique garden chair, a massive bed, a flea market table, and black and white engravings—a series by Henri Fantin-Latour inspired by Wagner operas. In the study, large tables piled high with research books are surrounded by curved-back turn-of-the-century chairs by the Austrian architect Jo-

The walls have been treated to look old and the cornices dulled to look dusty

A grouping of 18th- and 19th-century pictures hang in the study, *above,* where curved-back Josef Hoffmann chairs and a Thonet armchair provide elegant seating. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* A drawing by Dominique le Marois and two gouaches by Alain Gauvin in the entrance hall. French 17th- and 18th-century terra-cottas on a marble mantelpiece. Jacques Dunbar drawing with sculptures by Marydou Salvy and Isabel Echarri on the Steinway. Stones, sands, and bones gathered on the owners' travels displayed on a hall table. A Caravaggesque saint hanging above a pottery-laden console in the salon.



A 19th-century Venetian table and two armchairs dominate the library. The trompe l'oeil border over the built-in bookcases was painted by the owner with artist Jacques Dunbar.





sef Hoffmann; they form a neutral background for a French painting of a nursing mother by an eighteenth-century student of Chardin or for a nineteenth-century portrait of a Spanish cardinal.

This is the sort of simplicity that comes dear. The sofas in the salon are covered with raw silk from Manuel Canovas—and the couple have six entire sets of slipcovers in different shades. The dining room is painted with a subtle wash and the walls of the salon are treated with a complicated secco process to look old-fashioned and yellowed. The cornices have even been dulled to look dusty. The mistress of the house and artist Jacques Dunbar have brushed in monochrome paintings of baskets, fruits, books, even a stuffed owl above the bookcases in the library. The tablecloth is an antique linen sheet, the dining room chairs are from the Perpignan public garden, and half of the drawings are propped against the walls or the bookshelves, but this backstage clutter only throws into relief the quality of the baroque terra-cotta figurines, the sulfurous martyrs—and the watery light itself, always so hesitant and mutable in Paris.

Like Heraclitus stepping into the river, the visitor here never experiences the same thing twice. All is flux—the position of the furniture, the colors, the constantly circulating stacks of books, the plants and bibelots. Sometimes the feeling of intellectual concentration is pushed aside when guests are invited in. The couple count among their friends many artists who offer to entertain from time to time. One musical evening features a private concert by a famous cellist; another, Russian music and poetry readings late into the night. Yet another is devoted to the music and cuisine of India. But when the champagne flutes are cleared away and the throws have been folded and stored, the atmosphere of hushed concentration is once again restored. It's perfect that the painted owl in the library reigns over the household: isn't it the symbol of Minerva, goddess of wisdom?

> "I want everything to seem bare, like a Visconti movie set," says the owner

On a chilly night, however, the couple can look up from their books at the mementos they've gathered from trips all over the world. Nothing to covet: just stones, sand, bones, all dry spare things in this rainy overrich city of foie gras and candied chestnuts. ♠

An antique linen sheet is draped across the oval dining room table, *above*, which is ringed with vintage garden chairs. Drawings by Jean-Luc Perrot line the walls, and an early 20th century bench from Cour Intérieur, Paris, sits by the window. *Opposite:* The bedroom is sparsely furnished—a garden chair, a flea market table, and a bed surrounded by a series of Henri Fantin-Latour engravings inspired by Wagner operas. On the loft overhead is an abstract painting by Eric Bauer.

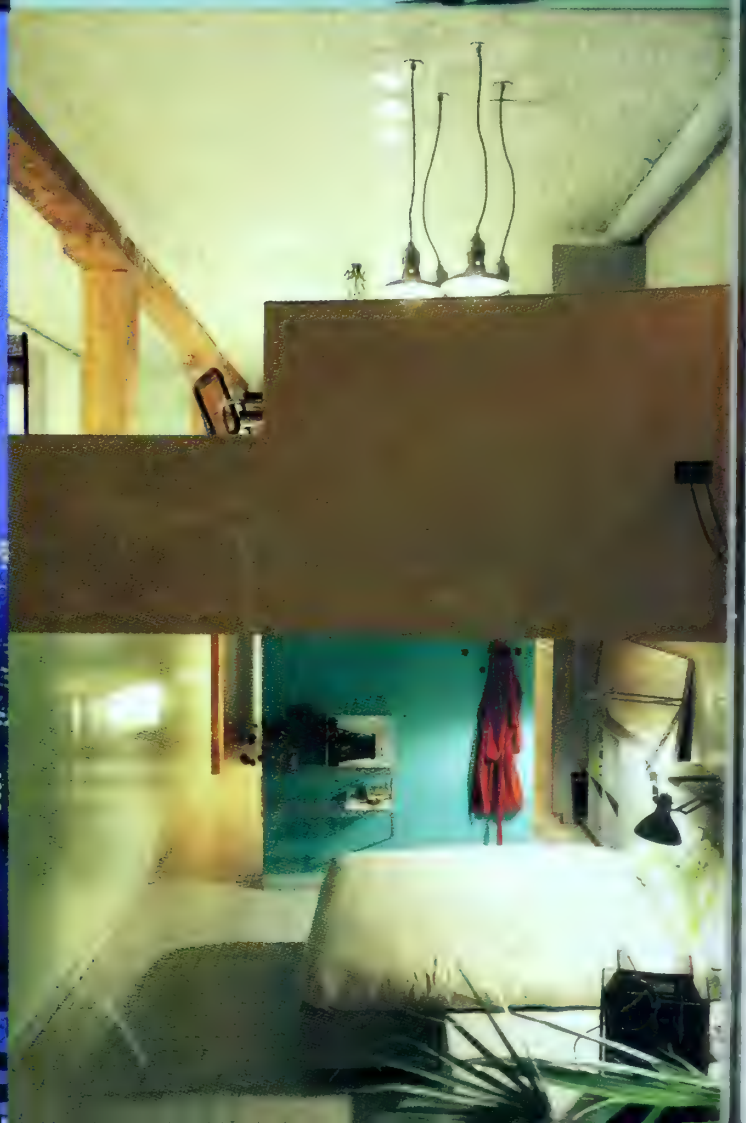






Yves Saint
Laurent's
1940s look
1971, left.
Below, Ala
Bachabeau
high-tech
left. Belo
left: Johns
Burger's
Building
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Century C
For left,
Calvin Kl
apartment
Joe D'Ur
Details se
Resource



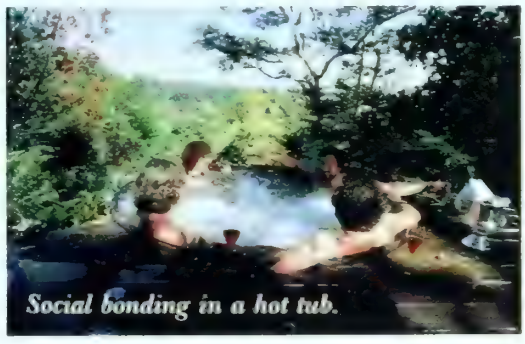


Getting in Touch with the 70s

By Herbert Muschamp

Produced by Charles Gandee

ARE YOU LYING DOWN? ON A WATER BED? WELL, GET ready, because the wheels of retro are rumbling again. It's time to move on from this interminable obsession with the 1960s. And what other stop is left for retro but the decade often dismissed as the sixties' dull anticlimax? So get out your WIN buttons. Expose the brick on those apartment walls. Home is where you'll be hanging your houseplants in macramé holders. And if the mood ring still fits, wear it. Oh, *no!* Oh, yes: it's springtime for the seventies.



Social bonding in a hot tub.

But this time retro's wheels are turning full circle—and maybe coming to a full stop. For retro was a child of the 1970s. Yves Saint Laurent's notorious Collection 40, inspired by postwar women's fashions, hit the runway in 1971. By the end of the decade, postmodernism, retro's highbrow twin, was in full pressed flower. What is there to retrieve from a decade already so dulled with golden oldies? What can the seventies offer us now?

Perhaps they can offer deeper insight into retro's cultural meaning, since in retrospect, as it were, it is clear that the seventies differed sharply from the twenties, thirties, forties, and other epochs people have rifled for style. Those decades believed in progress. Retro marked the replacement of that belief with a fearful reluctance to move forward on the twentieth century's express toward the future. Fear was a big item in the seventies. The decade began with Altamont, the Rolling Stones concert at which four people lost their lives and flower children lost their innocence. Wasn't it time to get off the fast-forward express before it crashed? "Suicide chic": that was an epithet people hurled at those bell-bottomed souls who hung onto the sixties too long. Even the Beatles were telling us to get back to where we once belonged. Get a job. Get a family. Get a polyester leisure suit. So what if life was no longer a gas gas gas? Was polyester really a fate worse than death?



Sensory awareness at Esalen, Big Sur

In hindsight it is obvious that something big was going on beneath the decade's beige Ultrasuede surface, a cultural shift we have yet to fully comprehend. But to grasp its significance we first need to recognize that the sixties had a lot more going for them than sex, drugs, and rock and roll. They had the entire history of the romantic movement and its legacy of social and artistic rebellion. The sixties did more than roll over, Beethoven. They echoed Beethoven himself, rolling over the classical tradition that preceded him. A seminal romantic idea is that authentic art opposes social convention. That idea unfolds in the writings of Rousseau, the paintings of Delacroix, the withdrawal from civilized constraints into the primitive state of nature. It plays out in the shock tactics of the modern avant-gardes, out to scandalize the bourgeoisie, frighten the horses, provoke riots in the street.

But what happens when opposition to social norms *becomes* the social norm? What happens when romantic rebellion ceases to be the exclusive prerogative of bumptious geniuses and becomes the people's choice? For that is what happened in the 1960s: rebellion became every adolescent's birthright. We were scarcely allowed to proceed to adulthood without giving our parents heart failure and totaling at least one car. That was the essence of pop culture's message, blaring incessantly from every radio, TV, and movie screen in the land. And in the seventies we began to discover the long-term consequences of the years when romanticism went pop.

The signs of change were conspicuous in the art

Mood ring colors: babbling blue, gregarious green, outrageous orange.

Boredom was easier to bear than the fear that America really blew it

world early on. In 1971, Gordon Matta-Clark and a few artist friends got together to create a restaurant in a crummy New York neighborhood for which the name SoHo had only recently been coined. A boisterous, charismatic figure who made an art of slicing up old buildings with a buzz saw, Matta-Clark was a romantic artist in the old mold. His venture into the hospitality business, the restaurant Food, started out in the feisty sixties spirit of us-against-them, a countercultural alternative to uptown manners. There was nothing new about artists setting up house in seedy parts of town. But SoHo quickly turned into something radically different from the usual bohemian quarter. Instead of a raffish fringe alternative to upright decorum, SoHo became a model of community living and a social lure for the affluent.



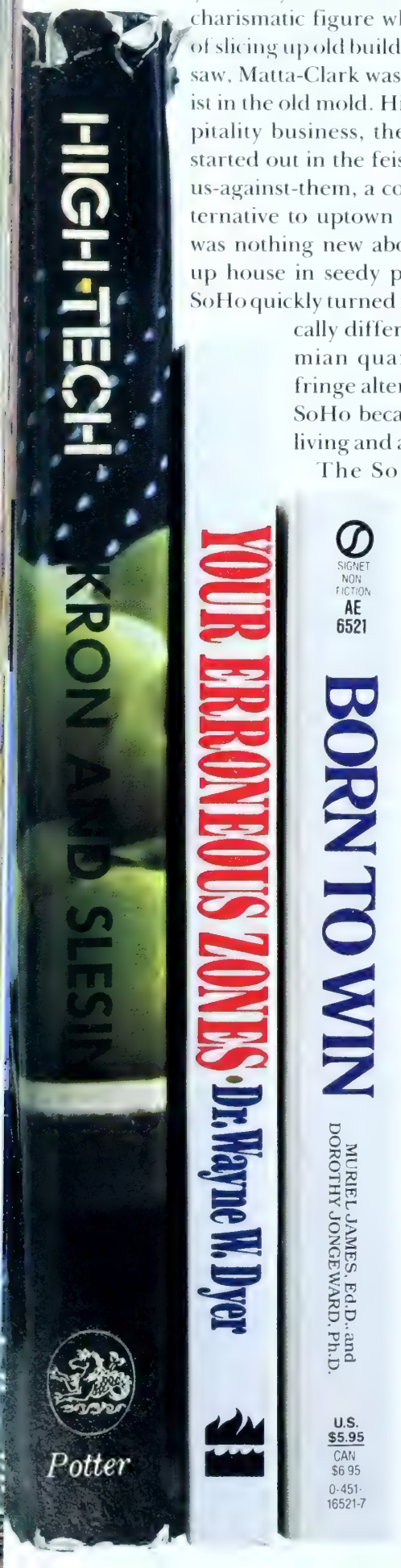
The SoHo loft became a model home in the seventies, not just because it offered lots of big open space but because it offered the prospect that you could fill up all that space with big open houses. Before long, city officials were writing laws to prevent bankers, accountants, and lawyers from moving into SoHo's lofts. Artists were now commodity producers, major contributors to the urban economy. Even their work reflected a new social spirit. As art contracted into minimalism, dematerialized into conceptualism, and was reincarnated as performance, the work of art became almost secondary to its social occasion. Those who tsk-tsked the middle-class comforts of SoHo artists missed the story: a group of people who for a century had stood for social alienation now offered a fragmented city its nearest approximation to a real community.

The avant-garde ceased to have much meaning in the seventies. If there was a difference between downtown and uptown, the relationship was no longer one of opposition. The very idea of opposition came to seem stale and contrived. That was clear when Richard Serra put up his obnoxious sculpture *Tilted Arc*. Trying to breathe new life into the old oppositional stance, Serra instead proved just how rancid the idea had become. Everyone was weary of divisiveness. By late 1974 the United States was out of Vietnam and rid of a presidential administration that had exploited divisiveness for political gain. By the end of the decade the term "public art" was in currency, a sign that art had taken on a less aggressive social role. For many, Joseph Beuys became the period's most significant artist with work that elicited public participation and enacted rituals of healing.

Art world bonding had its counterpart throughout society in self-help groups like Arica and est, books like *Born to Win* and *Your Erroneous Zones*. It was in response to these avatars of "human potential" that Tom Wolfe bestowed on the period its most telling label, the Me Decade. Yet in a way the label was misleading. Self-help groups were notably *not* for rugged individualists spinning freely in their private orbits. They were tools of social bonding, a means of renewing the idea of community based on individual fulfillment. The books were less about "doing your own thing" than about inventing a common language with its own useful words and phrases like "Do your own thing." This was not a movement of Thoreaus heading out for a lonely spell at Walden Pond. It was a gathering of congenial pals in the bubbling waters of a hot tub.

It was a bid, in other words, for company—perhaps not coincidentally the title of a 1970 musical by Stephen Sondheim which dramatized the new premium on "relationships." But it was *A Chorus Line* which put the brightest spotlight on the search for a realignment between society and self. In top hat and tails, the chorus line sang its tribute to "one singular sensation," the absent star the dancers had auditioned to back. But the Sensational One was also each of the dancers on the line, and their unity at the play's end as they high-kicked into their infinite reflection in the show's mirrored set.

Those on the lookout for warning signs of latent fascism may have found cause for alarm in this rousing spectacle of selves merging into a synchronized group. There were also those who detected in disco's pounding beat and machine-made mix the sinister specter of the mindless herd. But in fact, the point of *A Chorus Line* was to introduce the audience to the individual dancers whose lives we came to know. These were not the faceless hoofers of a Busby Berkeley musical receding into military formation behind Ruby Keeler. And anyone who wanted to get past the rope at *(Continued on page 173)*



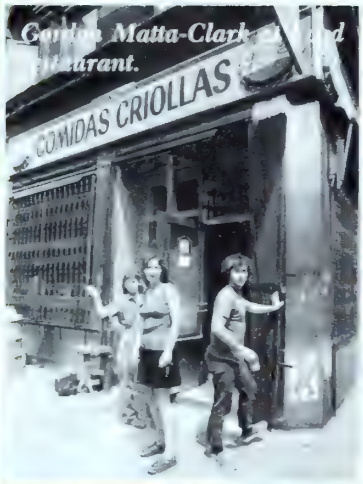
Me Decade self-help classics for home and psyche, left.
A button abbreviates the public mantra "Whip inflation now!" above.



The J. Paul Getty Museum's Malibu villa.



Studio 54.



Gordon Matta-Clark [illegible] restaurant.



Charles Moore's Piazza d'Italia, New Orleans.



Larry Kramer's apartment by Joe D'Urso.



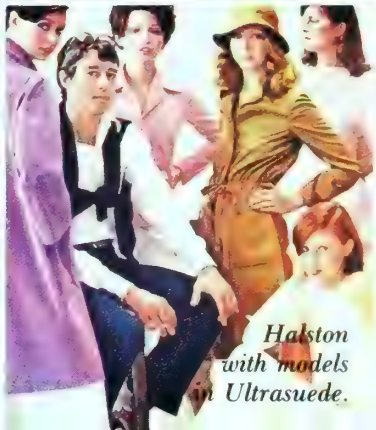
Richard Serra's Tilted Arc, New York.

Rocking into the seventies.



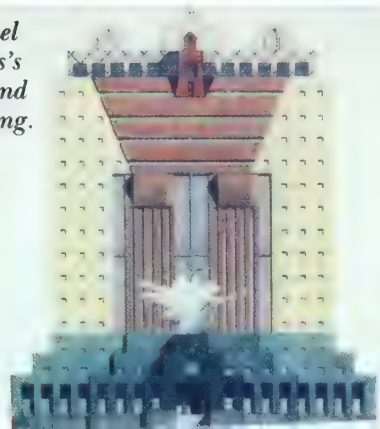


Original cast of A Chorus Line.



Halston with models in Ultrasuede.

Michael Graves's Portland Building.



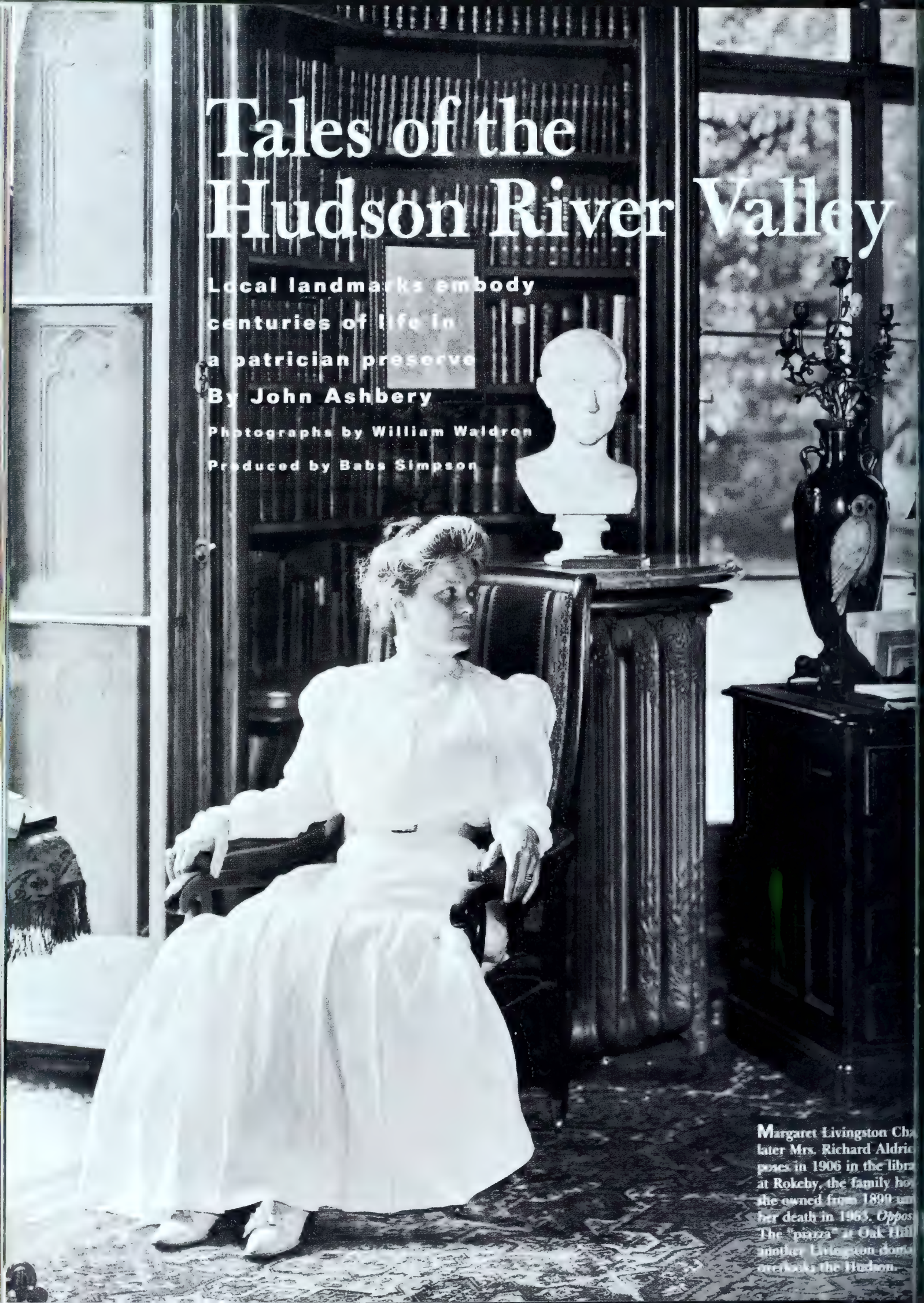
Tales of the Hudson River Valley

Local landmarks embody centuries of life in a patrician preserve

By John Ashbery

Photographs by William Waldron

Produced by Babs Simpson



Margaret Livingston Ch
later Mrs. Richard Aldric
poses in 1906 in the libr
at Rokeby, the family ho
she owned from 1890 u
her death in 1963. *Oppos*
The "piazza" at Oak Hill
another Livingston dom
overlooks the Hudson.





Rokeby's almost exuberant shabbiness speaks of the Aldriches' determination to keep the place afloat come hell or high water



THE UPPER HUDson River valley is hardly a well-kept secret. It is, as valley resident Joan K. Davidson puts it succinctly, "the cradle of American history, American art, and the modern American environmental movement." Yet for various reasons it remains elusive, a place of legends, of which Rip Van Winkle's is only the best known. The very fact that it's difficult to keep in focus a mental or visual picture of the valley helps protect its mystery and the pockets in which legends live on.

Ironically, unless you are one of a handful of landowners lucky enough to own a house overlooking the Hudson, the best way to view the valley is by train, which follows the river's eastern edge all the way from the northern tip of Manhattan to Albany, in some cases slicing through the backyards of estates, but generally keeping a low profile while providing breathtaking views that make the ride one of the most beautiful train trips in America.

It isn't just the unpredictable river itself, now unexpectedly narrow, now suddenly opening out into broad wind-washed expanses like the Tappan Zee, elsewhere divided





by islands or peninsulas which seem to have a private life of their own. It isn't even the view of the west bank itself, beginning with the fortresslike Palisades Ridge, then on to Bear Mountain (which *looks* like a giant hibernating bear), culminating in the colossal profile of the eastern extremity of the Catskill range that begins above Kingston and stretches some thirty miles northward and has been likened to the contours of a reclining giantess.

All these contribute to the experience, of course, but there is something harder to define: a sense of high adventure as the train detaches itself from the city and plunges due north into a land where place names like Rhinecliff, Tivoli, Wolf Hill Road, and—my favorite—Doodletown Road (nor must we forget Ichabod Crane Central School) do nothing to discourage that sense. It's a place where workaday rural life and the romantic past coexist, jostling each other only slightly.

Traveling by car you see much less: the great houses are for the most part securely tucked away behind woods and gatehouses that bar access to the river, though several (the Mills and Vanderbilt mansions and Montgomery Place in Dutchess County as well as Clermont in southern Columbia County) are open to the public and well worth seeking out. In general, there is a healthy mix of public and enlightened private stewardship that has helped secure the integrity of what Tim Mulligan, in his valuable guide *The Hudson River Valley,* calls America's Loire Valley.

A newcomer who is making an impact on the region, Joan K. Davidson acquired Midwood, an eighty-seven-acre estate with a sprawling hundred-year-old house perched on a cliff above the river, barely six years ago, though the J. M. Kaplan Fund, of which she is president, has supported environmental and historic preservation as well as sound land use in the Hudson Valley for decades. Her proprietary pride sounds quite as strong as that of the landed gentry when she characterizes "our stretch of the valley as extraordinary in its nineteen miles of almost contiguous scenic landscape full of gorgeous farmland, historic houses big and small, and good old river towns."

That stretch of coastline (some thirty square miles in all), recently

A manservant stands outside a drawing room window at Rokeby, c. 1884, *above.* Built in 1811–15, the house acquired its tower in the 1850s. *Left:* The estate is one of many marked on an 1894 Hudson Valley map. *Opposite above:* Olmsted Brothers improved the west gardens in 1911. *Opposite below:* The Gothic revival library on the ground floor of the tower.



designated the Hudson River Historic District by the National Park Service, is a surviving remnant of several patents dating from the late seventeenth century, when the English were seeking to develop the province of New York, as the Dutch had before them, through land grants to favored colonists who would in turn establish settlements in the wilderness in an aristocratic pattern descended from the feudal system. Two of the largest grants were Robert Livingston's Clermont and the Beekman family's Rhinebeck, a few miles to the south.

A ninth-generation Livingston, Henry, lives today in Oak Hill, a handsome if somewhat severe foursquare federal house built in the 1790s by his ancestor John and now topped with the mansard roof that so many Hudson Valley houses acquired during the nineteenth century. An affable man whose close links to the region are apparent even before he speaks of it, he is married to the former Maria Burroughs, a great-granddaughter of the Hudson River painter Frederic Edwin Church, whose quasi-oriental palace, Olana, looms on a hilltop nearby. Henry Livingston believes that his ancestor chose Oak Hill's site not just for practical reasons—the narrowness of the Hudson at this point would later facilitate a commercial link with the old Susquehanna turnpike to the west—but also for its beautiful view. "He had an eye for luminism," Livingston says, pointing to the seven-foot-tall windows facing the river which are unusually large for the period and "very cold." Nevertheless this is a warm house, burnished by being cared for by generation after generation.

A kitchen wing added in Victorian times seems to have become the hub of family activity; from it a broad corridor with parlors and a dining room on either side sweeps the length of the house to the "piazza"—another nineteenth-century addition, angled so as not to interrupt the river view from inside, where life goes on all year and the late-afternoon light pouring eastward over the Catskills is a joy in any season.

The same porch positioning exists at Rokeby, owned by Winthrop "Winty" Aldrich (an assistant to the state commissioner on environmental conservation and perhaps the most prominent of the Hudson Valley activists) and his brother and sister. Built for General John Armstrong, an Aldrich forebear, possibly





Dropcloths and wallpaper samples, *opposite*, help furnish restoration architect Jeremiah Rusconi's 1839 house in Hudson. *Above:* A Greek revival bedroom mantel. *Left:* Said to have been built by a sea captain, the house recalls Hudson's heyday as a whaling port. *Below:* The parlor-studio.









Rockefellers gather in the 1930s at their ancestral house in Germantown, *above*, part of which was once a tavern. *Left:* In a downstairs hallway the present owners, Mary Black and Mike Gladstone, have concealed a lavatory behind the doors of a Dutch kas. *Below left:* A Dutch door connects halves of the house built at different times. Black's half is on the near side of the door, Gladstone's beyond.

to the designs of the French architect Joseph Jacques Ramée, the house was occupied by the family in 1815 while it was still uncompleted, after their temporary home burned down. Today it still looks as if they hadn't finished moving in: its almost exuberant shabbiness contrasts with Oak Hill's solid comfort and speaks of the Aldriches' determination to keep the place afloat come hell or high water.

Rokeby became the property of Winthrop's grandmother, Margaret Livingston Chanler, in 1899, after she succeeded in buying out her many siblings' interests; several years later she married the musicologist and *New York Times* music critic Richard Aldrich. Remodeled and enlarged in the mid nineteenth century and with further interior alterations done in 1895 by Stanford White, a family friend, the house is both ungainly and totally charming, the ideal house to have been a child in. A center hall furnished with gigantic Renaissance revival cabinets leads to a perplexing warren of little staircases and service rooms whose pattern no one has ever been able to figure out; at the corners of a landing White introduced "hidden" servants' passages to confuse things even further.

A reception room to the left of the

hall and a drawing room furnished by White with green upholstery and wallpaper intended to continue the tapis vert of nature outside are both oriented toward the river, as is the Gothic revival octagonal library, the ground floor of a five-story tower. The reception room still has its red and brown French floral paper hung on a wood and muslin framework to protect it from "rising damp"—to me only the title of a British TV series until recently, but a fact of life in the valley. Everything—gilt leather bindings, a fading Aubusson carpet, bibelots from wherever and whenever (including a piece of imperial Chinese embroidery salvaged by the indomitable Margaret, who was in China during the Boxer Rebellion where it was being used as a sandbag)—looks old, tired, distinguished, rich, and right. Miss Havisham would have felt at home here, but, obviously, so do the spirited and active Aldriches.

Somewhat more formal, though hardly austere, is the brick gentilhommière known as Forth House—in Livingston, a few miles east of the river—owned by the architect Harry van Dyke and his brother Frank, a horticulturist. Harry, who has a practice in New York City, has also done restoration work on historic houses in the valley region, including Joan Davidson's Midwood, the Rockefeller Tavern, and others belonging to art dealer Pierre Levai and novelist Harold Brodkey.

Forth House (whose name may be an abbreviation of Forsyth, that of an early owner, or allude to the River Forth—Scottish place names abound in the region), purchased by the van Dyke brothers and their late mother in the 1950s, has rightly been called one of the most outstanding Greek revival residences in the county. The façade, with its discreet white portico (the rear one runs the length of the house as a piazza), is sober but welcoming; the interior decoration is notable for its rows of lead medallions, copied from an ornament at the Erechtheum in Athens, that march around door and window frames and seem to be bolting the house together. The van Dykes have added a spectacular conservatory, which protects tender plants in winter and serves as a dining and party room in summer; adjoining it is a room



Livingston portraits survey the dining room at Oak Hill, *above*, now home to a ninth-generation heir. *Below left:* The American Empire sofa and matching chairs were made for Oak Hill. *Below:* The house dates to the 1790s.

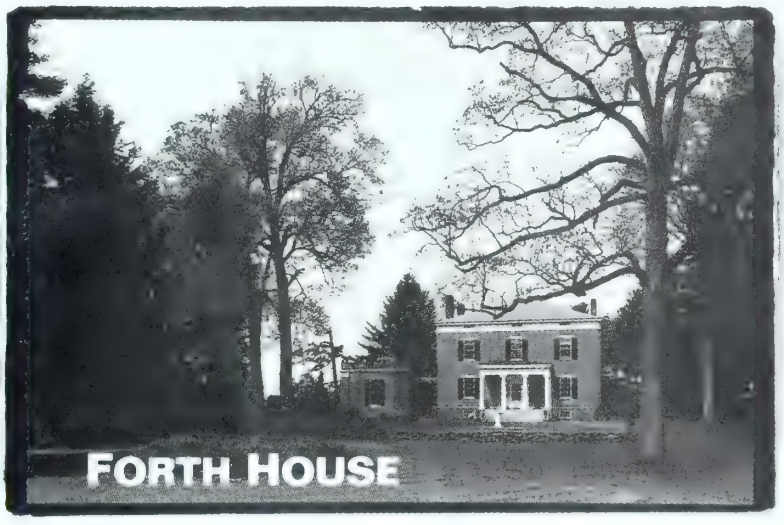




chiefly devoted to housing issues of *Country Life*, which, as Harry observes, accumulate at an alarming rate.

One unusual feature is the triple-hung windows at the back, typical of southern houses of the time. They allow access to the piazza and a recently created terrace and let in breezes in summer. Outside, a series of enclosed formal gardens and "wild" English-style ones, as well as a grove of towering trees that screen it from a nearby highway, extend the serene classicism of the house.

The valley is a place of legends, of which Rip Van Winkle's is only the best known



FORTH HOUSE

Several miles to the southwest in the town of Germantown (once called East Camp by the Palatine refugees who settled it in the eighteenth century) is the house known during most of the nineteenth century as the Rockefeller Tavern, now the home of art historian Mary Black and publisher Mike Gladstone. It is a remarkably clear wedding of the vernacular Dutch and English styles common throughout the Hudson Valley. The Dutch half, which originally served as a house and tavern where John D. Rockefeller's great-grandparents were married in 1772, was basically a plain one-room stone structure with a half-story loft above; it dates from about 1755. The more spacious and higher-ceilinged English half was added about 1800.

The tavern was ideal for the two houses under one roof that Black and Gladstone had envisioned, which are further united by long first- and second-story porches. A connecting Dutch door, originally an exterior door of the tavern, now serves as a perfect device for defining separate but contiguous units. Beyond adding a few windows and a downstairs lavatory cleverly hidden in a replica of a large Dutch kas, or wardrobe (of which Oak Hill has a particularly fine example), the owners have left the place much as it was. Both halves are furnished with a combination of nineteenth-century antiques and comfortable contemporary furniture and folk art from Black's collections, the most notable pieces being her family portraits by Erastus Salisbury Field and Gladstone's pair of Wardian cases, patented terrariums more often seen in Victorian engravings than in person.

Hudson, New York, is the train hub of the upper valley, and the first house one encounters on walking up from the station is Jeremiah Rusconi's faded redbrick Greek revival one. It stands as a kind of symbolic signpost to the small river city, whose fortunes have fluctuated with the times and are still doing so. Rusconi, whose business is architectural restoration (he was also the art director of the Merchant Ivory film *The Europeans*), bought the place *(Continued on page 172)*



Lead medallions based on paterae at the Erechtheum in Athens ornament Greek revival woodwork at Forth House, *right*. The dining table is set for one of the teas at which Harry and Frank van Dyke entertain neighbors. *Above:* Harry van Dyke, an architect, and his brother, a horticulturist, enlarged the 1833 house with a neoclassical conservatory, at left.



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THE STUDY

1

A STAGE FOR LIVING
Richard Jordan's masterly brushwork covers every inch of businessman Alex Nixon's media room, with a library embellished to evoke Faust's study in Boito's opera *Mefistofele*.

2

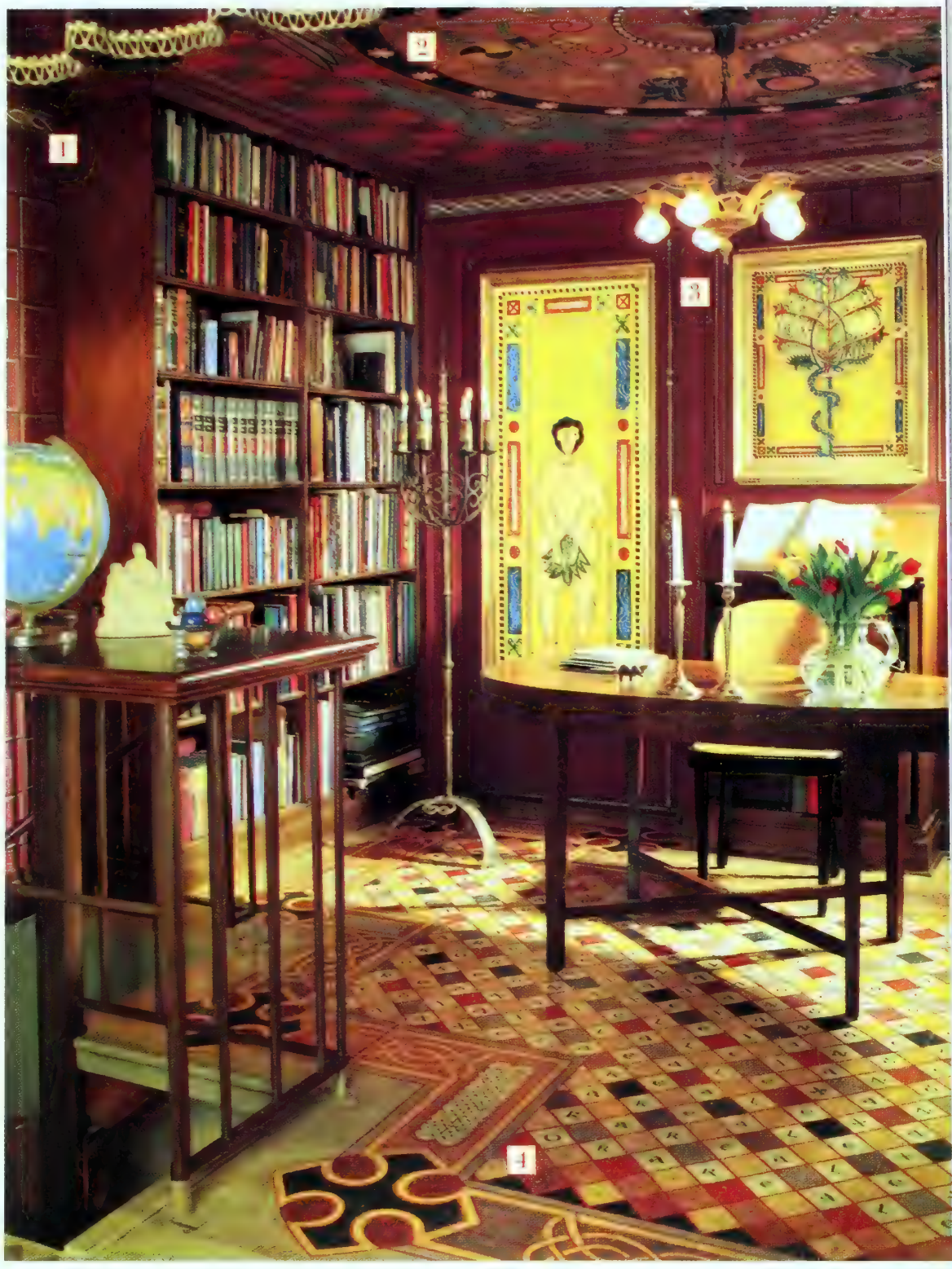
MEDIEVAL MURAL
Illuminated manuscripts inspired Jordan's vision of the Apocalypse that rings the ceiling.

3

REVERSE PAINTING
An existing glass-paneled door and window are decorated with images of Adam and the serpent. Lit from behind, they give the effect of stained glass.

4

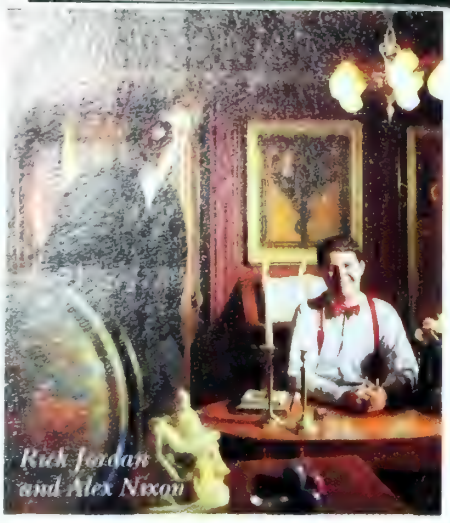
ENDPAPER PATTERN
A multicolored checkerboard taken from a medieval Latin manuscript is customized with letters that spell out "Orare Alexander," which loosely translates as "Pray for Alexander"—Alex Nixon's wry tribute to himself.



Great ideas

Painted effects transform a media room into an opera house

PRODUCED BY ELAINE HUNT


Rick Jordan and Alex Nixon

great ideas


5

THE THEATER ROOM

5

TWO ON THE AISLE Salvaged movie seats reupholstered in burgundy velvet stand on a faux marble pattern taken from the floor of the Sistine Chapel. A series of hollow-core storage-shelf doors are faced with painted columns, tiny capitals cast from dental plaster, and velour mats that frame sepia-toned photocopies simulating boxes at the opera.


6
7
8
9

6

SCULPTURE OVERHEAD
The vaulted ceiling, which Nixon installed himself, is painted with simulated architectural elements that add an illusionistic sense of depth.

7

BROADWAY CURTAINS
A cascade of burgundy velvet trimmed with gold braid (both from the theatrical-curtain company Nixon owns) frames the proscenium of the stage and conceals a pull-down eight-foot screen for the projection TV.

8

GLARE-FREE LIGHTING
A plastic statue of Diana was gold-leafed and placed atop a marbleized pilaster where it hides a bare bulb that floods the ceiling and crown molding with light.

9

PORTRAIT GALLERY
Nixon's photographs of family and friends replace the sepia photocopies on one of three walls he treats as a scrapbook in progress.

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Hudson River Valley

(Continued from page 166) nineteen years ago for $100 from the city, which wanted to tear it down. That was toward the end of the so-called urban renewal period, which saw the demolition of many of Hudson's historic buildings, including its famous General Worth Hotel, where Henry James and Edith Wharton were once refused admittance because they insisted on lunching with a pet dog. (The trio found a warmer reception at a nearby delicatessen.)

Built in 1839, the house purportedly belonged to a sea captain—there were many such in Hudson, a thriving upriver whaling distribution port in the mid nineteenth century (hence its omnipresent whale logo, which puzzles some visitors). Later it may have been a bordello—there were many of those too in Hudson, up until at least World War II. In the thirties a hotel and a dismal-looking lunchroom occupied the building. Rusconi's first task was to get rid of dilapidated additions to the front and rear. He then transformed the small wing, consisting of three rooms, one above the other, into snug and shipshape living quarters whose upstairs porch affords a view downriver past the station. The main rooms of the house, simply furnished with rag rugs, seersucker-covered chairs, and a heterogeneous collection of finds from flea markets and antiques shops, he uses as a working space.

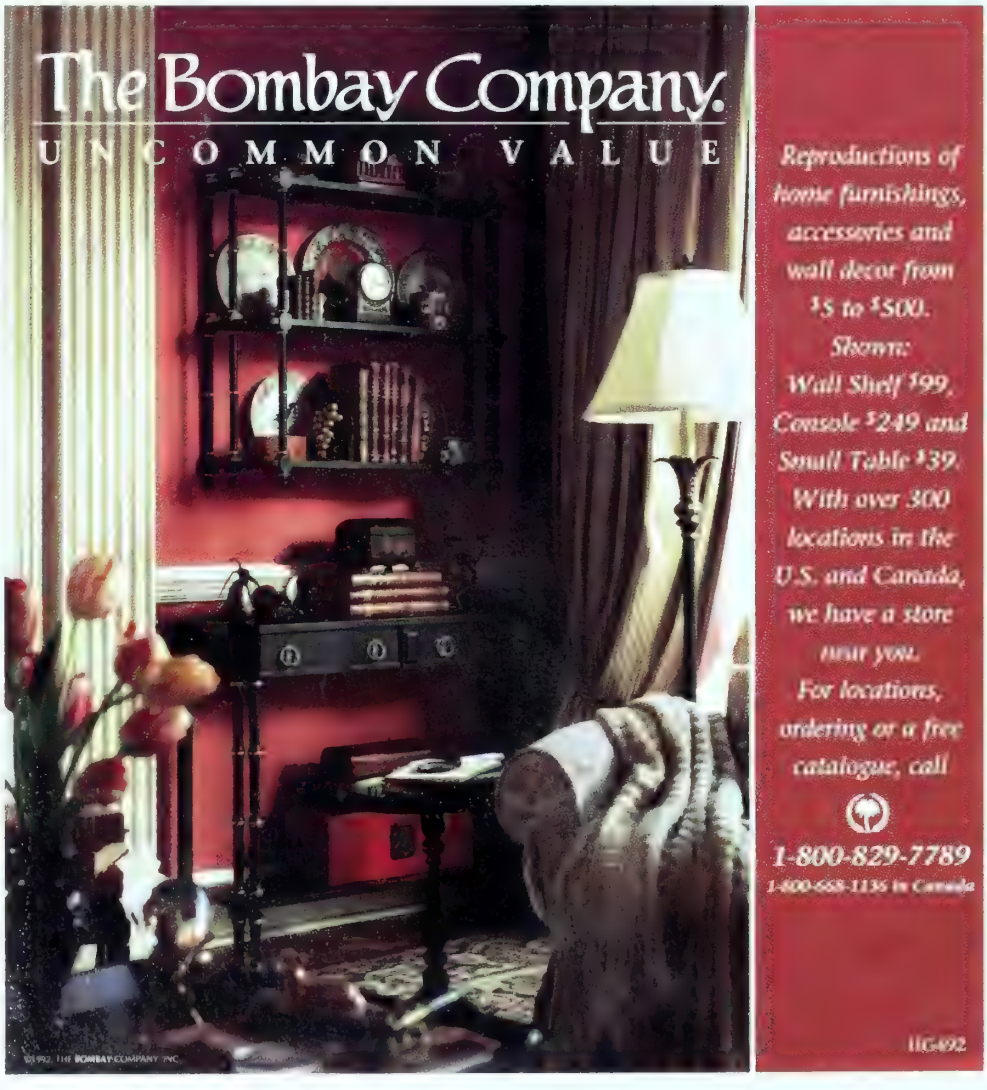
The putative sea captain owner, who enjoyed an uninterrupted view across the river, would have been startled by today's nearby railroad tracks and fuel storage tanks, even though the house seems to rise jauntily above it all. Yet its position aptly characterizes Hudson, a city where beautifully restored nineteenth-century houses (many owned by "weekenders" from New York, as they are called with just a shade of contempt by the locals) coexist with scarred hardscrabble districts, reminding the visitor that this is a town, not a museum, with problems and promise, blight and unexpected beauty. Indeed, the historic valley as a whole is familiar with strategies of survival, some of them developed as defenses against the constant threat of "development" of the selfish and speculative variety. Luckily, for the time being at least, the survivors are holding their own. ▲

Family Life

(Continued from page 136) also fine examples of other great pattern-obsessed craftsmen, among them a Tiffany lamp and a lot of Fornasetti. There are two pieces of rather grand eighteenth-century Portuguese furniture, both elaborately carved and one inlaid with ivory. Over the mantel in the drawing room is a fabulous mirror with Minton tiles, designed by Edward Godwin, which was bought at auction by a proxy "who forgot to stop bidding," recalls Lady Osborne. "But we do love the mirror." If the patterns were busier, the effect would be intolerable, but though there are lots of patterns, many are simple and they do not overwhelm.

The dining room is full of Carlton Ware from the 1920s and '30s and Mason's ironstone, toward which Lady Osborne maintains a casual attitude. "I rarely buy anything so valuable that I can't use it," she says. "It was made to be used, and I enjoy it, and I put almost all of it through the dishwasher." The whole house is a funny mixture of the highly decorated and the English undecorated. Everything is clean and fresh. "Old fabrics are the emperor's new clothes of our time," Lady Osborne asserts, though she does have one panel of rather wonderful chintz from the Great Exhibition of 1851 in a bathroom curtain. The colors are muted but not faded, the tones rich but not muddy. Everything has its place, but it is a house in which you can flop comfortably among the cushions, a house in which children have clearly been made to feel comfortable.

Indeed, the Osborne children express themselves freely in their own bedrooms. One son, who is at art school, has covered his walls from floor to ceiling with postcards, bumper stickers, drawings, magazine pages, and



other pictures. They are overwhelmingly strong images, mostly psychedelic, but together the effect is one of pattern; though the room is at first startling in the context of this cozy English house, the sensibility that underlies it is not far from the sensibility manifest elsewhere in the Osborne house. It can be only a matter of time before champagne bottles fabulously distorted with the wax of a thousand late-night student candles give way to some latter-day William De Morgan.

What are patterns for? The patterns on the walls and the patterns on the furniture and the patterns on the objects and the patterns on the plates seem in this place, a pattern called home, to fit with well-established patterns for a life lived according to London habits and old-fashioned values. Such implacable surface order is the oldest priority of the English—and is in fact what patterns are for. ♠

True Wit

(Continued from page 126) "I was born in the fifties you know. I've got the Jetsons in me as well as the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries." A Mahal carpet, an English ruby glass globe, a red and white striped Louis XVI-style armchair, and lamps in the form of Bahamian Indians act as additional visual aids for armchair travel.

When the real world encroaches, Oetgen works to mask it. In a small room with windows overlooking the driveway, flower-covered trellises block the view. Green and cream checked fabric on the slipper chairs and sofa, an Italian marble table, and a Fragonard-blue ceiling enhance the feeling of being in an intimate garden. Another room, another mood summoned by Oetgen's repertoire of playful ideas. His gestures can be deceptively simple, for what Oetgen has captured in one house is his own heart in three dimensions. ♠

The '70s

(Continued from page 156) Studio 54 found out pretty fast that disco wasn't for conformists. Sticking out from the crowd was the surest ticket to get in.

Sleek standardized high tech, the decade's signature style, was chorus-line design: an off-the-shelf kit of parts for putting together a coordinated matte-black background effect. With its sets of stacking trays on wheels, adjustable tables, and rolling files, high tech even moved. The style was an extension of modernism, a movement whose collapse was marked by the 1972 demolition of the Pruitt-Igoe public housing project in Saint Louis. Modernism stripped of its social mission, high tech shifted functional form from the public domain to the residential interior. In effect, this was self-help design: high tech's great selling point was that





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The '70s

you could order the whole look from a catalogue. The pioneering *High-Tech*, first of the glossy stylebooks that would soon descend on coffee tables everywhere, even listed the suppliers where you could order your own wire shelving, rubber floor tiles, and hospital room curtain tracks.

Joe D'Urso, a designer inextricably linked to the seventies, also treated living space as a kind of uniform. Varying little from room to room, client to client, D'Urso's interiors were like Halstons for the house. Recognizably modern in their limited palette, the crisp geometry of their furnishings, their almost religious reverence for empty space, D'Urso designs had the feel of minimalist art. In fact, with their white walls and sparse concessions to conventional ideas of domestic comfort, they resembled art galleries. Instead of providing retreats from the public realm, D'Urso's spaces symbolically connected their inhabitants to the outside world. You could stay home and still feel like a guest at a vernissage.

The word "classic" sums up the images projected by Halston on the body, D'Urso in the home. That word is telling, because with the climax of romanticism in the 1960s, the establishment of rebellion as a social norm, culture began to revert toward the kind of normativeness usually associated with the classical ideal. That ideal acquired increasing appeal throughout the seventies. Classical ballet soared in popularity: record audiences, *Time* and *Newsweek* covers, and salutes to George Balanchine as America's greatest living artist. Even a *Chorus Line* chorine conceded that "everything is beautiful at the ballet." Balanchine's New York City Ballet was "company style" at its most sublime. We went there not only for a dose of beauty but also for a lesson in civility—in the classical courtesy of partners, the willingness of dancers to endure strict mental and physical discipline in the service of art. We watched dancers grow to individual strength within a strictly codified style.

Classicism returned to architecture in 1970 when ground was broken for the J. Paul Getty Museum in Malibu, a building modeled with painstaking

care after the first-century Roman Villa dei Papiri. At its opening in 1974, some critics were appalled by this blatant return to the revivalism of the nineteenth century. But the following year Charles Moore, an erstwhile modernist, showed us a classicism for our time. Moore's Piazza d'Italia, a small New Orleans park, was disco classicism, its columns and pediments outlined in neon and surrounded by dancing water. By the late seventies, when Charles Jencks popularized the term "postmodernism," Michael Graves had abandoned his earlier neo-Corbusian vocabulary and introduced a highly personal graphic interpretation of the classical tradition. In 1978 onetime Mies disciple Philip Johnson set a broken pediment atop the AT&T Building, and architecture went full tilt into the retro mode from which it has only recently disengaged.

These wildly divergent works were far away from the world of uniform, impersonal order the word "classicism" often invokes. Indeed, what motivated these architects to overthrow the modernism of their early years was their desire for significantly more individuality of expression than canonical modernism allowed. Postmodern architects used classical forms like party hats at a theme ball.

Hardly a yawn of a decade, then. To look back at the seventies from today's perspective is to be struck by the shocking naiveté that allowed us the luxury to be bored, as though leisure suits, mood rings, and Joan Mondale's unflagging crusade for handicrafts were the biggest problems we would ever face. How halcyon it all looks now compared with the economic, environmental, and medical catastrophes that awaited us in the eighties. Why, then, when Peggy Lee struck up the refrain from the song "Is That All There Is?" did we all want to join in? Because boredom was a lot easier to handle than the lurking fear that America really blew it in the seventies. We lost the war, lost the oil, lost the empire. It was easier to renounce progress than to admit that we were no longer the future's only masters. But the hardest thing of all to reckon with remains the disturbing suspicion that losing an empire isn't the end of the world. It means we've got the whole world for company. ▲

Resources

CONTENTS
Page 12 E Line stainless-steel kitchen cabinets, to the trade at St. Charles, for showrooms (804) 424-3900. Electric barbecue/steam cooker (#KM88), gas burners (#KM83), at Miele, for dealers (800) 289-6435. Steel/aluminum refrigerator, to the trade at Sub-Zero, for showrooms (800) 222-7820. Countertop solid surfacing material, to the trade at Corian Tile, for showrooms (800) 426-7426. Wicker chairs, by Mondo, for stores (212) 477-3188. Isamu Noguchi mulberry bark paper/bamboo hanging light sculpture (#26A), from Akari-Gemini, for dealers (805) 966-9557. **16** Beasties custom-color hand-blocked wallpaper, designed by Peggy Angus, to order from Joanna Rock Wallpapers, 85 Lefurgy Ave., Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522, (914) 693-7699. Gourgourand viscose/cotton stripe on chair and back sofa, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy

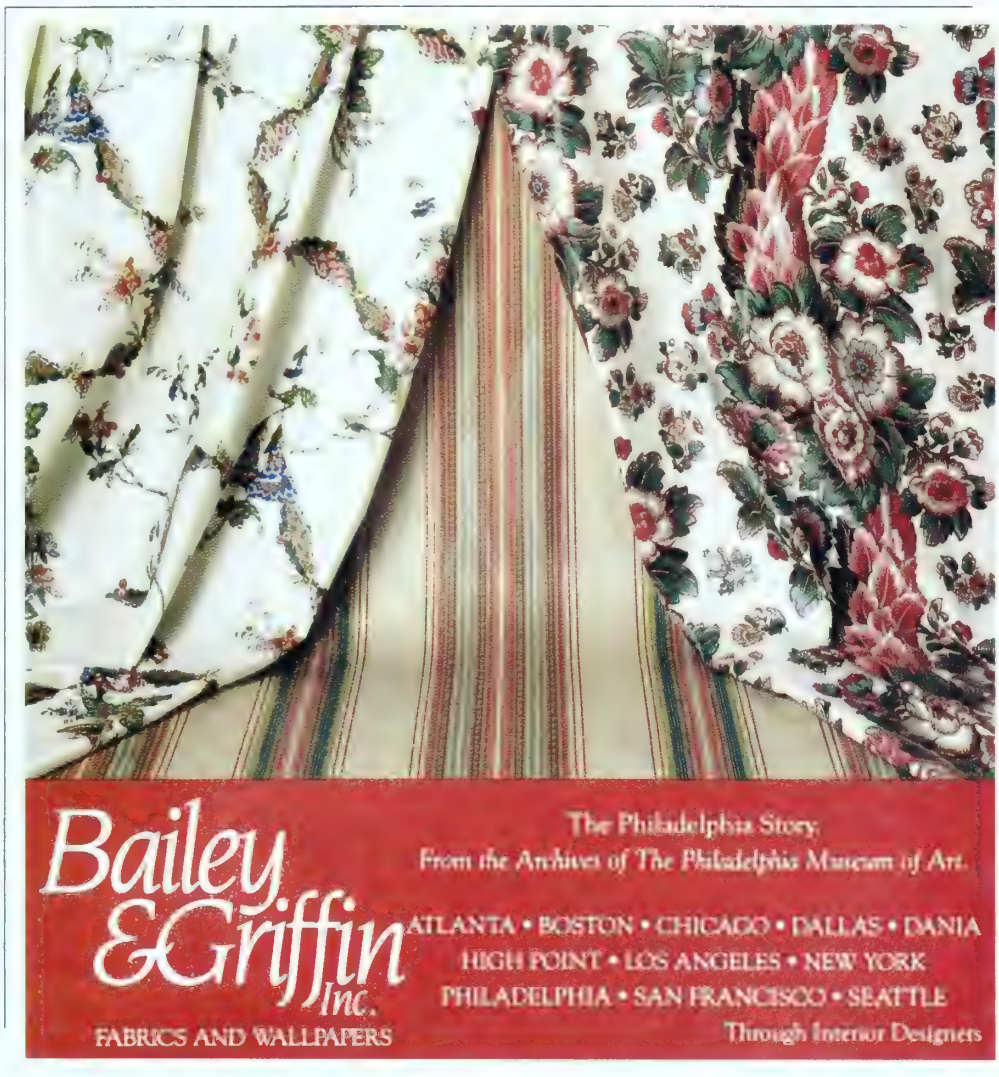
PEOPLE
Page 44 Floor lamp, by Harry Anderson, similar at Helander Gallery, Palm Beach (407) 832-4626

FOOD
Page 56 Early 19th century English drabware plate, early 19th century English creamware covered soup bowl, similar at Hollyhock, Los Angeles (213) 931-3400. Davenport English earthenware plate under soup bowl, at Foster-Ingersoll, Los Angeles (213) 652-7677. Depression ware glass plate, similar at Circa Antiques, Los Angeles (213) 662-6600. **58** Depression ware glass plate, similar at Circa Antiques (see above).

ANTIQUES
Pages 62, 64 Antiques, decoration, similar from Stingray Hornsby Extraordinary Period Antiques & Interiors, (203) 274-2293 by appt. **62** Gothic wallpaper, $85 roll, 10-roll minimum, to order from Stingray Hornsby Antiques & Interiors (see above). Custom-color San Francisco Brussels Wilton weave wool carpet, Rosanarch silk lampas on sofa (#96497-1), to the trade at Scalamandré, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Jim Ditallo, Denver; Fee-McLaran, Honolulu; Gene Smiley, Minneapolis; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Reine Elizabeth cotton/polyester tapestry on chair, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 16). **64** Belgique cotton/acetate brocade on Egyptian revival chair (#96515-3), custom-color Longacre Brussels Wilton weave wool carpet, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above). Velours Soie cotton gauffraged velvet for curtain, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 16). Satin Stephanois viscose/acrylic on gilt furniture, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 16). Drapery Napoleon III hand-blocked woodblock wallpaper in dining room (#9006), to the trade at Zuber et Cie, NYC, Los Angeles; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Classic Revivals, Boston

WORKROOM
Page 80 Custom-color hand-blocked wallpapers Tapestry Lion, Eclipse, Alhambra Tile, Rowan, to order from Joanna Rock Wallpapers, 85 Lefurgy Ave., Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522, (914) 693-7699

STYLE
Page 90 Colombia mahogany slat armchair, Colombia walnut table with removable sets of tabletop shelves, cashmere/velvet shawl, round-necked longsleeved cotton T-shirt, Grandfather's Long Underwear cotton pants, all unisex, by Industria, for information call or write Industria Superstudio, 775 Washington St., New York, NY 10014; (212) 366-1114. Industria Superstudio architecture, by Berke & McWhorter Architects, 270 Lafayette St.,



New York, NY 10012, (212) 219-2088

OSCAR'S VIEW

Pages 94–103 Rosedale Nurseries, Saw Mill River Rd., Hawthorne, NY 10532; (914) 769-1300

MOOD MODERNE

Pages 104–11 Architecture, decoration, by Bentley LaRosa Salasky, 160 Fifth Ave. Room 702, New York, NY 10010; (212) 255-7827 **104–05** Vittoriale viscose/cotton/linen on daybed, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 16). Suede on armchair, to the trade at Hermes Leather, NYC (212) 947-1153 19th-century Tabriz rug, similar at Ghiordian Knot, NYC (212) 371-6390 **107** Sofa, fabricated by McPike-Ameer, NYC (212) 206-9214 Dragon Empress fibranne and Satin Jaspe cotton/rayon on sofa, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 16). **108** Sconces, fabricated by Wainland's, NYC (212) 838-3385. Dining room table, fabricated by Kalle Fauset of Moss Fauset Woodworking, Hoboken (201) 714-9797 Fabric on chairs, to the trade at Decorators Walk, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. **109** Tuscan Wall embossed linen wallpaper (#5245), to the trade at Norton Blumenthal, for showrooms (212) 752-2535. Lambert cotton chenille on sofa, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, London, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. **110** Sconces, fabricated by Wainland's (see above). Faucet set (#6450), by Czech & Speake, at P. E. Guerin, for showrooms (212) 243-5270 Colorsound Series tiles, to the trade at Villeroy & Boch, for showrooms (201) 575-0550 Custom cotton towels with braided gold thread design, to order at Frette, NYC (212) 988-5221. **111** Jacquard cotton linens on bed, at Pratesi, NYC, Bal Harbour, Beverly Hills, Chicago, Palm Beach Courrage wool carpet, to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Gregory Alonso, Cleveland, Dean-Warren, Phoenix

ECHOES OF AFRICA

Pages 112–15 Decorative painting, by Santino Croci, Via Acquedotto 10, San Giorgio su Legnano 20010, Italy; (331) 40-52-34. **114** Wine silk jersey dress and chiffon stole, by Stephan Janson for 1992 spring collection, at Linda Dresner, NYC (212) 308-3177, Birmingham (313) 642-4999

BACK PORCH ON THE FUTURE

Pages 116–21 Giraffe Project, Box 759, Langley, WA 98260 Architecture and construction, by Christopher Alexander, Gary Black, Curt Brown, Jim Dow, and Bryan Almquist of Center for Environmental Structure, 2701 Shasta Rd., Berkeley, CA 94708; (510) 841-6166 **118** Kilim pillows, from In the Country, the Retail Shop of Hemperley & Babbage Designs, Langley (206) 221-8202. Custom handmade unglazed terra-cotta tiles for backsplash and glazed terra-cotta tiles for counter, to order at Aruba Terra-Cotta & Tile, Seattle (206) 522-5691 **119** Cotton Chinese linens on bed, at the Cottage, Langley (206) 321-4747. **121** Custom unglazed terra-cotta tiles for floor, to order at Aruba Terra-Cotta & Tile (see above)

TRUE WIT

Pages 122–27 Interior decoration, by Oetgen Design, 2300 Peachtree Rd. N.W., Atlanta, GA 30309; (404) 352-1112. Selected antiques, from John D. Oetgen Fine Antiques, 2300 Peachtree Rd. N.W. Atlanta, GA 30309; (404) 352-1114. **122** Carsten Check cotton on sofa and chairs, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 109) Jacqueline cotton screen print with linen backing pillow, $150, at John D. Oetgen Fine Antiques (see above). 19th-century Italian inlaid marble table, similar at Melosi, Atlanta (404) 352-5451. **123** Greek stool, similar at Christa's, Chicago (312) 222-2520 Custom-Eze cotton check on stool, designed by John D. Oetgen, to the trade to order at Brunschwig (see above for pg 109). Old Peking turn-of-the-century wool runner, similar at Threlkeld-Schlemon, Atlanta (404) 237-7532 **124** Moss-covered urns on mantel, by Ed Stiffler, similar at Topiary Designs, Atlanta (404) 350-0851. Sunburst gold leaf wood mirror, similar at John D. Oetgen Fine Antiques (see above) **124–25** Gilded plaster moons and stars, to order at Oh So Faux, Atlanta (404) 233-4120. Bernice upholstered chair, Rive Droite banquette, Paige leather ottoman, to order from Oetgen Design (see above). Gloriana silk stripe on upholstered chair, Rayure cotton/silk stripe on pillow on chair, Grand Galon Athénée viscose Greek key trim on pillows, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 16) Tallard Velvet cotton on banquette, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta, Shecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland, Minneapolis; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania, Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle. West Lake glazed silk for curtains, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above for pg 62) Toile Anjou linen/cotton (two colors) on klismos chair, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 109) Ravenscroft moss leather on ottoman, to the trade at Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta (404) 261-6337, Dania (305) 923-3330 Kuman checked Jim Thompson Thai Silk on foreground chair, to the trade at Rodolph, Aiea, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Huntington Woods, Kansas City, Laguna Niguel, La Jolla, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, NYC, Philadelphia, Phoenix, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C. Louis XV bronze candelabra wired for lamp, 19th-century French boullotte table, bronze figures on boullotte table, similar at John D. Oetgen Fine Antiques (see above). Molin sunburst china plate on ottoman, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC, to order (212) 753-7300 ext 8184 C'Gras sea grass carpet, to the trade at Designer Carpets, Atlanta (800) 241-0456 **126** La Nuit cotton sheets and pillowcases, by Jean-Charles de Castelbajac, to order at Jean-Charles de Castelbajac, Paris (1) 42-60-37-33. Couvert de Feuilles viscose/cotton-cut velvet on rectangular pillows, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 16). Rouen Satin Stripe cotton/spun rayon for curtains, Carousel Stripe cotton on armchair, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 109). Jacobean Hand Embroidery cotton/wool on round night table, to the trade at Decorators Walk (see above for pg 108). 19th-century Venetian velvet picture frames, similar at Christa's (see above). 19th-century English ruby glass globe, similar at John D. Oetgen Fine Antiques (see above). **126–27** Custom pedimented wood bookcases, by John D. Oetgen, to order from Doug King of Kudzu Cabinet Works, Dawsonville (404) 216-4871. Mellon Tapestry viscose/cotton for curtains and on Queen Anne–style chairs, Siam Braid rayon trim for curtains, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 109) Antique Tiffany Century silver on table, similar at Beverly Bremer Silver Shop, Atlanta (404) 261-4009

PATTERNS OF FAMILY LIFE

Pages 132–33 Parallèles cotton satin for sofa, by Fardis for Osborne & Little, Colette silk taffeta for curtains, Taffeta silk taffeta for curtain border, Coronata wallpaper, from Folly Collection, all to the trade at Osborne & Little, NYC, Stamford; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; David Parrett, Chatham; Designers Choice, Chicago; Boyd-Levinson & Co., Dallas, Houston; Design West, Dania; Shanahan Collection, Denver; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; Stephen E. Earls Showroom, Portland, Seattle; Richard Russell, Washington, D.C. Silver frame, by Kay Ivanovic, to special-order from Kay Ivanovic, London (71) 603-9930. **135** Capri-Montaigne Optic crystal tumblers, by Baccarat, for stores (212) 826-4100. Regatta wallpaper, to the trade at Osborne & Little (see above). **136–37** Crabtree & Evelyn soaps, at Crabtree & Evelyn shops nationwide. Hertford Scroll wallpaper, by Nina Campbell, Pellinore cotton jacquard for curtains, from Elysium Collection, Palatine cotton damask on sofa, Callisto cotton/modacrylic/nylon on bench, from Gemini Collection, all to the trade at Osborne & Little (see above). Cotton patchwork quilt of Osborne & Little fabrics, available with two matching cushions, to order at Osborne & Little, 304–08 King's Rd., London SW3 5UH; (71) 352-1456 Monticello large bench, to the trade to order at Osborne & Little, NYC (212) 751-3333.

THE NEXT WAVE

Pages 138–45 Architecture, interiors, by Steven Harris of Steven Harris & Assocs. Architects, 285 Broadway, New York, NY 10007; (212) 587-1108. Landscaping, by Steven Harris (see above) and Glenn Herbert of Bellomo-Herbert & Co., New Smyrna Beach (904) 423-5515. **139** Wicker chairs, enamel-finish table, by Mondo, for stores (212) 477-3188 Italian glass mosaic pool tiles, by Vetrocolor, at Nemo Tile, NYC (212) 505-0009. **140** Hand-painted aluminum console table, to order from Steven Harris (see above). Leopard print cowhide on gilded chair, to the trade at Teddy & Arthur Edelman, NYC; Ernest Gaspard & Assocs., Atlanta; Design Resources, Beachwood; Caroline Cochran, Bethesda; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Bowman & Assocs., Coral Gables; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Egg & Dart, Denver; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel; Litchfield Clare, London; Hinson & Co., Los Angeles; Design Resource Group, Philadelphia, Westwood; Sloan Miyasato, San Francisco; Mattoon & Assocs., Seattle. Chrome faucets with plug, by Czech & Speake, at P. E. Guerin, for showrooms (212) 243-5270. Pink and royal blue sink tiles, by Villeroy & Boch, yellow and blue sink tiles, by Interstyle, black sink tiles, by Vetrocolor, floor tiles, by Buchtal, all at Nemo Tile (see above). **142** Sea-inspired hand-tufted wool carpets, to order from Annie Sherburne, London (71) 237-5630. Siren sofa, to order from Roger Crowley, Architect, NYC (212) 439-6002 Roji cotton bouclé on sofa, to the trade at Glant Textiles at

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Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta, Dania; Ostrer House, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Alfred & Roth Collection, Cleveland; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Kneedler-Fauchère, Denver, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco; Fibre Gallery, Honolulu; Hines & Co., NYC; Matches, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle; Primavera, Toronto; Rozmallin, Troy; Matches at Miley, Washington, D.C. Custom armless chair, plate glass/steel cocktail nesting table, to order from Steven Harris (see above). Angora Mohair cotton/mohair on chair, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 16). Rapture of the Deep glass sculpture on cocktail table, by Catherine Rahn, Ormond Beach (904) 673-5935. Rhombus chair, Topo ottoman, pillow on sofa, to order from Roger Crowley, Architect (see above). Conterfond cotton/wool/polyester on Rhombus chair, to the trade at Kirk-Brummel, NYC, Chicago, Dania, Washington, D.C.; Ernest Gaspard & Assocs., Atlanta; Devon Services, Boston; DeCioccio, Cincinnati; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Shanahan Collection, Denver; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel, San Franscisco; Bradbury Collection, Los Angeles; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Thomas & Co., Phoenix; Le Tapisseur, Pittsburgh; St. Louis Design Center, St. Louis; Collins-Draheim, Seattle; Primavera, Toronto; Campbell-Louis, Troy. Isamu Noguchi tall mulberry bark paper/bamboo light sculpture (#UF4-L8), Isamu Noguchi round mulberry bark paper/bamboo light sculpture (#23N), from Akari-Gemini, for dealers (805) 966-9557. **143** Anziano wood/steel stacking chairs, to the trade at Donghia Furniture Co., NYC, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Interior Elements, Atlanta; Ostrer House, Boston; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Wendy Boyd, Denver; Telio & Cie, Montreal, Toronto; Judy Baer, Philadelphia; Susan Mills, Seattle. Gaea plumed mahogany table, to order from Roger Crowley, Architect (see above). Massimo Iosa Ghini's chrome/foam Plana Bench, from Dinamic Collection, to the trade at Frederic Williams Interiors, for showrooms (212) 686-6390. Sillaba halogen sconce in stairway, by Fontana Arte, to the trade at the Lighting Center, NYC (212) 888-8388. **144** Steel Bar brushed stainless-steel lamp with copper mesh shade, by Kevin Walz, to the trade at Arc International, for showrooms (212) 727-3340. Traccia gold finish table with bronze-cast legs, by Meret Oppenheim, to the trade at Palazzetti, for showrooms (212) 832-1199. Happy Fat Fish hand-tufted wool rug, to order from Annie Sherburne (see above). Tektite glass sculpture on table, by Josh Simpson, similar at Grohe Glass Gallery, Boston (617) 227-4885. Cotton on chair (#82-88-09), to the trade at Duralee Fabrics, for showrooms (516) 273-8800 Norvent air vents (#3100), to the trade at Tom Barrow Co., for showrooms (407) 291-0961. Silk for guest room (#T6308), to the trade at Ian Crawford, for showrooms (212) 355-2228. Mandarin Rose cotton for bedspread, from Gianni Versace Collection, to the trade at China Seas, NYC, Los Angeles; Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta, Dania; Ostrer House, Boston; Hinson & Co., Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Egg & Dart, Denver; Lancer-Furniture Guild, Hato Rey; Fee-McClaran, Honolulu; Duncan Higgins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Stephen E. Earls, Portland, Seattle; Designers Showcase, San Diego; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Campbell-Louis, Troy. Custom bedspread, to order from Steven Harris (see above) **145** Gooseneck wall lamps, to order from Steven Harris (see above). Celadon Swirl screen-printed cotton sateen on banquettes, to the trade to order from Paula Zanger, NYC (212) 533-5008. Sangro cotton for blue and yellow banquette cushions, to the trade at Coraggio Textiles, NYC; Culpepper & Osborne, Atlanta; Davison's, Boston; Callard & Osgood, Chicago; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Southard & Assocs., Dania; Bradbury Collection, Los Angeles; Gene Smiley Showroom, Minneapolis; Wayne Martin, Portland; The Showroom, Salt Lake City; Brustlin, San Francisco; Joan Eiley & Assocs., Toronto. Bimini cotton/rayon for pink banquette cushion, to the trade at F. Schumacher & Co., NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, High Point, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Gregory Alonso, Cleveland; Bailey's Showrooms, Kansas City; Designer's Focal Point, Phoenix; Edward Linder & Assoc., Pittsburgh; Designer's Resource, Portland, Sacramento; Design Extension, Tulsa; Crown Wallpaper Co., Toronto. Kidney-shaped and round stained bird's-eye maple coffee tables, to order from Steven Harris (see above) Custom tilt-turn windows, to the trade at Marvin Windows & Doors, for showrooms (800) 346-5128

COLLECTORS' REALM

Pages 146–47 Woven rush carpet, at David Hicks, Paris (1) 43-26-00-67. Cadoro raw silk on sofas and ottoman, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, NYC, Los Angeles; Curran & Assocs., Atlanta, High Point; Nancy Miklos Mason, Birmingham; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Donghia Showrooms, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver; Matches, Philadelphia; Designers Showroom, Seattle. **148** Candleholders on console table, at Autour du Monde Home Country Store, Paris (1) 42-77-06-08. **149** Josef Hoffmann wooden chairs, similar at Cour Intérieur, Paris (1) 42-77-33-10. **152** 20th-century wooden bench, similar at Cour Intérieur (see above).

GETTING IN TOUCH WITH THE '70S

Page 154 Luxo aluminum/steel architect's lamps by bed, for stores call (800) 222-5896, in NY (914) 937-4433. **157** Breuer leather and chromium-plated steel tubing lounge chairs, to the trade at ICF, NYC, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.

GREAT IDEAS

Pages 169–70 Decorative painting, by Richard Jordan, 27 Grace Ct., Brooklyn, NY 11201; (718) 852-0705

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Gandee

AT LARGE

Actually, you can't get anything you want at Alice's restaurant

It's a Monday morning in Berkeley and Alice Waters—who, at a certain angle, in a certain light, looks more than a bit like Joan Baez (which is to say earnest and fresh-faced and decidedly more West Coast than East Coast)—is reeling. The forty-eight-year-old queen of California cuisine has just returned from a seven-day cruise in the Bahamas with her in-laws, which was, destination "island paradise" notwithstanding, more along the lines of epicurean and ecological hell than heaven. It seems that Alice, eight-year-old daughter Fanny, husband Stephen Singer, and his family were routinely asked to feast on such sorry fare as who-knows-what's-in-them hot dogs kept warm in "horrible steam tables with awful-tasting rice." Similarly, Alice and company were expected to look the other way each night when their ship matter-of-factly dumped the day's garbage overboard and sailed merrily on. These are not, you don't need to spend much time with Alice to know, the sorts of things that Alice likes. These are, as it turns out, precisely the sorts of things that Alice has crusaded against for more than two decades.

For a guy like me, who grew up in Florida on Mrs. Paul's frozen fish sticks swimming in Heinz ketchup, Alice and her twenty-one-year-old restaurant, Chez Panisse, constitute something of a culinary stretch. In fact, there is but one similarity between dinner at Chez Panisse and dinner at Chez Mom: dinner is what dinner is; take it or leave it, no substitutions, the menu is fixed. Since few things gave me more pleasure as a child than Mrs. Paul's frozen fish sticks swimming in Heinz ketchup and since one recent Tuesday evening at Chez Panisse Alice was serving up pan-fried prawns with fennel, sauté of black chanterelles on toast, spit-roasted rack of pork with mustard and wilted greens, and buckwheat crêpes with blood orange ice cream and warm blood orange compote, the autocrat-in-the-kitchen concept has at neither stage in my life been a problem. However, now that I've supped with Alice, I will confess it would be difficult to go back to Mrs. Paul.



Alice Waters at Chez Panisse.

"Once you taste a tomato in the summer you won't eat a tomato in the winter"

Which was a piece of news that struck Alice's woman-with-a-mission ears as music. "I feel it's important for everybody who has the possibility of a forum to get up and say what they think about the state of agriculture, about pollution, about education," says Alice, who, yes, keeps a compost heap behind her forum, Chez Panisse. "People can eat things here that they might not otherwise eat, or they can eat things here that they eat all the time, but here it tastes different and they say, 'Why is this so good?' " The reason it's so good is partially explained at the bottom of the daily menu: "Most of our produce and meat comes from local farms and ranches that practice ecologically sound agriculture." And Alice means it. Her insistence on things fresh and organic borders on the tyrannical: fresh means "picked this morning," and organic means "no herbicides, no pesticides—that the grower is taking care of the land, and for that I'm willing to pay a premium. It's like making a donation to somebody who is doing work I should be doing myself."

While Alice would agree her situation in northern California, America's horn of plenty, is highly conducive to her stick-close-to-the-source mandate, even in New York City, she points out, there are window boxes waiting for herbs, community gardens welcoming volunteers, and farmers' markets in need of support. "People talk a lot about eating things that are good for them, but they talk as if the conversation begins at the supermarket," says Alice. "I'm thinking about what happens before the food gets to the supermarket—how it comes out of the ground, how it's raised, grown, picked." Alice's advice? "Look for things that are in season. Once you taste a tomato in the summer you won't eat a tomato in the winter. It's a real pleasure to wait until July, instead of dulling your palate all year long with second-rate food."

As a primer for those of us who blithely buy tomatoes in December, Alice has written a cookbook for children and other beginners, *Fanny at Chez Panisse* (due next fall from Harper Collins), which is filled with food parables and recipes. "I don't believe in children's food," cautions Alice, "at least not what you see in most children's cookbooks—cute food with lots of sugar and potatoes. Many of my recipes are very very simple." And then she added, looking straight at me, "So simple that you won't need to ask Mom to help."

Charles Gandee

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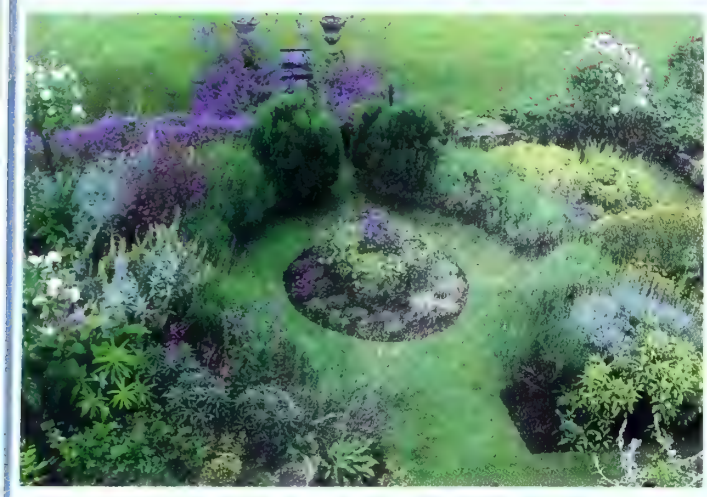
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Sun-drenched living room in a California beach house. Page 78. Photograph by Tim Street-Porter.





The Frasers' herb garden, above, at Shepherd House. Page 86. Above right: Mathieu and Ray's design for a Moscow bedroom. Page 108. Right: Art dealer Laura Carpenter, in a Yohji Yamamoto jacket, at her Santa Fe gallery. Page 130.

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Emily Jean, left, slicing peaches for her peach and raspberry crisp. Page 50. Treasures from Istanbul's Topkapi Palace Museum, below, are on view in Memphis. Page 68.





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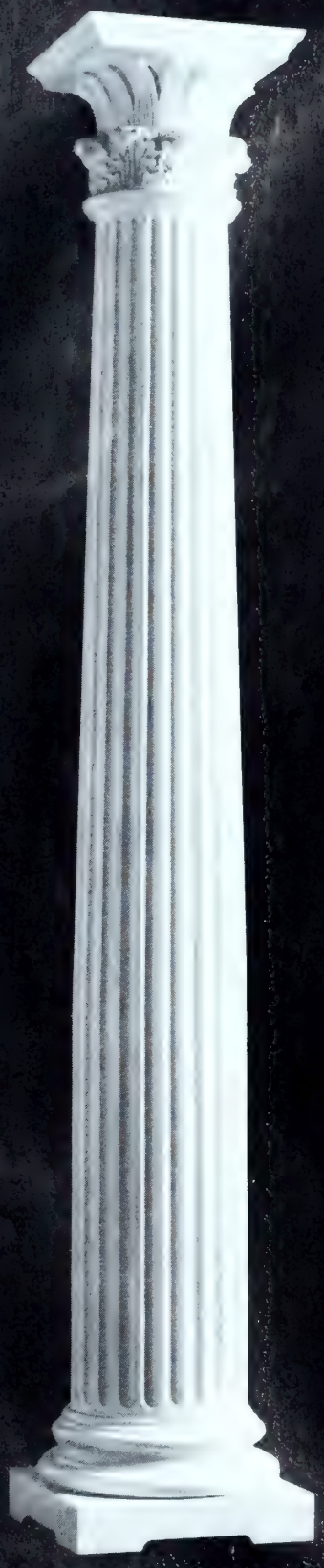


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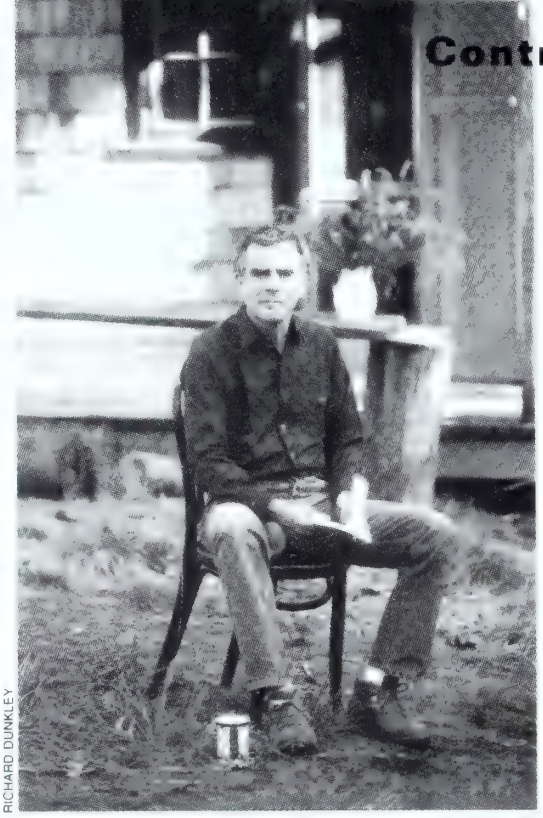
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Contributors Notes



RICHARD DUNKLEY

Jack Macrae is an editor and publisher at Henry Holt with his own imprint, John Macrae Books, specializing in literary fiction, biography, and natural history. For HG he writes about his kerosene-lit cabin on a trout stream in Rhode Island. "I go there to fish and walk in the woods," he says, "but mostly I go to get in touch with my own being." As a concession to his wife, art dealer Paula Cooper, Macrae also spends time on nearby Block Island in a house with electricity and heat.



Deidi von Schaewen accompanied decorators Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray to Moscow, where she captured their ten-day transformation of a rented apartment "showing what can be done with a high degree of invention." Von Schaewen spends most of her time on the road, working for magazines and gathering images for a book on sidewalks, a follow-up to her volume on scaffolds around the world.



HUGH PALMER

Peter Ackroyd, winner of the Whitbread and other British literary awards, is known for what he calls "historically based fiction," such as *Hawksmoor* and *Chatterton.* Ackroyd says he had hoped that regular sojourns at his eighteenth-century house in North Devon would distract him from London's "seductive ghosts." Instead he discovered different spirits, which he portrays in this month's "Writer in Residence." The American edition of Ackroyd's novel *English Music* is due in the fall from Knopf.



Sterling.

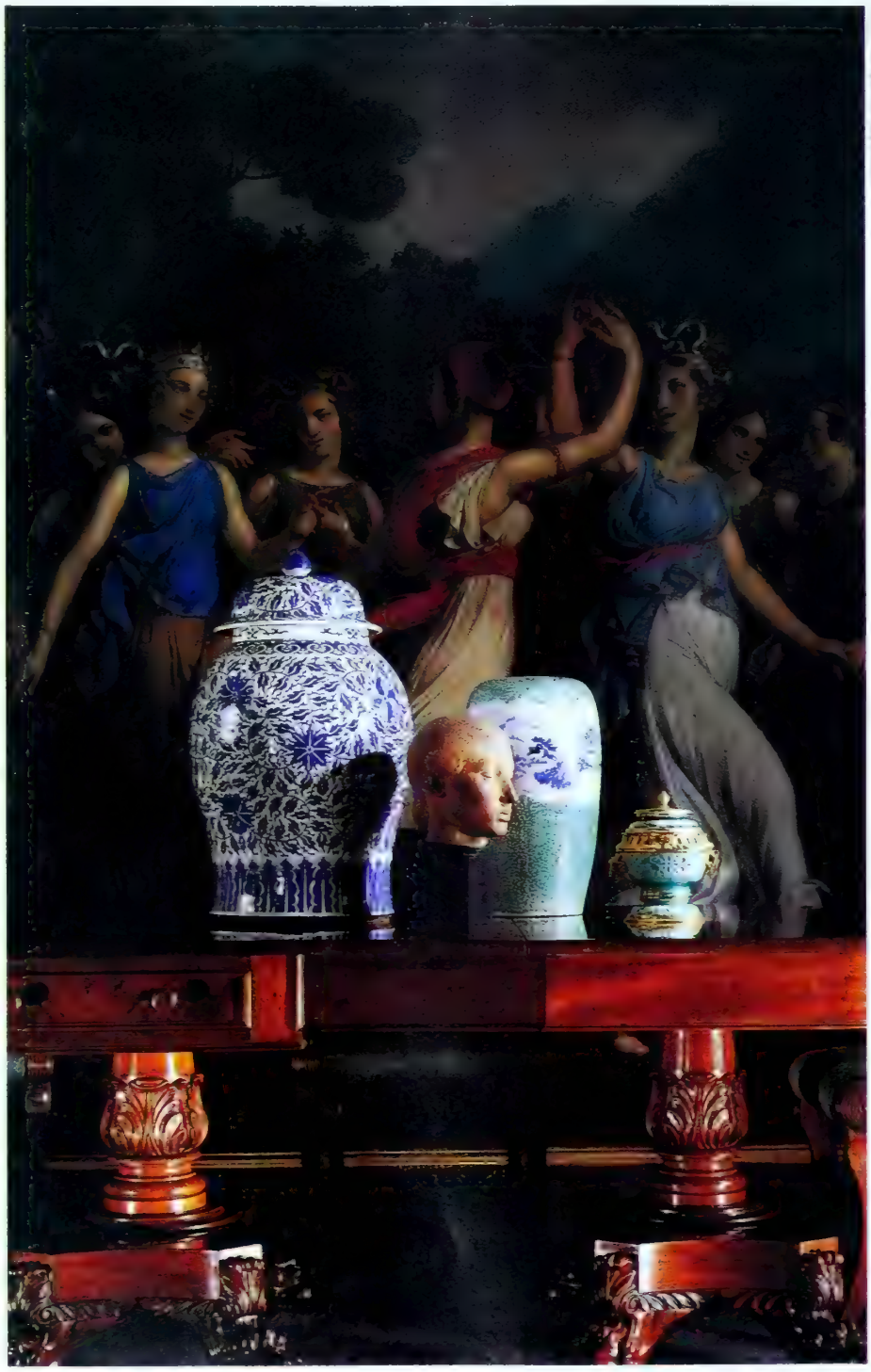
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Rachel Volpone, assistant to HG's editor in chief, says, "By the time an issue appears, the articles have passed my desk so many times I've memorized them." Surrounded by mountains of copy, photos, and fabric swatches, Volpone orchestrates the daily operations of the magazine. She also gathers ideas for her after-hours occupation—hand-painting ancient textile motifs on screens and chairs.



Macduff Everton became a photographer when, as a teenage backpacker on an around-the-world trip, he found a tourist's abandoned camera in Denmark. "By the time I reached Japan, I was selling pictures taken with that Kodak Pony; I've been traveling and photographing ever since." In this issue Everton focuses on contemporary art dealer Laura Carpenter's sophisticated version of Santa Fe style. Everton's book *The Modern Maya* was published last year.


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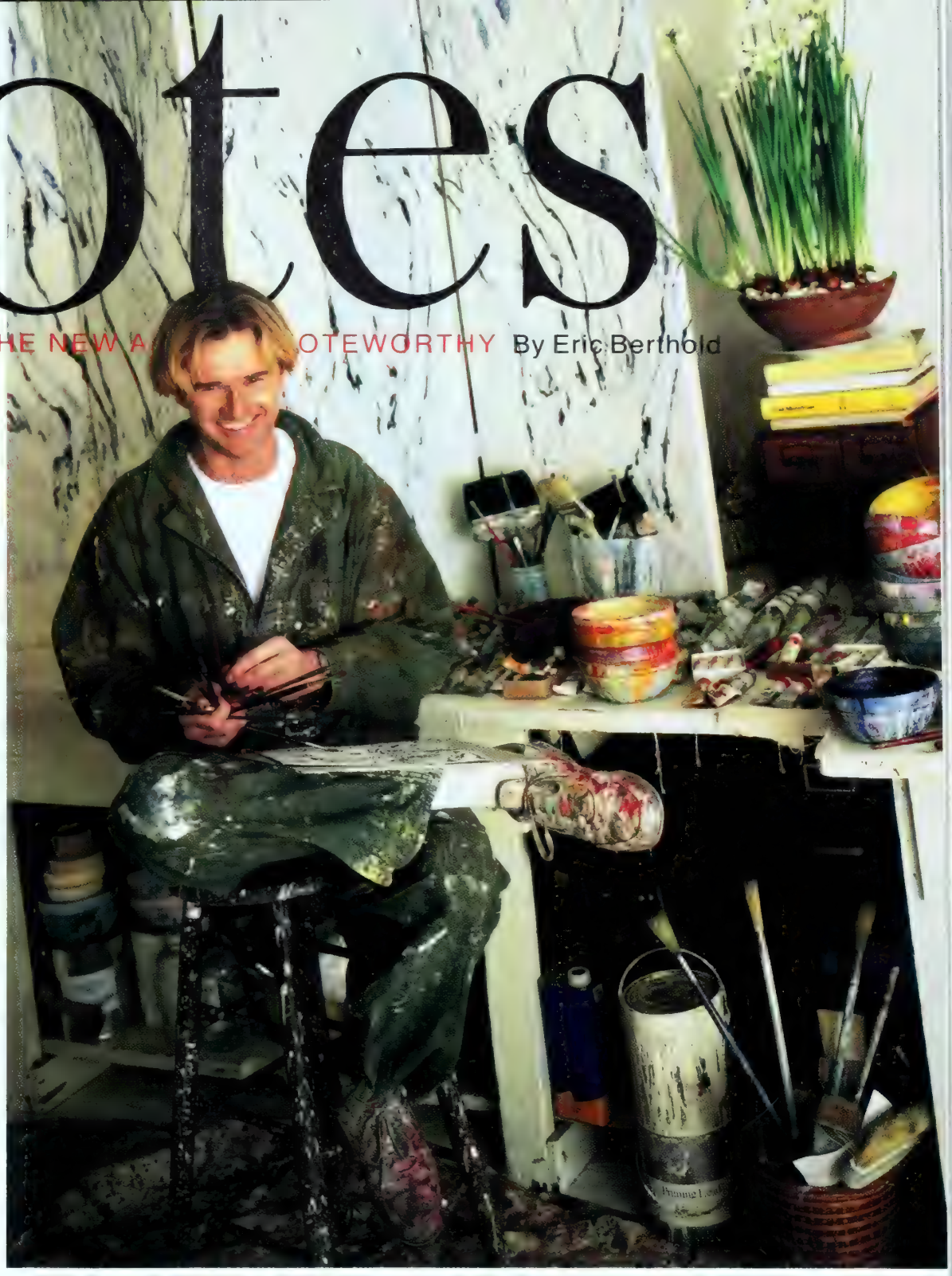
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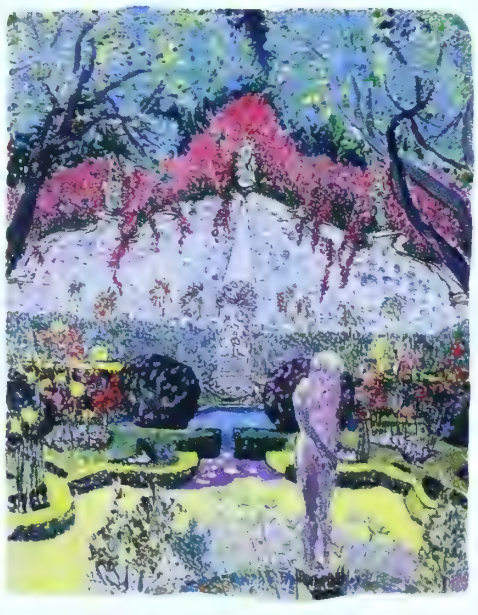
HG REPORTS ON THE NEW A OTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold



Christian Brechneff

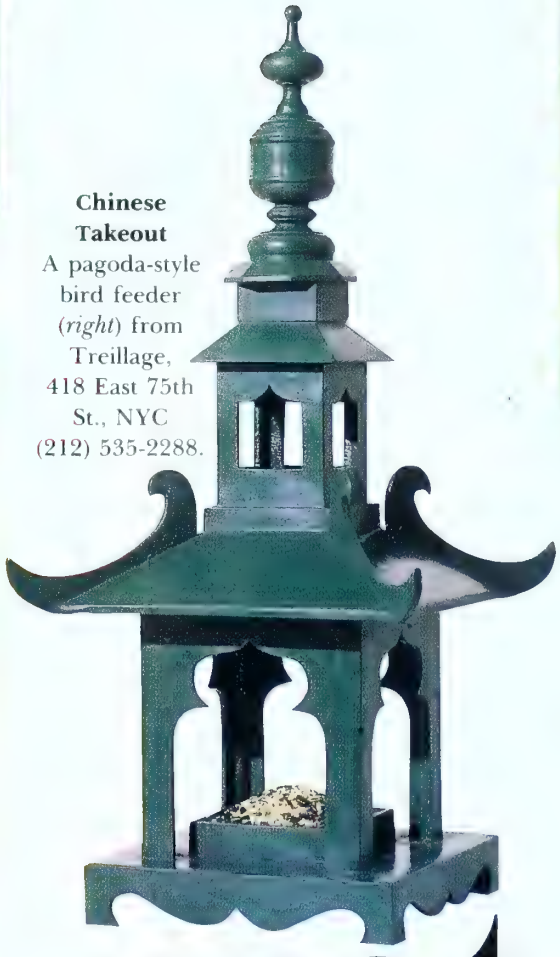
right) celebrates the gardens
ne visits, from New England
o Sri Lanka, in watercolors
illed with energy. "Time spent
studying my own Connecticut
garden has taught me to see
nature in a more detailed way,
o be aware of light, fresh
scents, and butterflies," says
he Swiss artist, who now lives
n New York. A triptych done
n Mexico (*below*) incorporates
he vivid colors of tropical
lora. Brechneff's work is on
iew May 7–23 at Montgomery
Gallery, 250 Sutter St., San
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Chinese Takeout A pagoda-style bird feeder (*right*) from Treillage, 418 East 75th St., NYC (212) 535-2288.

notes



Showing Up • Simon Dorrell's painting (*above*) at his Wave Hill exhibition, May 29–Sept. 27, NYC (212) 549-3200, and in the book *Over the Hills* (Green Shade, $40; call 207-363-6787) • Museum of Early Southern Decorative Arts symposium in Winston-Salem, N.C., Apr. 30–May 3, cosponsored by the Decorative Arts Trust, (215) 627-2859.



Well Grounded Catherine Dyer (*above*) encourages chemical-free gardening at her shop, designed by partner Kate Kerr. Seeds Organic Garden, 126 South La Brea Ave., L.A. (213) 965-8119.

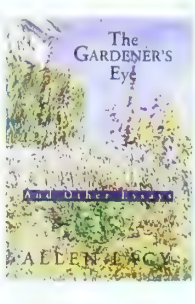


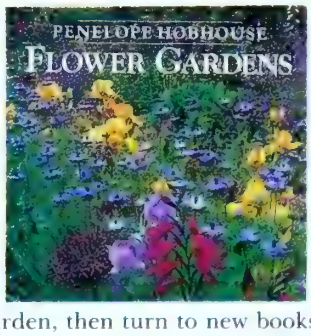
Windsor Wrought A rusted metal garden chair (*above*) by Munder-Skiles, NYC (212) 724-9438 by appt.



Cone Head Glazed terra-cotta finial (*left*), at Lexington Gardens, 1008 Lexington Ave., NYC (212) 861-4390.









Cultivating Tastes Turn over the soil in the garden, then turn to new books for the horticulturally inclined. • *Nature Perfected: Gardens Through History* by William Howard Adams (Abbeville, $49.95). • *The Gardener's Eye* by Allen Lacy (Atlantic Monthly Press, $21.95). • *Flower Gardens* by Penelope Hobhouse (Little, Brown, $45). • *The Complete Geranium* by Susan Conder (Clarkson Potter, $18).

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Botanic Verses A painted dining room table (*above*) by New York artist Lisa Krivacka, inspired by a 17th-century herbal. Call (212) 366-9163.

Heirloom Varieties Fountain (*below*) and iron gazebo (*below center*) at the Garden Antiquary. Call Moshe Bronstein, (212) 757-2884.





Garden Angels Wall plaque with cherubs (*above*), $175, from Paradis Garden Arts, Washington Depot, Conn. (203) 868-9401.



Cotton Crop Embroidered terry cloth towels (*above*), from D. Porthault & Co. For stores (212) 688-1660.





Rye Bred New York and San Francisco decorators transform a Romanesque revival manor (*above*) in Rye, New York into a showhouse benefiting the National Council on Alcoholism, May 14–June 7. For information (914) 967-6964.











More Cultivating Tastes New arrivals for the planting season. • *The Private Gardens of Charleston* by Louisa Pringle Cameron (Wyrick, $39.95). • *Panoramas of English Gardens* by David Wheeler, photographs by Nick Meers (Little, Brown, $29.95). • *The Garden Path; The Garden Bench; The Garden Gate; The Garden Trellis* (Simon & Schuster, $9.95 each). • *The Gardener's Palette* by John Dale and Kevi Gunnell (Harmony Books, $25). • *Midwest Gardens* by Pamela Wolfe, photographs by Gary Irving (Chicago Review Press, $39.95).

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Autobiography of a House

The vanished residents of a country place tell their own stories

BY PETER ACKROYD







I thought when I left London that I was escaping from history at last. Wherever I turned in the city, to the north or to the south, by the Thames or by the Guildhall, I could sense the ghosts of Dickens and of Chatterton, of Hawksmoor and of Wilde, beckoning me towards the shadowy pleasures of the past. So to arrive in North Devon, to settle in the countryside, seemed to be a kind of liberation.

I no longer looked out over the prospect of rooftops and church spires; from my study window on the second floor of Hannaford House, on the edge of a hamlet, I gazed across at the green expanse of a wide lawn gently descending towards a lake, beyond which rose the steep slope of a hill marked by trees, bushes, and the muddy paths of cattle. All around me were swallows, jays, wood pigeons, blackbirds, blue tits, and woodpeckers; sparrow hawks were often visible floating on the broad currents of the air, while owls hooted from the ancient trees in the cool of the evening. Sometimes a pair of herons would stand very still by the side of the lake, intently searching for the trout which on occasion would leap out of the water and twist in the air as if thrown by some invisible child ish hand. At night, clouds of lesser horseshoe bats woul swerve through the darkness.

This was a landscape beyond the depredations of hu man affairs, where the curve of the land and the continu ity of its natural life evoked a sense of the past ver different from the one I had become accustomed to. I my novels I had often struck up a conversation with th dead as intimately as if they had been in the next room but here at Hannaford House there was no sense o death—only of permanence.

The early Georgian "country house," with its Palladia window and pilasters, its pine and oak paneling and em bossed ceiling, its old doors and its old staircase, began t disclose tokens of another, more private history. Withi one exterior wall was embedded a small tile with the in scription "HL 1725." Over a stone gateway to the walle garden was the legend "WH 1842." I found a pet ceme tery hidden in some ground beyond a sundial; there wa

Peter Ackroyd at Hannaford House, above left. Top right: Most of the Georgian structure dates to the 1720s. Above: The view from the study



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This is not a ghost story: ghosts cannot be summoned by knowledge

a blackened headstone with the carved words ALAS POOR FLORA. On the far side of the stables was an old wooden outbuilding; it harbored the colony of bats, hanging like old gloves, but more surprisingly it contained an ancient cider press. Everything had been preserved—even the battered wooden shovels which were propped up against the barrels and the antique press.

All around me were the signs of forgotten human activity, and I, who had spent so much of my time in London investigating the lives of those who had come before me, knew nothing of the people in whose house I now resided. I did know I had some connection with them, yet at that moment they were less than ghosts—they were strangers.

It is impossible to live in a house with strangers, and so with the help of a research agency I discovered more about those who had come here before me. Hannaford itself is a tiny place—a row of cottages, a farmhouse, my own house, as well as two more recently constructed dwellings—but I discovered that the hamlet had survived since the thirteenth century. I discovered also that Hannaford House is older than I had imagined. Part of it seems to have been constructed in the seventeenth century, although the main house was built in the 1720s and refurbished in the 1750s.

Members of the same family had lived here for a hundred years before they intermarried with others who, in the course of generations, managed to remain until the middle of the present century. I knew their names now, these Lewises and Holes; I knew that they had been farmers and clergymen; I knew how they had decorated their rooms and how they had dug the lake in the valley. I knew that they had generally had one cook and one housemaid; I knew that they had placed delft tiles in their kitchen and then later used them around the fireplaces. I knew that there had been children here, some of whom had stayed in the house until middle age; no doubt it was one of them who composed the epitaph ALAS POOR FLORA.

This is not a ghost story because ghosts cannot be summoned by knowledge—but why was it only now that, once every evening, the front door of the house resounded with a loud noise like someone banging urgently upon its panels? These people were alive again; they had bequeathed the house to me and knew that in turn I would pass it on.

Writers can be changed by houses. I knew already that they can be shaped by the area in which they were born or had lived; all my life as a Londoner I had explored the recess-





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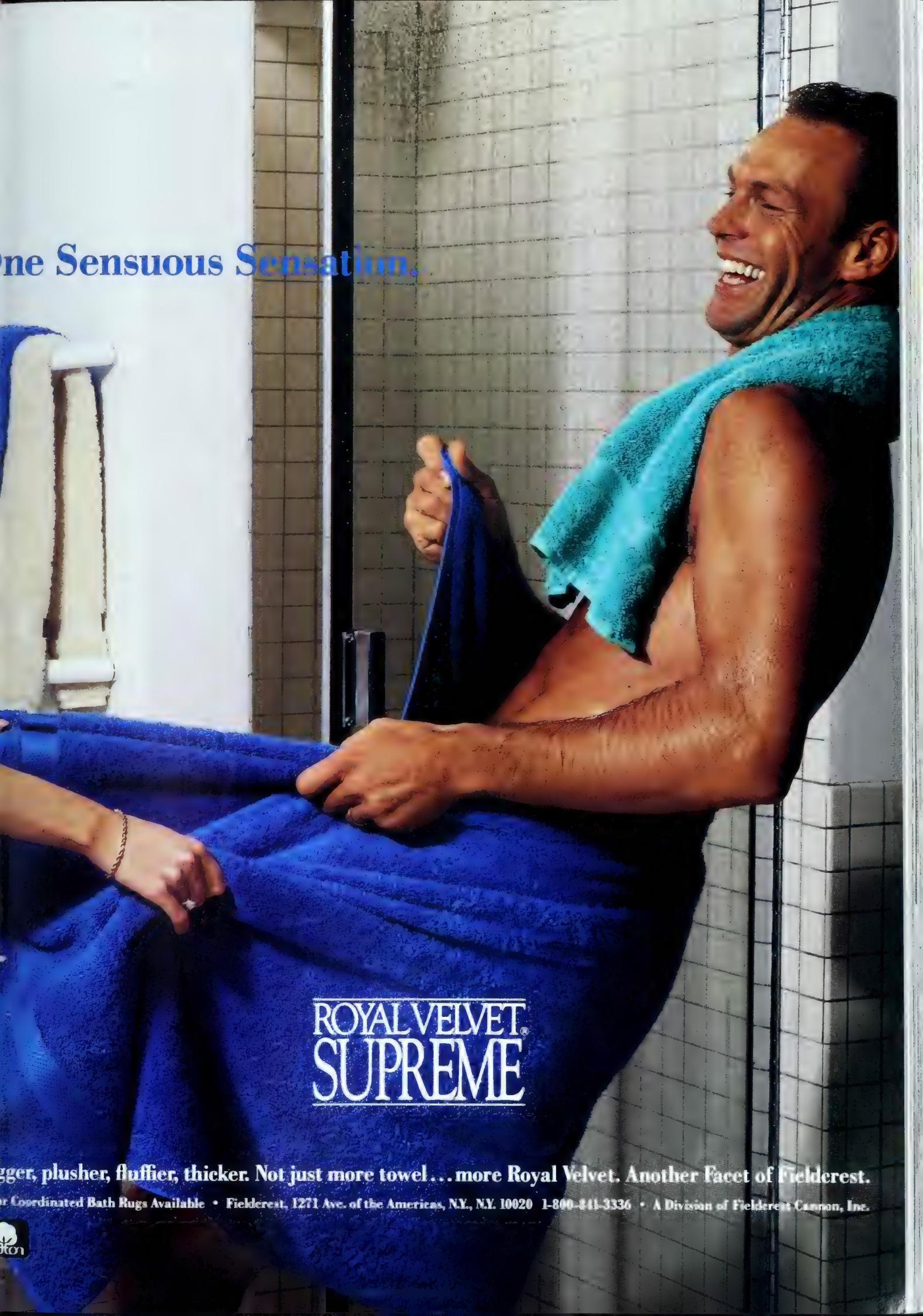
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A tombstone in the pet cemetery.

es of the city. But another sense o time began to emerge as I sat at m desk in Hannaford House an looked down at the lake. At the mo ment I am engaged in writing a life o William Blake, and I am continually aware of the fact that much of thi house was built and occupied some thirty years before Blake's own birth—with the same winding stair case, the same windows and shutters even the same glass. The most famil iar sound from the narrow lane tha borders my house is the hoofbeat o passing horses, precisely the soun my predecessors would have heard And this affords the most curiou sensation of all. Sometimes I have the feeling, while working on the life of Blake, that I am living alongside him—even, sometimes, that I have lived before him. It is no acciden that my recently completed novel *English Music*, was in large part com posed at Hannaford House: thi book is concerned with the entire course of a culture, with the genera tions that have inhabited the house of English literature.

The move from London to Devon does not merely signify a change o place. When I sit here, the past is n longer an echoic darkness but a blessing, not a cyclical nightmare bu a gift. Perhaps I was right after all when I left London, perhaps I wa truly escaping from history. ▲

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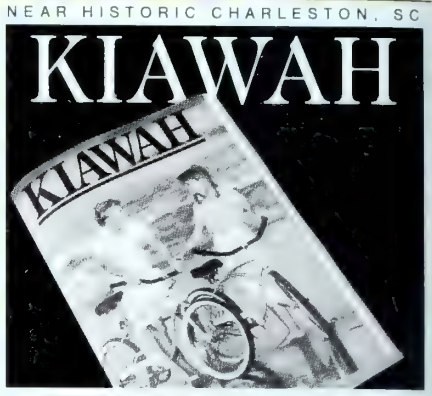
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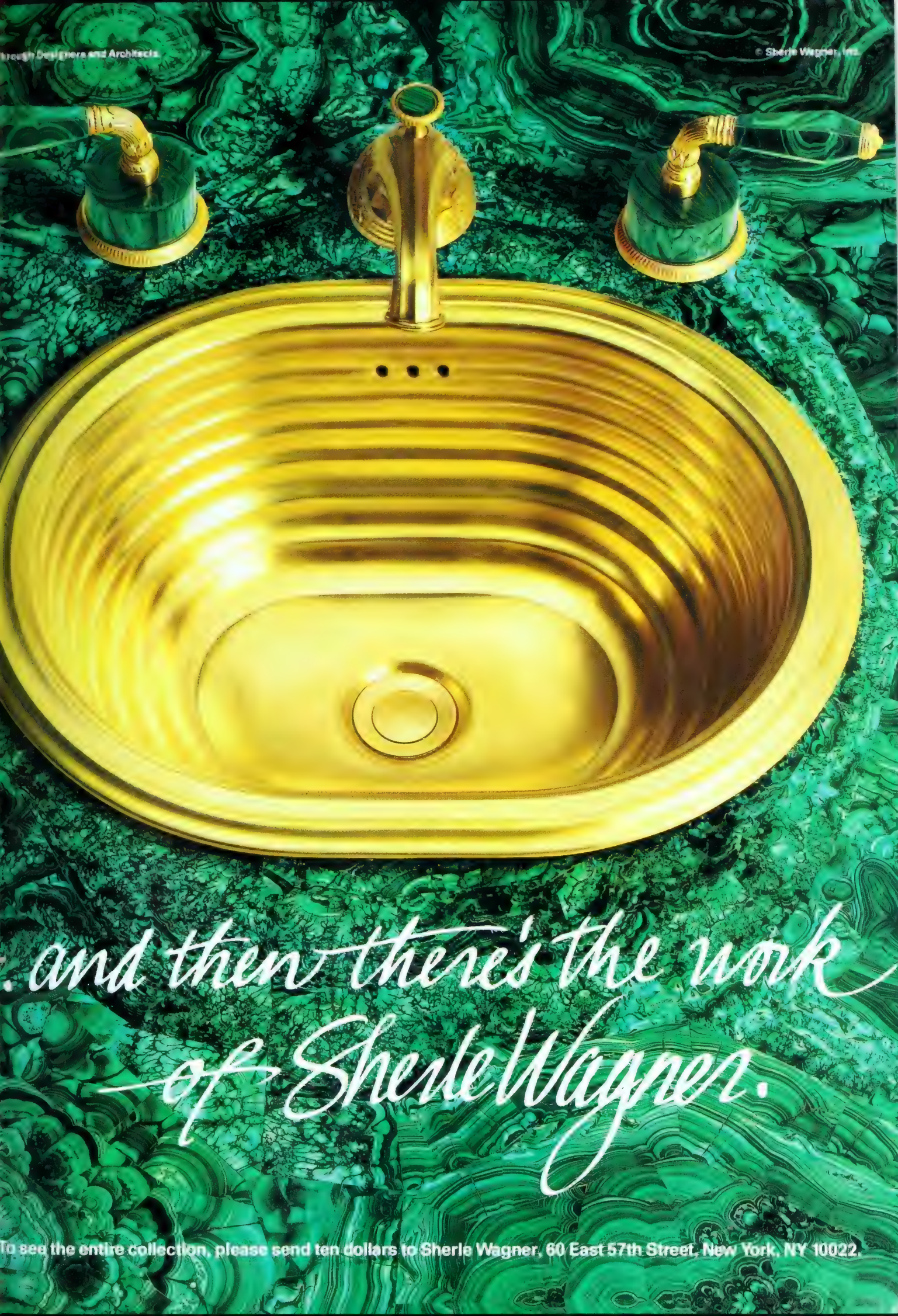
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To Mow or Not to Mow



The not-so-neighborly debate rages on BY WILLIAM BRYANT LOGAN

Larry Lamb is a university ecologist who lives about sixty miles outside Toronto. He is proud of his backyard. It contains more than 250 native plant species, some of them endangered, but not a single blade of lawn grass. In twelve years he has never had to water or fertilize it, much less spray pesticides. On Saturday mornings he awakes to the sound of birds singing, while the mowers and blowers and edgers and trimmers snarl and rattle in other yards.

Lamb's small paradise is both a memorial to the tall-grass prairie that once covered much of North America and a thing of beauty in its own right. Nested on islands created by a network of wandering paths, short and tall native grasses mingle artfully with clusters of bright wildflowers—blazing star, purple coneflower, pasqueflower. Like the prairie, Lamb's garden builds soil, holds water, and fosters a diverse ecosystem full of birds and butterflies. But it has one thing the old-time prairie lacked: neighbors.

"What I like," says Herbert Schlonies, who was Lamb's neighbor for six years, "is a nice green manicured lawn." And Schlonies had one, lined with crab apple trees. From his vantage point Lamb's backyard was an eyesore: "He has grass all right, but it's six feet tall! The place looks like an abandoned farm!"

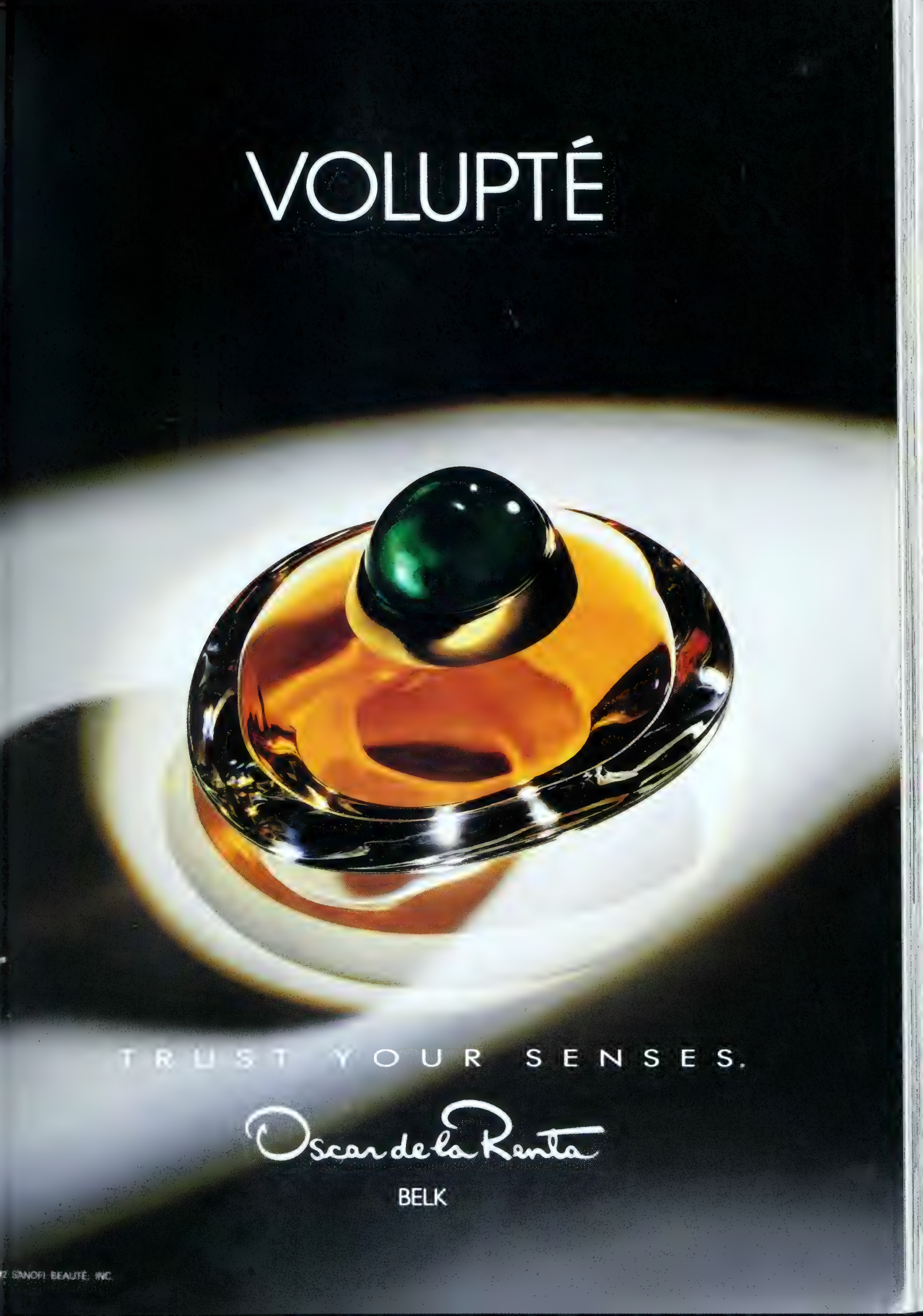
"Herb," Lamb retorts, "is the kind of guy who, after he mows his lawn, goes out and sweeps up the clippings. Where he comes from, the garden gnome is de rigueur."

Their wrangling is by no means unique. The more urban and suburban gardeners replace their close-cropped lawns with small prairies or savannas or meadows or woodlands, the more these little patches of wilderness become the grounds for feuds that would have frettec the Hatfields and McCoys. Neighbors grouse about everything from property values and ragweed to mosquitoes, rats, and burglars. Objectors often find an ally in a town or city weed ordinance that limits plantings to a certain height, say twelve or eighteen inches, without defining the word "weed." The offending plants don't even have to be wildflowers. "All you have to do is let your lawn grow for a couple weeks and the neighbors' noses start to itch," claims natural landscape advocate Jack Schmidling, who has been cited several times by Chicago's weed police.

When neighbors get really mad they can play hardball. In Texas irate neighbors used a local weed ordinance to get a city bush hog to mow down thirty-one sapling trees; in Maryland they threw a lighted flare into a home meadow; in upstate New York they ran over a front yard meadow with a truck, scalped it to



Every few years Larry Lamb burns his backyard, left, to help maintain the grasses and wildflowers, above, of his home prairie.


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bare earth while the owner was on his honeymoon, and sent him death threats. He moved out.

By these standards, Schlonies is tolerant indeed: he doesn't dispute Lamb's right to grow the garden, he says, he simply resents being looked down upon for not appreciating it. All the same, the pair have gotten as sore at each other as two men can get. According to Lamb, his shrubs were damaged by the company that took care of Schlonies's lawn. "He threatened to sue my lawn company!" breathes Schlonies in disbelief. (The company paid for the damage, according to Lamb.) So when Lamb's juniper and cedars poked their branches across the property line, Schlonies cut them back. "He thinks his property line goes all the way up to Jupiter," snarls Lamb.

Soon Schlonies resorted to the tra ditional solution: a fence made of vi nyl-coated chain link. "He did it t keep me from burning the prairie, complains Lamb. An occasional burn is important to the maintenance o prairie species, and Lamb reasone that the vinyl was there to deter hin from burning (if it were to melt or ge singed, Schlonies could sue). Matter came to a head over snow. "H dumped heavy loads with his shove right onto my cinquefoil and crushed the branches," claims Lamb "I said, 'Stop it,' and he kept right on so I shoveled it back at him."

The two are now ex-neighbors Schlonies moved a few blocks away "The prairie garden was a factor," he says. "I just couldn't see eye t eye with him."

Can prairie and wildflower gar deners with neighbors enjoy thei plants in peace? Debra Lynn Petro who has been propagating and grow ing prairie plants in Chicago fo years with no complaints, thinks sh knows how to keep neighbors happy "I give them all plants and, in th spring, bouquets of prairie clover wild iris, and Canada wild rye."

But the real trick, according to pio neer wildflower gardener Lorri Otto of Bayside, Wisconsin, is persis tence. "Just hang in there for tw years," she counsels, "and you'll b fine." A man who once told her tha her wildflowers were an unsightl mess later sent his wife and his gol course manager to reconnoiter "What you've done here is so beauti ful," he admitted to Otto, "that w want to do it in our yard and at th golf course." Today, in the villag that once sent a mower to level Otto' wildflowers, there is a sold-out bu tour of a dozen such front garden each August, and the wild-gardenin organization founded by Otto and a friend—the Wild Ones—number more than eight hundred members.

Nowadays when the neighbor come around, it is to admire and t ask for plants and seeds. Otto reflect with a wistful sigh, like a genera whose fighting days are done, "All o our yards are famous now." ♠

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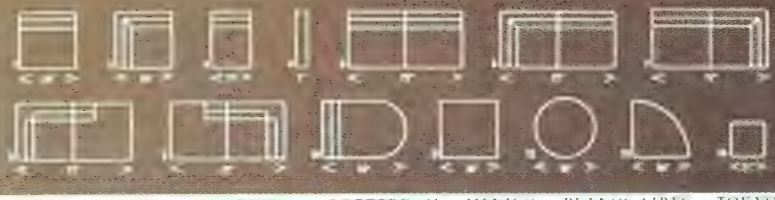
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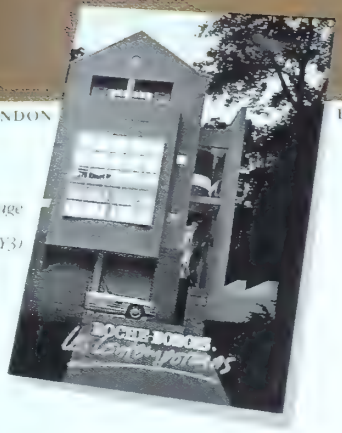
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Pine Plains Provençal

Restaurateurs Patricia and Michel Jean re-create the pleasures of southern France in New York State

BY CHRISTOPHER PETKANAS





Patricia Jean's hungry years in the restaurant business found her foraging for wild asparagus and berries in Cézanne's parched Provençal landscape. "Heaven," she says today, recalling the early 1980s when she and her husband, Michel, ran a small struggling bistro between Salon-de-Provence and Aix-en-Provence. For a self-described Wasp from Grosse Pointe with the poker-straight blond hair of a Swedish milkmaid, the Midi was a long way to have come. Even though her mother was, as Patricia says, an "extremely capable mainstream cook, no TV dinners, no Hellmann's mayonnaise," the peculiar pleasure of pou targue (salted, dried, and pressed mullet roe) was some thing she could never have expected to know back home.

Yet on her first visit to the south of France, to celebrat her engagement to Michel, whom she met when the both worked at Régine's in New York, Patricia respond ed instinctively to the lusty, proudly artless cuisine of hi native Provence. By 1986, having moved to New York and opened Provence, the Jeans' SoHo restaurant spe cializing in traditional dishes and well-chosen wine of the area, Patricia had cooked her way through J. B Reboul's *La Cuisinière Provençale,* first published i 1895 and considere the bible of south eastern French cui sine. She knew to th half day how long t age goat cheese on bed of straw inside screened food safe And she could hol her own in a conver sation with three-sta Riviera chef Roge Vergé on whethe or not it is heretica to include potatoe in a brandade de mo rue. This puree o poached salt cod is a popular entrée at Provence, where Michel oversees the kitchen and Patricia greets guests— and insists potatoes be beaten into the brandade.

At the Jeans' Greek revival country house in Pine Plains in upstate New York, the plank table set out under an old spruce gum creeks happily with more of the Medi terranean. Drawing recipes or just inspiration from Re boul's classic as well as works by her heroes Richard

A Provençal-style picnic: herb omelette and salads, top left. Top right: Eight-year-old Emily's peach and raspberry crisp. Above left: Patricia and Emily in their cutting garden. Above right: Homegrown vegetables.



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The Jeans dining in the shade of a spruce gum tree.

raspberry crisp, Dutch apple pancakes, and crème caramel are often on the menu. Given her parentage, no one is surprised by Emily's culinary precociousness.

Patricia's vast potager furnishes Provence, the restaurant, with creamy fingerling potatoes, lemon verbena for crème anglaise, rose-scented geranium for jellies, and lavender for homemade ice cream. It also supplies the family table with sugar snap peas, cornichons, and mesclun grown from seeds sent from Provence by Michel's mother. Leaves from the grape arbor, meanwhile, are used to wrap quail as well as goat cheese—from Coach Farm on the other side of the hill—before each is grilled. It is all very French and often very Provençal, right down to the iced bottles of vin gris (a dry rosé), the poutargue grated onto grilled peasant bread, and the corner of the garden reserved for playing boules.

Patricia responded instinctively to the lusty, proudly artless cuisine of Provence

Olney and Elizabeth David, Patricia is known among an influential band of food professionals for simple familial dishes simply and beautifully presented—whether a state-of-the-art garlic-roasted chicken or a handsomely composed platter of four individually prepared salads.

Poised at a twin-oven Viking Professional range while guests mill about amusing their palates with duck ham, which the Jeans make themselves by air drying mulard breasts, Patricia prepares a four-herb crespeu, a flat omelette that is cousin to the Italian frittata. If Michel is cooking, the meal is almost certain to center around a dish born in Marseilles, not far from his hometown of Salon-de-Provence: pieds et paquets—braised lamb's trotters and tripe. Another specialty is his mother's bacon-wrapped rabbit. If there is time for macerating and Michel has bagged some of the local pheasant or geese, the birds are treated to his best port, threaded onto a spit, and patiently roasted in the kitchen hearth. Butterflied leg of lamb is bathed in red wine, olive oil, garlic, thyme, and rosemary and baked on the barbecue with the hood down. When the Jeans' eight-year-old daughter, Emily, commands the kitchen, peach and

FLAT OMELETTE WITH HERBS

1 bunch sorrel, cut into ribbons
2 tablespoons extra-virgin olive oil
12 extra-large eggs
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
3 tablespoons unsalted butter
2 tablespoons chopped chives
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 tablespoon chopped chervil
½ tablespoon chopped tarragon

Preheat broiler. Sauté sorrel in 1 tablespoon olive oil until very soft. Set aside. Lightly beat eggs in a large bowl. Do not combine whites and yolks too thoroughly. Add salt and pepper to taste, then mix in cooked sorrel with a fork.

Melt the butter in a 12-inch frying pan over medium-high heat. When butter is hot but not brown, pour in the egg mixture and sprinkle with chopped herbs. Immediately start pulling eggs gently toward the center of the pan with a fork, allowing the uncooked eggs to run into the empty space around the edge. When eggs are set on bottom but still runny on top, place under the broiler 1–2 minutes. Let cool to room temperature. Drizzle with the remaining olive oil. Serves 6.

CARROT SALAD

¾ pound carrots
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ clove garlic, crushed
3 tablespoons mild olive oil
¼ tablespoon minced chervil
¼ tablespoon minced parsley
Borage flowers (optional)

Finely grate the carrots. Toss the carrots, lemon juice, crushed garlic, and olive oil. Garnish with minced herbs and the borage flowers. Serves 6.

TOMATO AND RED ONION SALAD

1 pint cherry tomatoes
½ tablespoon red wine vinegar
½ tablespoon balsamic vinegar
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
1 small red onion, thinly sliced
Basil leaves
2 tablespoons extra-virgin olive oil

Halve the tomatoes and toss with the wine and balsamic vinegars. Season to taste and let sit 30 minutes. Rinse the onion slices and crisp in a bowl of ice water. Drain the tomatoes. Drain and dry onions. Toss onions, tomatoes, and basil leaves with olive oil. Serves 6.

GREEN BEAN SALAD

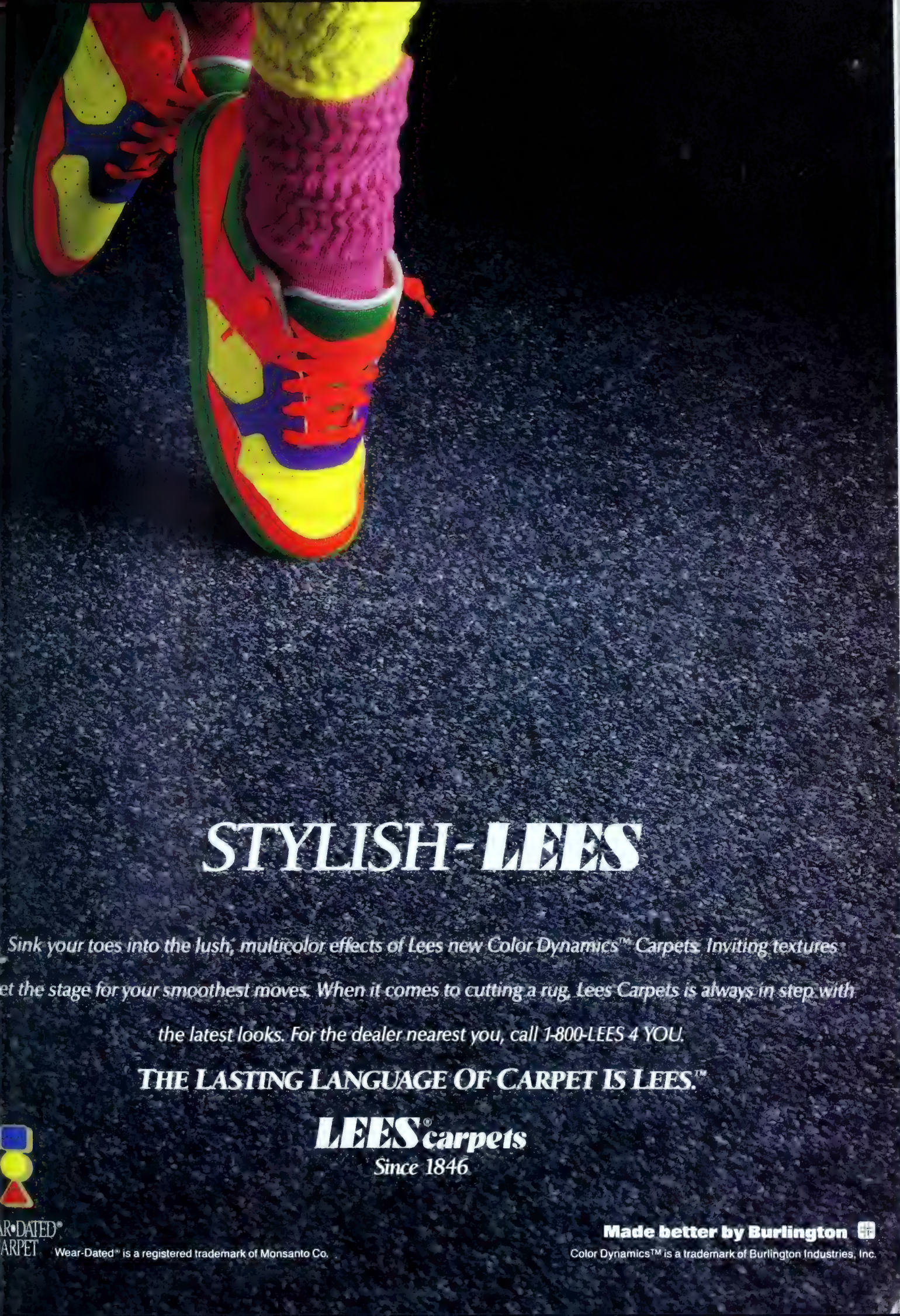
¾ pound haricots verts
1 shallot, minced
3 tablespoons extra-virgin olive oil
1 tablespoon balsamic vinegar
¼ teaspoon Dijon mustard
1 tablespoon chopped fines herbes
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
Nasturtium blossoms (optional)

Bring a large pot of salted water to a boil. Add haricots verts and boil 3–4 minutes until tender but still crispy. Drain beans and plunge into ice water. Drain again and dry between paper towels. For dressing combine next seven ingredients. Toss beans with dressing and garnish salad with nasturtium blossoms. Serves 6.

ROASTED-BEET SALAD

2 pounds beets, stems trimmed to 1 inch
2 tablespoons balsamic vinegar
½ tablespoon salt
Freshly ground pepper
3 tablespoons olive oil
1 tablespoon chives, minced

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Place the beets in a covered nonreactive casserole. Sprinkle with 1 tablespoon balsamic vinegar and the salt. Cover and


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bake until tender, about 45 minutes. Allow beets to cool, then peel and cut into ½-inch cubes. Toss with remaining vinegar and season with ground pepper. Add olive oil and chives and toss again. Serves 6.

WRAPPED RABBIT

- 1 fresh rabbit, about 4 pounds
- 3 tablespoons extra-virgin olive oil
- 1 bunch fresh thyme, chopped
- Salt
- Freshly ground pepper
- ½ pound thinly sliced bacon
- 4 cloves garlic, sliced
- 2 pounds tomatoes, seeded and chopped
- 1 bay leaf
- 2 tablespoons white wine

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Cut rabbit into pieces and brush with 1 tablespoon olive oil. Sprinkle with the chopped thyme, season with salt and freshly ground pepper, and wrap each piece in bacon. Tuck garlic slices between rabbit pieces and bacon.

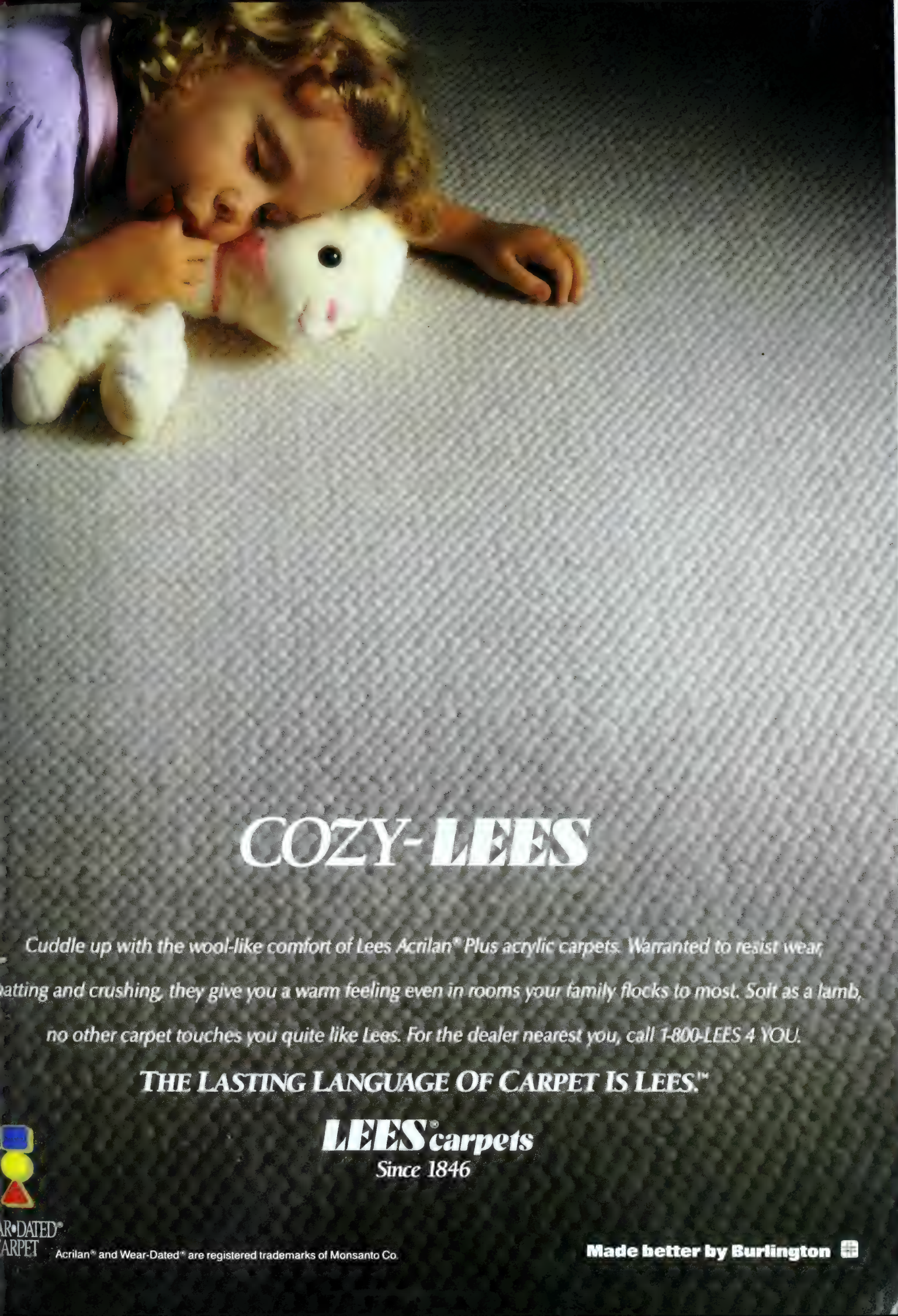
Season tomatoes with salt and pepper, crumble in bay leaf, and toss with remaining olive oil. In a covered casserole large enough to hold all of the rabbit pieces in one layer, make a bed of the chopped tomatoes. Spread rabbit pieces on top, cover, and bake 35 minutes. Uncover and bake 10 minutes. For the sauce, remove rabbit and deglaze casserole with white wine. Reduce briefly. Serves 6.

EMILY'S PEACH AND RASPBERRY CRISP

- 2 pounds peaches
- ½ pint raspberries
- ⅓ cup sugar
- ¾ cup light brown sugar
- ¾ cup plus 1 tablespoon flour
- ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
- 1⅛ teaspoon cinnamon
- ⅛ teaspoon ground cloves
- ¼ cup unsalted butter
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- Heavy cream

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Peel and slice the peaches, then toss them with raspberries, sugar, ¼ cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, nutmeg, ⅛ teaspoon cinnamon, and cloves. Butter a 9-by-9-inch baking dish and pour in the fruit mixture.

For topping, combine the remaining brown sugar, flour, and cinnamon, as well as the butter and salt, in a food processor and pulse until mixture resembles coarse meal. Sprinkle over fruit and bake 30 minutes. Whip cream and serve on the side. Serves 6. ♠


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Another Man's Walden

The spirit of Thoreau inhabits a cabin in the Rhode Island woods

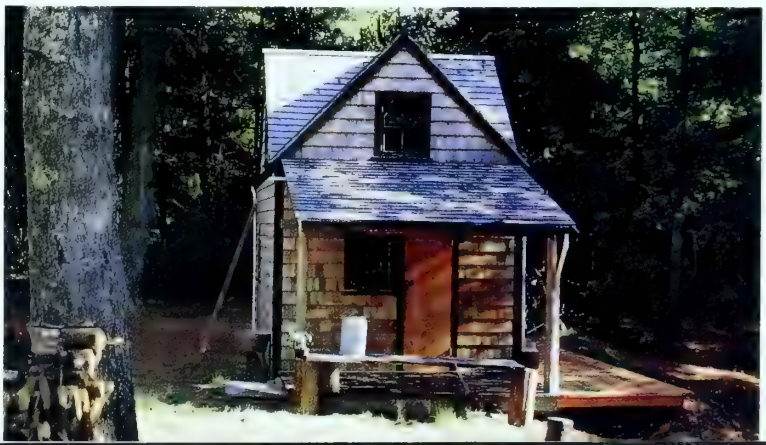
BY JACK MACRAE

Look around. George Smith, my son-in-law and the cabin's builder, knows something about wood. Almost everything built into this handmade cabin in southeastern Rhode Island is organic and, like life itself, unplanned. It began as a shed to house the generator and other equipment needed to erect my woodland retreat. As I watched George select and mill seasoned lumber, then fashion it with the eye of a sculptor, I realized the shed itself was the appropriate habitation for this land, bounded on the east by a seventeen-acre sod field and on the west by a watercress-rich wilderness trout stream.

The addition of three dormers to provide a stand-up second story and the construction of a shingle-style outhouse twenty-five yards away transformed shed into residence. Since ease of maintenance was a sine qua non, the building's design was guided by three schoolboy slogans: simplicity of life, directness of purpose, and self-reliance. (My wife says these lofty words mean just three things: "No heat, no electricity, no running water.") Today a cistern below the porch receives rainwater from the roof, ready to be hand-pumped into a depression-age sink below a pair of old kitchen windows scrounged, like almost everything else in the cabin, from a Providence junkyard by George's wife, Liza, my eldest daughter. The cabin's chill is banished by a small wood stove George liberated from a sinking barge at the 79th Street boat basin in Manhattan; the illumination is by kerosene lamp; the stove and refrigerator are fueled by propane gas.

When I'm not in New York editing books, I come here looking for markings in the natural world with which to chart the balance of my life. Thirty-five years ago a close friend brought me to this land of mixed hardwoods and pine to fish the quiet Queens River, home to native brook trout (sweet flesh the color of ripe peaches). With help from a downstream neighbor and the Audubon Society of Rhode Island, his stewardship has saved 1,500 acres of irreplaceable freshwater habitats. Thus today's observer sees many of the same plant and animal associations that greeted Roger Williams and other radical separatists when they fled the Massachusetts Bay Colony about 350 years ago. The Audubon covenant drafted by my friend state that no roads can be built to shrink distances or fracture habitats. Our only worry is profligate and powerful Newport thirty miles to the northeast across Narragansett Bay, which values the pristine Queens River only as a possible source of fresh water for Newport faucets.

It takes a skilled observer to see that this land



Macrae, above, paddles on pristine Queens River near the house, left, where he goes to look "for markings in the natural world to chart the balance of my life."



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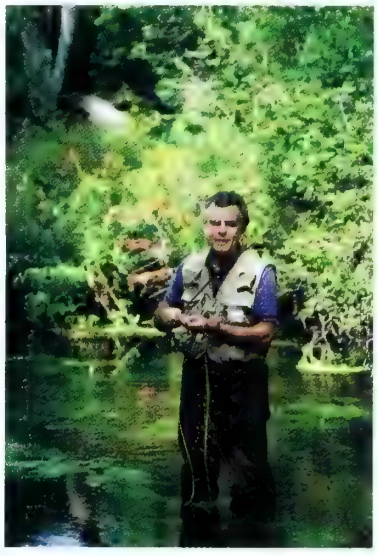
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A wood stove, above, salvaged from a sinking barge, provides heat, and kerosene lamps, below, give light. Nearly everything in Macrae's cabin was "scrounged," he says, by his daughter Liza and son-in-law George. Right: A land trust now protects the stream that is home to native brook trout with "sweet flesh the color of ripe peaches."

scape has been forested and cleared many times since the last glacier retreated ten thousand years ago. In 1524, Verrazano hiked nearby through "fields entirely free from trees and other hindrances." His way had been cleared by the Narragansett Indians, farmers who fertilized their fields with fish and lived peaceably in dome-topped wigwams. On a cold late-December day 151 years later the Narragansett tribe was driven from its winter quarters ten miles east of my cabin.

Then the gray wolf, *Canis lupus,* was hunted to extirpation; largely because of bounties, it had disappeared from coastal Rhode Island and Connecticut early in the seventeenth century. Today other mammals are abundant, and when I'm cheered by the coyotes' vesper chorus or their high-pitched barks late at night, I imagine what life here was like when beaver was the standard of mercantile exchange. For hundreds of years, according to historian John Richardson, writing early in the nineteenth century, "Indians had determined that a beaver pelt was the equivalent of a marten, eight musk rat, a single

I abandon city life for a rude cabin near a wilderness trout stream



lynx or wolverine. A silver fox, white fox, or river otter [still the elusive playboy of the Queens River] reckoned two beavers; . . . one black bear [now gone from the Queens land] is equal to four [beaver pelts]."

The day following the rainy fall equinox of 1990, I went outside at three in the morning and was stunned by the black beauty of the starlit sky. A cool moonless night was just the ticket for a sighting of a fisher; one of the rare nocturnal fur-bearing weasels had been spotted downstream. Flashlight in hand, I stumbled through the woods to a likely spot near the stream and waited. The whinny of a screech owl, the chirps of cricket frogs, the creaking sounds of dead oak branches in the chilly northwest breeze—all normal but disconcerting night sounds—were softened by the gurgling Queens. Time seemed to stop; nothing disturbed my concentration. I was on a quest for a creature that goes back to the Oligocene. I never saw the fisher, but my small adventure charged me with alertness. I returned to bed refreshed.

Osip Mandelstam, the Russian poet, has suggested that to know something about nature we must dig through life's deeper layers, "like the plowman's thirst for virgin soil." For me that means sharpening my eye by identifying the comings and goings of wildlife and learning something about the connections between plants and animals. In my journal I keep track of these associations to try to understand how the trills and twitters of territorial birdsongs in spring relate to the flowering dates of maples, oaks, and laurel. The eastern kingbird returns to nest in the caves of the shed's porch roof in mid May, one month after the appearance of the swamp maple's bright red petals. Later the noisy fledgling flycatchers—they dip and rise, chattering nervously like infielders cheering on a tiring pitcher—signal the emergence of whining mosquitoes (as if my wife needed reminding).

Birdsong in fall is different, less monotonous and more playful than spring's purposeful melodies—not surprising, since the responsibilities of nest building and rearing a family have ended. Only the plaintive song of the goldfinch seems to match my sadness at summer's passing. One bright early fall day, looking for frogs with my three-year-old grandson, Silas, and his mother, I'm reminded that the presence of these amphibians can be an indicator of the land's good health. Silas seems to sense this as we wade the meandering stream, our eyes glued to its narrow banks. The Queens creeps south, the sun shimmers on the wa-

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Fishing tackle, left, and books, below left, are among the few necessities of life in the woods.

One fellow publisher says he goes fishing "to unkill parts of myself"



ter's surface, the rich green mustard cress is bright below. Almost casually, Silas's mother speaks, "I don't think I've ever experienced anything more beautiful than this moment." I mark the time: exactly 1:25 P.M., Sunday, September 16, 1990.

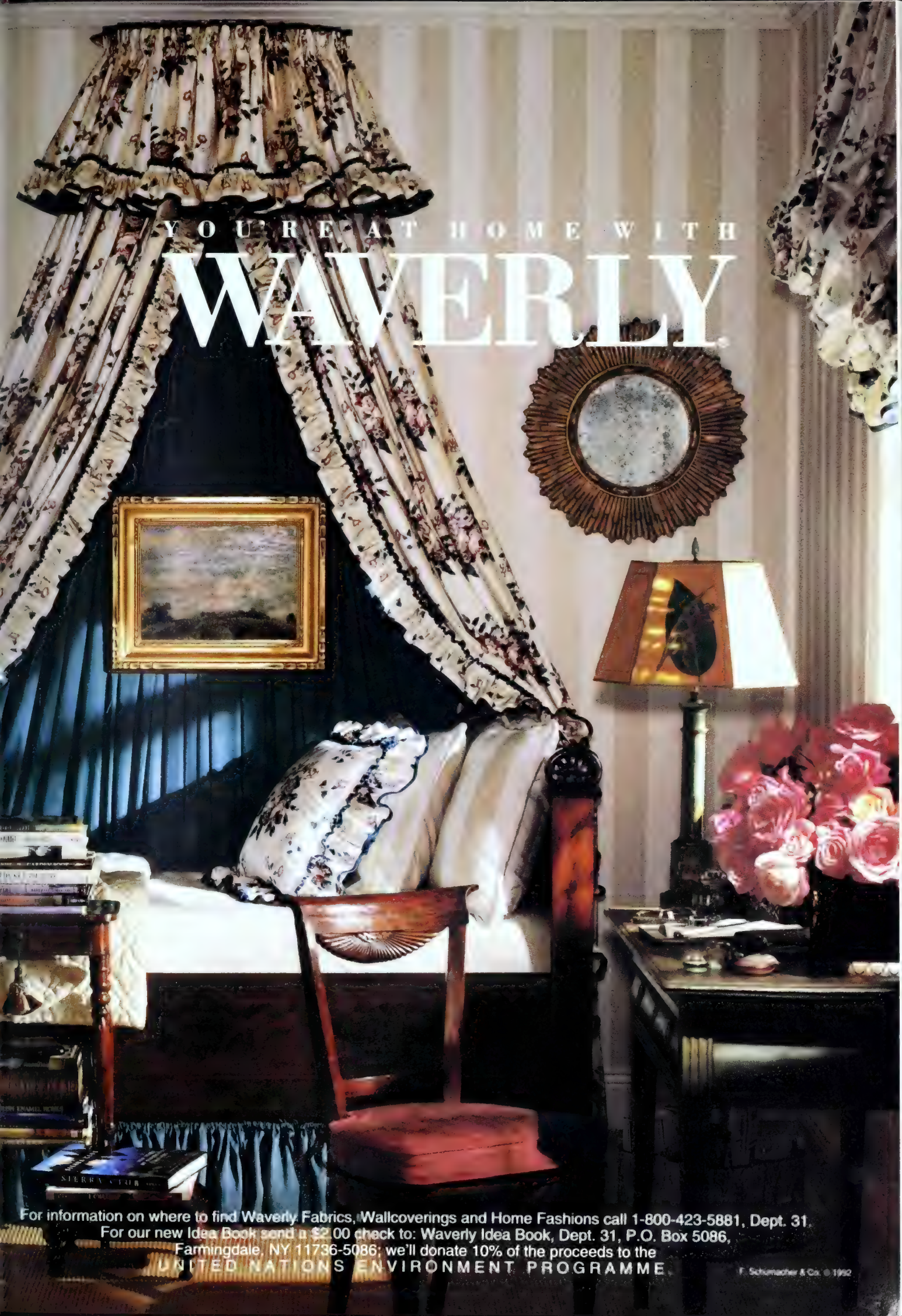
The next Saturday evening I'm fussing over manuscripts and thinking about Henry David Thoreau and his friend Ellery Channing, who thought Henry dim-witted to live consciously with nature. Later that night I find a jotting I've made in which Emerson asks, "The method of nature: who could ever analyze it?" Emerson, who was never aware of Darwin's science and its guiding principle, natural selection, continued, "We can never. . . find the end of a thread; never tell where to set the first stone."

Transcendent thoughts are one of the many things to recommend my friend Bill Pallister, woodsman and farmer, who is paid in dead-standing hardwood to protect the Queens from poachers. Bill has taught me the realities of forest succession and patiently ponders my speculations this day about the life struggles of the American chestnut: I note a few have reached the exalted height of fourteen feet. "That's it," he tells me, "they'll grow no taller." Last spring Bill alerted me to the pair of red-shouldered hawks breeding in the white pines just off the path we call Hathaway Road. Yet neither Bill nor I make important discoveries; we're happy with Henry David's chipper remark when he quit Walden Pond after two years: "I've nothing to report to the Royal Society."

On an April day, as I walk up the path above the spot we call Disappointment Pool, my thoughts are of the snapping turtle I surprised an hour earlier, soaking up the solar energy needed to digest its noontime meal. This is the first snapper I've seen since I tormented two big ones downstream at Sunderland Reach fifteen years ago. That memory is just coming into focus when a red fox on top of the hill above Laurel Path captures my attention. The cunning fox usually goes out of its way to avoid inspection and seems to know when it is seen. Not this time. It doesn't move—th air must have bee coming my way- then, presto, it gone and the screen is blank.

Upstream one May morning I'r thinking of trout and spring wild flowers, hoping to breathe the head aroma of white-blooming swam azalea. The lady's slippers are a ready in flower in the piney wood near the cabin. This is the time of th year when I'm "haunted by waters," to borrow a phrase made famous b Norman Maclean, author of ever fly-fisher's favorite book, *A Rive Runs Through It.* Because I need a fis for supper I'm slightly troubled b streamside mythmakers like m friend—and fellow publisher—Nic Lyons. Nick says he doesn't fish t kill trout. "I go," he writes in *Brigh Rivers,* "to unkill parts of mysel that might otherwise die." A soli thought, but not one that takes m off the hook. Then I remember a lin in a collection called *Seasons of the A gler:* "To fish conscionably, the fish erman should at least occasionall kill." (Thank you, David Quammen In jig time I'm fast to a wild trout, a ways a heart-stopping moment. Soo fish are rising about me, but ther are no more takers. I'm told tha trout, like all playful creatures, nee to be in the mood before they tak that first nip—and that it helps t know where the fish are and why. T find answers, I'll defer to Norma Maclean's brother for a classic o streamside observation: "They ar feeding on drowned yellow ston flies," he told Norman. Puzzle Norman asked, "How did you thin that out?" His brother paused. "H started to answer, shook his hea when he found he was wrong, an then started out again. 'All there is t thinking,' he said, 'is seeing some thing noticeable which makes yo see something you weren't noticin which makes you see something tha isn't even visible.' "

These are thoughts that stay wit me when I abandon city life for rude wooden cabin near a wilderne trout stream in Rhode Island. ♠


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Butterflies in Flower

Gardens planted to lure monarchs and tigers are key to their survival

BY CHARLES MACLEA







Most of us, at some time in our lives, have been captivated by the unfolding radiance, the bewitchingly errant flight, the ineffable beauty of a butterfly. Cynosure of freedom and escape, symbol of the soul and its resurrection, the butterfly has always been revered as one of nature's most precious and pleasing gifts to man. A revealing irony of the modern age is that the joy of butterflies has become a pleasure associated with remembrance, with lost childhood, with meadows and gardens of the past. Despite growing public awareness of the destruction of wildlife over the past century, the steady but dramatic decline of butterflies has gone unprotested, almost unnoticed.

At Butterfly World in Florida, the first live butterfly exhibit in the United States dedicated to preserving lepidoptera in the wild and reversing popular indifference to their plight, the most common comment made by visitors wandering through the butterfly aviaries and gardens is a wistful, "When I was a child, this is what it was like in our own yard." Encounters with exotic cattle hearts and giant swallowtails, with zuleikas, coolies, zebras, and plain tigers, or a myriad of clouded sulfurs as they flit fearlessly around visitors' heads elicit what Vladimir Nabokov called, as he stood among rare butterflies and their food plants, "the highest enjoyment of timelessness." But there is more to our relationship with butterflies than nostalgia for ar aesthetic experience we asso ciate with Edenic innocence As an acutely sensitive indi cator of the state of our envi ronment, butterflies nov carry with them in their in souciant flutterings a warn ing. If they cannot survive i the world we have created how long can we?

When unspoiled land is developed, native plants ar inevitably destroyed, either paved over or replaced b commercial crops and popular exotic garden varietie The balance of the environment is upset and, more ofte than not, the habitat of butterflies obliterated. In Nortl America there are more than 700 butterfly species cur rently endangered by land clearing, pesticides, and ur ban development. In Los Angeles County alone, wher 115 species once dipped and soared, ninety percent o the butterfly population has disappeared.

In an effort to stem the tide, Butterfly World an some sixty other "butterfly houses" around the world ar promoting the simple but successful idea of butterfl gardening—tempting vanishing butterflies back through the reintroduction of their native food plants. Any garden with a variety of butterfly-attracting blossoms constitutes a butterfly garden. But butterflies are fussy feeders. They need nectar plants like buddleia, lantana, and hibiscus for nourishment, each butterfly species showing a preference for specific flowers and even displaying color preferences that can change as the butterfly ages—though many

Butterflies are finicky eaters. Some travel miles in search of familiar nectar plants and lay eggs only on particular flowers. Top: A *Hebomaia glaucippe* makes a beeline for a hibiscus blossom. Above from left: A thistle support a *Colias crocea*; a *Papilio xuthus* alights on a zinnia; a *Colias eurytheme* blends wi a Mexican sunflower

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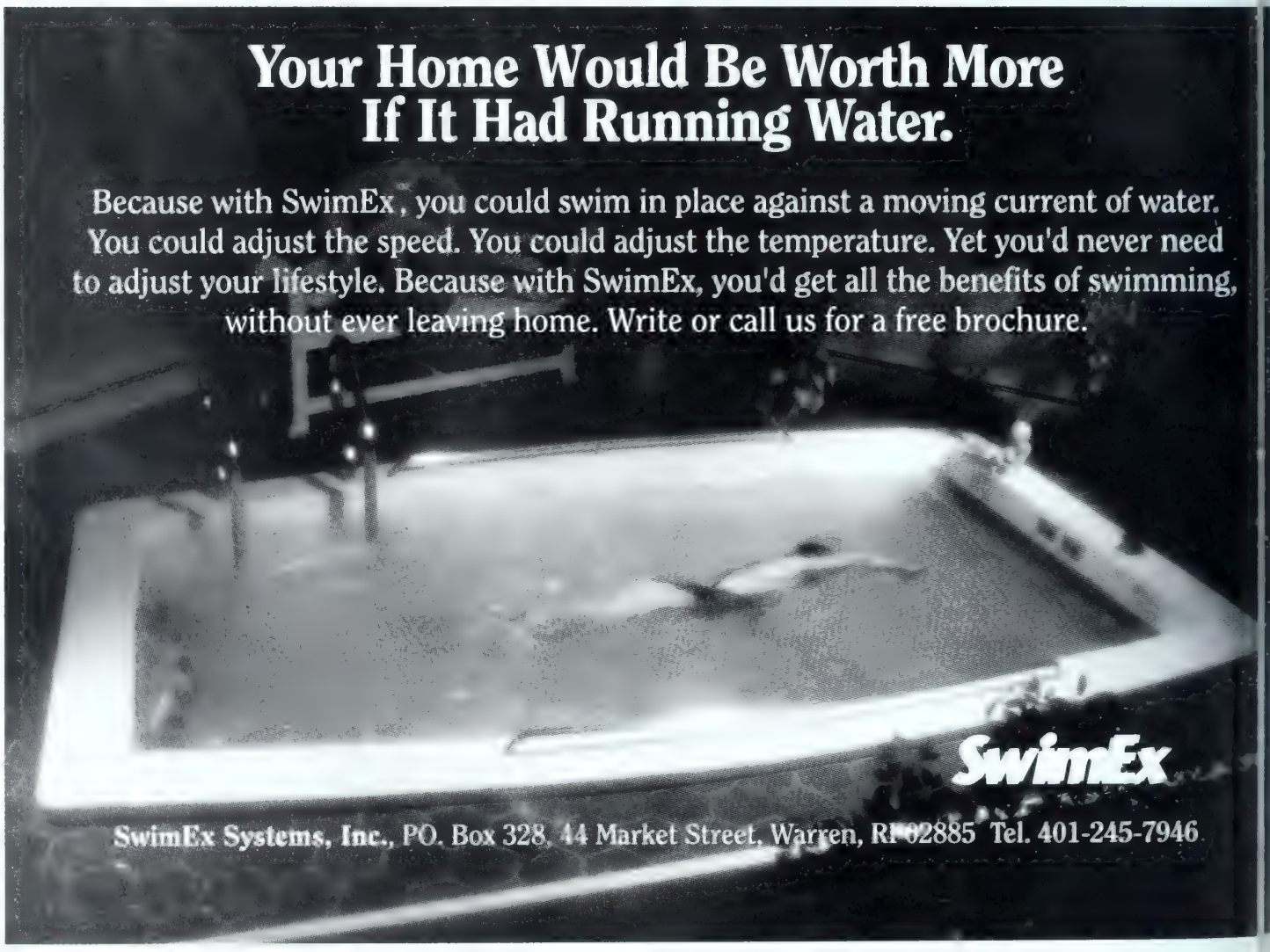
only live a matter of days. Butterflies have a highly sensitive sense of smell and are able to detect the plants they need from great distances. To lure them, gardens must also be supplied with a range of host plants—most species only lay eggs on particular plants native to their natural habitats. Passion vines, for instance, support zebra, julia, and fritillary caterpillars; monarch larva feeds exclusively on milkweed.

Balancing these components so that they approximate the butterfly's natural environment and retain the design and appeal of a garden for human enjoyment is a challenge. Ronald Boender, a retired electrical engineer who started Butterfly World four years ago with British butterfly specialist Clive Farrell, holds beginner and advanced seminars for butterfly gardeners. Butterfly World sells a range of nectar plants, and several specialist firms offer a premixed assortment of seeds for butterfly-tempting flowers. What makes butterfly gardening an attractive and workable concept, Boender believes, is that anyone who owns so much as a window box can play a small part in saving butterflies while enjoying the beauty that these "flying flowers," as he calls them, bring to a garden.

The butterfly gardening movement started in England, where its eminent doyenne, Miriam Rothschild, author of *The Butterfly Gardener,* presides over ninety acres of wildflower meadow designed to reintroduce native butterfly species to her Northamptonshire estate, which was formerly planted with wheat. Rothschild, who after a long distinguished career in scientific research insists on describing herself as an "interested amateur," does not pretend that butterfly gardening is the answer to the world's environmental problems. "It helps to grow the right nectar and host plants, but you only attract butterflies, you don't keep them. You have to think of your garden as the equivalent of the local pub. The butterflies come and sit there, they have their drinks, and then they stagger home."

A tireless pro-insect-life campaigner—through her efforts many roadsides in Britain are now planted with wildflowers—Rothschild believes in affirmative action for threatened butterflies and supports ventures such as Butterfly World because they have turned more people on to lepidoptera than any other means. One of the first to create her own private butterfly house—a greenhouse in which, for years, she bred tropical butterflies—she has been an inspiration for many, including Boender, and is a member of the Butterfly World advisory board. "I'm all for public butterfly houses and gardens because they excite children's interest," Rothschild expounds with gentle authority. "After all, if we're going to preserve anything on this planet, we've got to interest kids, who understand instinctively why butterflies matter." ▲

(For further information on butterfly gardening see Resources.)



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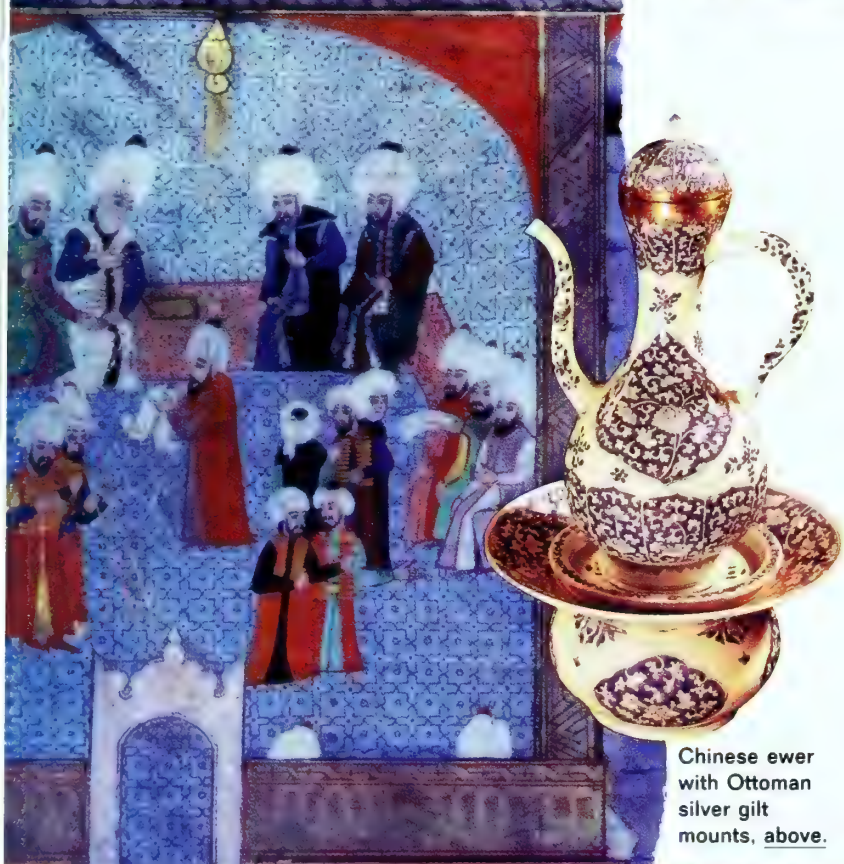
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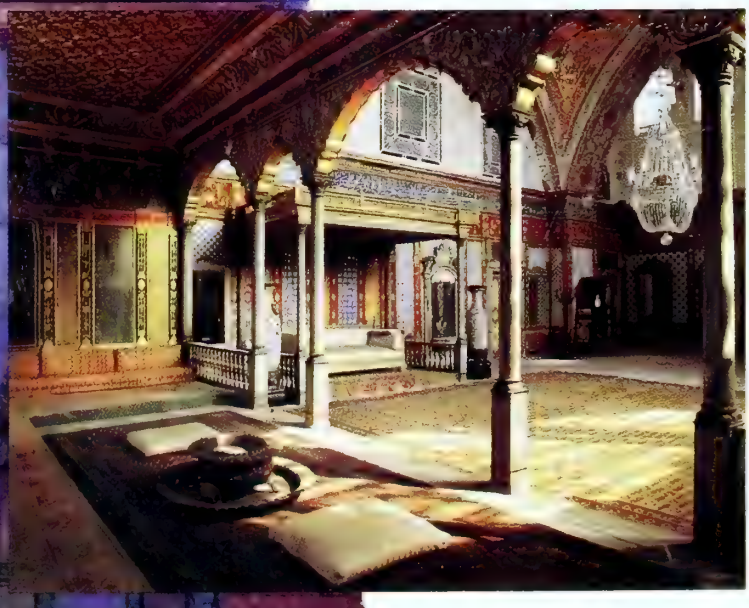
Secret World of the Sultans

A new book and exhibition unveil the treasures of the Ottoman Empire

BY DOUGLAS BRENNER

An old proverb advised: "If you seek wealth, go to India. If you seek learning and knowledge, go to Europe. But if you seek palatial splendor, come to the Ottoman Empire." The fitting epigraph to *Architecture, Ceremonial, and Power* (Architectural History Foundation/MIT Press), Harvard art historian Gülru Necipoğlu's revelatory new book on Istanbul's Topkapi Palace in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, this maxim would not seem out of place on a wall label for "Splendors of the Ottoman Sultans," an ambitious exhibition on view at the Memphis Cook Convention Center in Tennessee, through August 16. Although they were conceived independently, the book and the show offer complementary—and provocative—insights into a way of life as intricately wrought as the artifacts it inspired. The greater part of the treasures at Memphis—ranging in date from the thirteenth century, when the empire was founded, to the twentieth, when

Chinese ewer with Ottoman silver gilt mounts, above.



Topkapi Palace rooftops, above. Far left: A 16th-century manuscript shows a council meeting in one of the palace's four courtyards. Left: The formal assembly hall in the Topkapi harem, the "Abode of Felicity."

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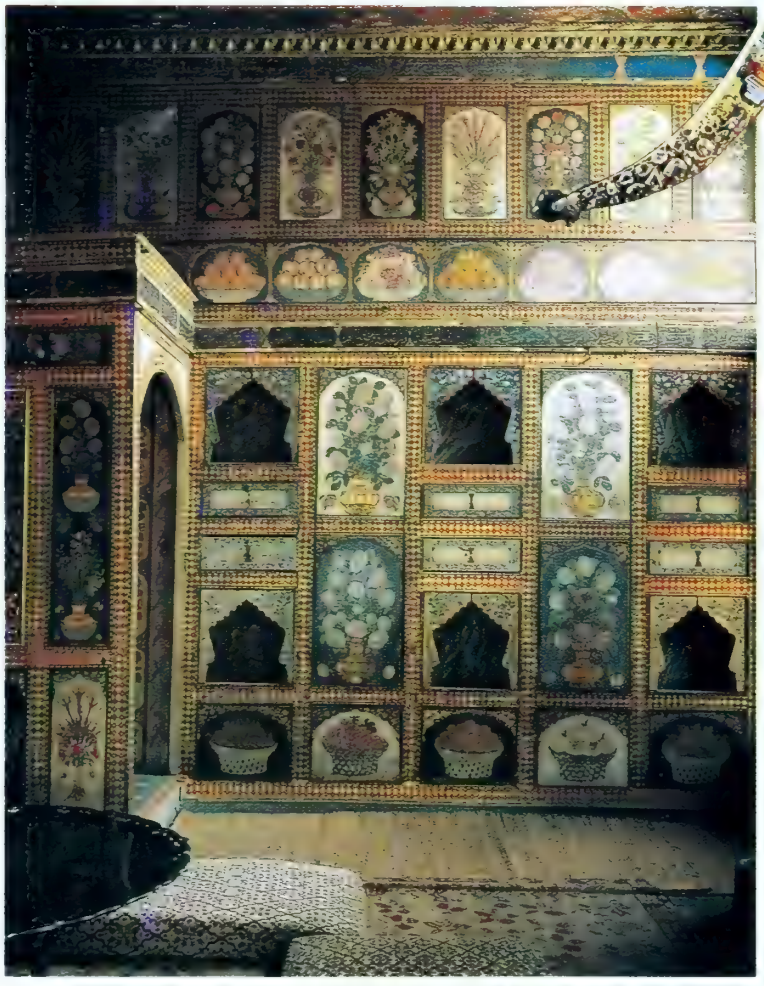


I SARONNO AND CREAM. A MUTUAL ATTRACTION

IT STIRS THE HEART



Topkapi was a ceremonial theater where the star player often remained offstage



The emerald- and diamond-studded Topkapi dagger, top right, made for Mahmud I, 1741. Top left: An 18th-century turban aigrette. Above: Private chamber of Ahmed III, painted in 1705.

the last sultan was deposed—are on loan from the Topkapi Palace Museum, the supreme reliquary of Ottoman opulence. Many of these objects are just the sort of luxuries that European armchair travelers and orientalist artists used to imagine when they pictured the Grand Turk sequestered in his harem: gem-encrusted turban aigrettes, a mother-of-pearl-inlaid throne, a gilded cradle.

All the same, as Necipoğlu points out, foreigners allowed to set foot in Topkapi's more public areas often found them to be surprisingly less than splendid. A sixteenth-century German visitor to the palace disparaged "its haphazard layout, remarking that the small, low buildings look as if they had fallen out of a bag." Frenchmen compared the rambling compound with the likes of Versailles and found it wanting. Such disappointment was inevitable: though Ottoman rulers did not stint on spectacle when it was politically expedient, they ultimately relied on the fearful mystery of invisible omniscience. Unlike European palaces, Topkapi was a ceremonial theater where, more often than not, the star player remained offstage. The protocol that isolated the sultans "like unique jewels in the depth of the oyster shell," as one Ottoman commentator put it, dictated the use of sign language in the palace, so as not to breach the reverent silence required in the potentate's presence. He wore silver nails on the soles of his shoes so that the women of the harem could hear him approach and avoid accidentally disrespectful encounters.

Despite the lack of obvious monumental order, the organization of Topkapi's four courtyards and the multitude of buildings crowded around them was strictly hierarchical: every pathway through the maze led to a single figure. The layout of the palace complex can be traced to the traditional arrangement of tents in Ottoman military camps as well as to the sprawling plans of Roman and Byzantine imperial villas. This diversity of sources is characteristically Ottoman: as patrons and connoisseurs, the sultans could be exuberantly eclectic. Mehmed II, who conquered Constantinople in 1453 and began building the palace in 1459, collected Persian miniatures and Byzantine relics and sat for a portrait by Gentile Bellini. Turkish artists adapted Chinese motifs for Iznik ceramics, and imperial architects built pavilions in the sultan's private garden in the styles of conquered kingdoms. The Ottoman monarchs' catholic taste (amply documented in Islamic art historian Nurhan Atasoy's text for the Memphis exhibition catalogue) was not simply an aesthetic impulse but a reflection of the cosmopolitan realm they saw as their birthright. Even when the empire had started to crumble, the accoutrements of palace life sustained the illusion of all-seeing power. ♠





Iznik tiles flank an archway in the courtyard of the black eunuchs, left. Far left: Iznik plate with carnation motif.

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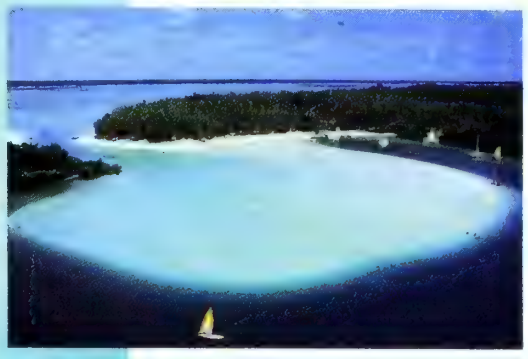
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Island Indulgences

From beach to mountaintop, Mauritius celebrates its own exotic flavor BY NANCY HOLMES

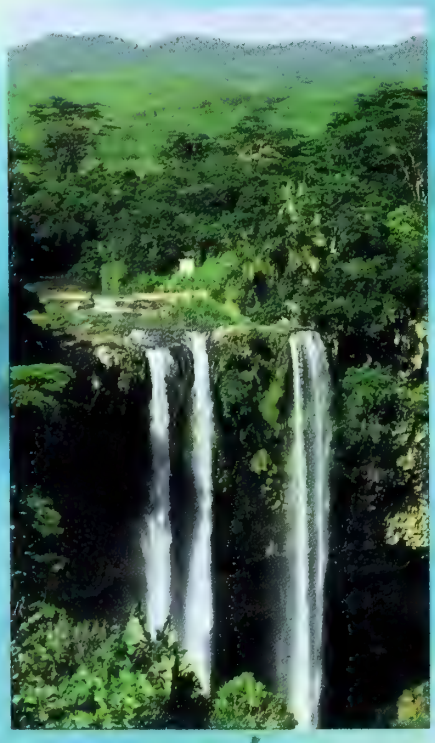
When Dutch spice traders dropped off Javanese deer on an island in the Indian Ocean nearly four hundred years ago, all they had in mind was meat for dinner on their voyages to the East Indies. Today 60,000 deer wander the volcanic hills of Mauritius. The deer—or, to be more precise, the stylish deer-hunting season—together with fine deep-sea fishing and diving and indescribably beautiful beaches are making Mauritius a destination instead of a stopover for vacationers with sybaritic tastes and the time to enjoy them. You don't drop in for the weekend; direct flights from Europe take twelve hours.

It's in the island's jungly highlands that the sugar barons of the elite Club de Chamarel stage their private hunts from June through September. This is deer hunting at its most luxurious, enchanting hunting lodges; breakfasts of croissants, fruit, and pâté; mornings spent stalking stag on foot or in miradors, deer blinds made of bark and branches that are hidden in the treetops; and elaborate lunch served by white-jacketed waiters—all without discomfort. And, with rare exceptions, without women, except as spectators in the miradors and, of course, as luncheon guests.



There is an innate snobbism in the notion of a private hunt, but the Club de Chamarel seems to avoid resentment by providing enough venison for the whole island—a boon for the non-beef-eating Hindu majority. The island's mix of cultures—French, British, Indian, African, Chinese—has produced spectacularly good food, especially the French dishes with spicy creole overtones. One of the great delicacies is freshly cut hearts of palm simmered gently in milk and served with a frothy mousseline sauce. Curries, served with steaming bowls of rice and a good claret, are made with chicken, locally raised freshwater shrimp, and the inevitable venison. Those Dutch traders couldn't have dreamed what they were starting. ▲

For visitors information write or call: Mauritius Government Tourist Information Service, 15 Penn Plaza, 415 Seventh Ave., New York, NY 10001, (212) 239-8367.





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meant to be.

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LIVING WITH

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BY WENDY GOODMAN



Salvatore Ferragamo had a foothold on Hollywood

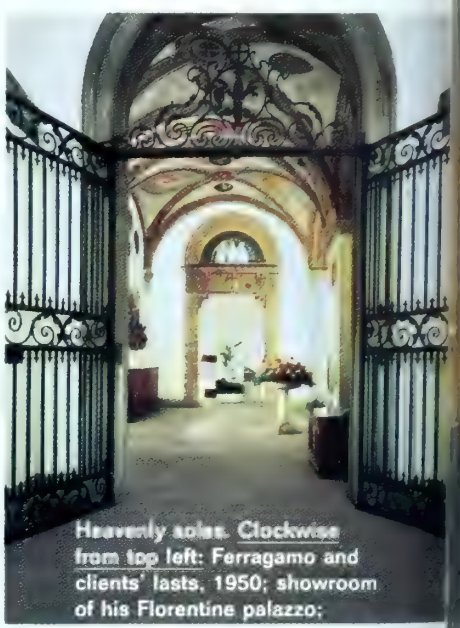
HIS BOOTS COULD have won the West, claimed Cecil B. De Mille. His cork wedges started a design revolution. His name is Salvatore Ferragamo, the Italian shoe designer whose work is still renowned, years after his death, for its marriage of comfort and high style. Now the subject of an L.A. County Museum of Art retrospective and a Rizzoli book, he began his career in Hollywood, creating shoes for the likes of Mary Pickford and John Barrymore. Returning to Italy in 1927, he settled into a Florentine palazzo and received such clients as Greta Garbo, a devotee of his no-nonsense brogues. Metal-reinforced stiletto heels, sported by Marilyn Monroe in *The Seven Year Itch*, were another innovation of this self-described "shoemaker of dreams."











Heavenly soles. Clockwise from top left: Ferragamo and clients' lasts, 1950; showroom of his Florentine palazzo; velvet and kid platform slingback; woven grass slingback; palazzo entrance; prow-toe antelope leather shoe; Paulette Goddard taking her pick; fair lady Audrey Hepburn; silk boot with a gold brocade effect.


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Ann Fraser's watercolor of a scarlet amaryllis, *Hippeastrum* 'Belinda', has a freshness that redeems the genre.

Editor's Page

May

WHEN YOU DO the kind of work I do, an occupational hazard is overexposure—not to the harmful effects of sun or to radiation in the workplace but to decorating ideas. I know very well from almost four years of covering the furniture market in Highpoint, North Carolina, with what dizzying speed the cutting edge idea becomes a mainstream trend. Nevertheless I am still unseasoned enough to be disappointed when something we spot as a singular occurrence suddenly divides and multiplies into a decorating cliché, à la plastic ostrich eggs on silver-plate stands. There are no such weary gestures in this issue, with Charles Gandee's celebration of the feats of a French design team who created an avant-garde apartment in Moscow in ten days, John Richardson on Billy McCarty-Cooper and the legacy of the great twentieth-century art collector Douglas Cooper, and a Charleston, South Carolina, house filled with splendid neoclassical furniture, as well as the country residence of designer Louis Dell'Olio of Anne Klein Collection. So why these ruminations now, when the flowers of May are blooming? Because the May issue also brings to mind that there is always the chance something you've foresworn may call out to you again. To admit a somewhat controversial view, I have always found botanical illustration one of the most tired of decorative expressions. This month marks a change in my point of view, as I find myself succumbing to the charm of Lady Fraser's watercolors, which we include in our article on the Frasers' splendid Scottish garden. This all brings us back to the seasonal pleasures of flowers—and of the eternal pleasures of seeing old things in new ways.

Mary Novogrod

EDITOR IN CHIEF



Seen from the beach at dusk, the house is a glowing glass box. Sliding glass panels open the living room and the master bedroom above to ocean breezes, while the oversize portico at left creates what architect Arthur Erickson calls an "outside room." Details see Resources.

Stripped Down a



he Beach

In a southern California pavilion of steel and glass, decorator Barbara Barry follows the minimalist lead of architect Arthur Erickson

By Pilar Viladas

Photographs by Tim Street-Porter



The living room looks out over a small reflecting pool to the dunes and sea beyond. Decorator Barbara Barry, *opposite*, took her color cues from the setting and the architecture. The Donghia sofas are covered in white cotton, as are the backs of two maple and canvas webbing chairs by Vicente Wolf for Niedermaier.

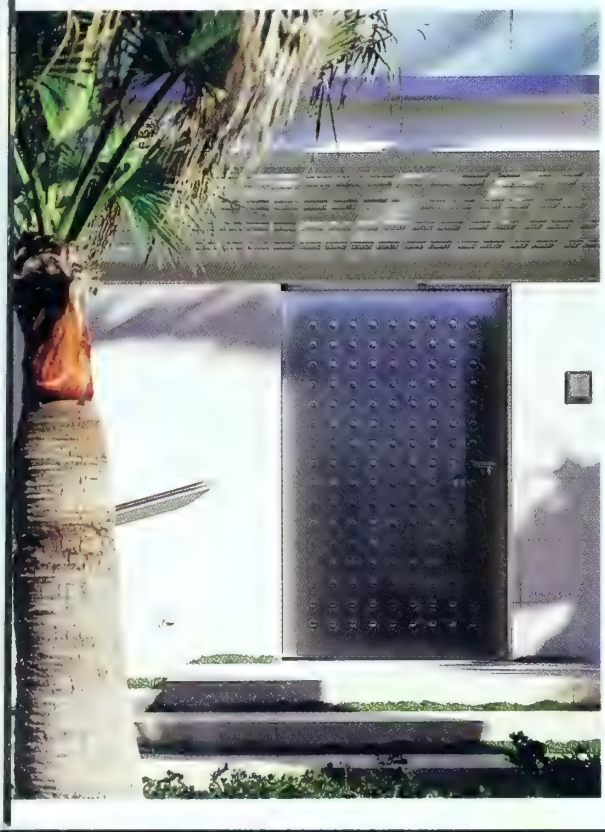


POISED ON THE EDGE OF THE PACIFIC Ocean in a quiet beach town whose architectural aesthetic is more quaint than courageous, this streamlined steel and glass pavilion comes as a surprise. Like its neighbors, it makes the most of a narrow lot, but it does so elegantly, without appearing to burst greedily at the seams, unlike so many new southern California houses that are designed more for profit than appropriateness.

The owners of this house, having obtained a piece of this coveted stretch of beachfront, wanted a quiet retreat that would let them come and go at will—an "easy-keep house," in the words of its designer, Canadian architect Arthur Erickson. And although it may not be most people's idea of a little beach shack, the fact that it is both architecturally commanding and comfortably simple to live in attests to the talents of the Vancouver-based Erickson; his partner, Francisco Kripacz; their project architect, Paul Murdoch; and Los Angeles decorator Barbara Barry.

Although the house's steel-beam and glass-infill structure owes a certain debt to modernist master Mies van der Rohe, Erickson also had in

" 'Less contrast, more atmosphere' was my mantra," says Barr



mind the French architect Pierre Chareau. When the clients set out on a trip to Paris, Erickson urged them to visit Chareau's renowned steel and glass-block Maison de Verre, built in 1931. They fell in love with it and agreed with Erickson on the house's materials; painting the steel white seemed to Erickson a "more appropriate beach imagery."

The fact that not all rooms in this house would enjoy direct ocean views led Erickson to design a sort of giant front porch, extending the beam structure to create a courtyard that would give most rooms more sunlight and glimpses of the sea. This "outside room," says Erickson, also provides a "much gentler transition" from the street to the house's front door and from the house to th beach, while its louvered canopy o fers those eating or sunbathing in th courtyard welcome shade from th midday sun.

French limestone is used insid and out for floors and some of th first-floor walls; Erickson sees it as "lower envelope" from which th steel structure grows. Although h and Kripacz initially proposed th the kitchen counters, bathtubs, an sinks all be made of glass, the clien ultimately felt more comfortab with stainless steel and a limestor tub. The impeccably detailed kitche cabinets and bathroom fixtures, a designed by Kripacz, are cool an clean-lined, and his use of etche glass—as in the shower enclosur

ıd the panels that wrap around the air—blends form and function effortlessly and elegantly.

Barbara Barry defines her role as ınderstanding the architecture." ıdeed, when the clients told her ıat they had seen the Maison de erre, she was able to share their enıusiasm. "No one in Los Angeles ad ever spoken about Chareau to ıe before," she recalls.

Barry says she knew that the projct "was all about materials, and the ierarchy was: one, the architecture ıd, two, the beach. I was supposed bring a finer grain of living to it, to ıake it a home. And I always wanted see it as seamless. 'Less contrast, ıore atmosphere' was my mantra ıroughout this project."

When Barry talks about the house, ıe likens it to a boat—small, comact, ordered, and unencumbered y excess. "It's nice to think that less more," she says, recalling the faıous Miesian maxim. Barry relished ıe "discipline of being minimal" ıat the house imposed on her; while ıe designed, she kept on her white orktable pieces of materials from ıe house—glass block, limestone, ıd steel. She even had some beach and to remind her of the setting as ell as the architecture: the sense of ervasive sunlight, of walking barepot, of "stripping to bare essentials," esignwise, that is.

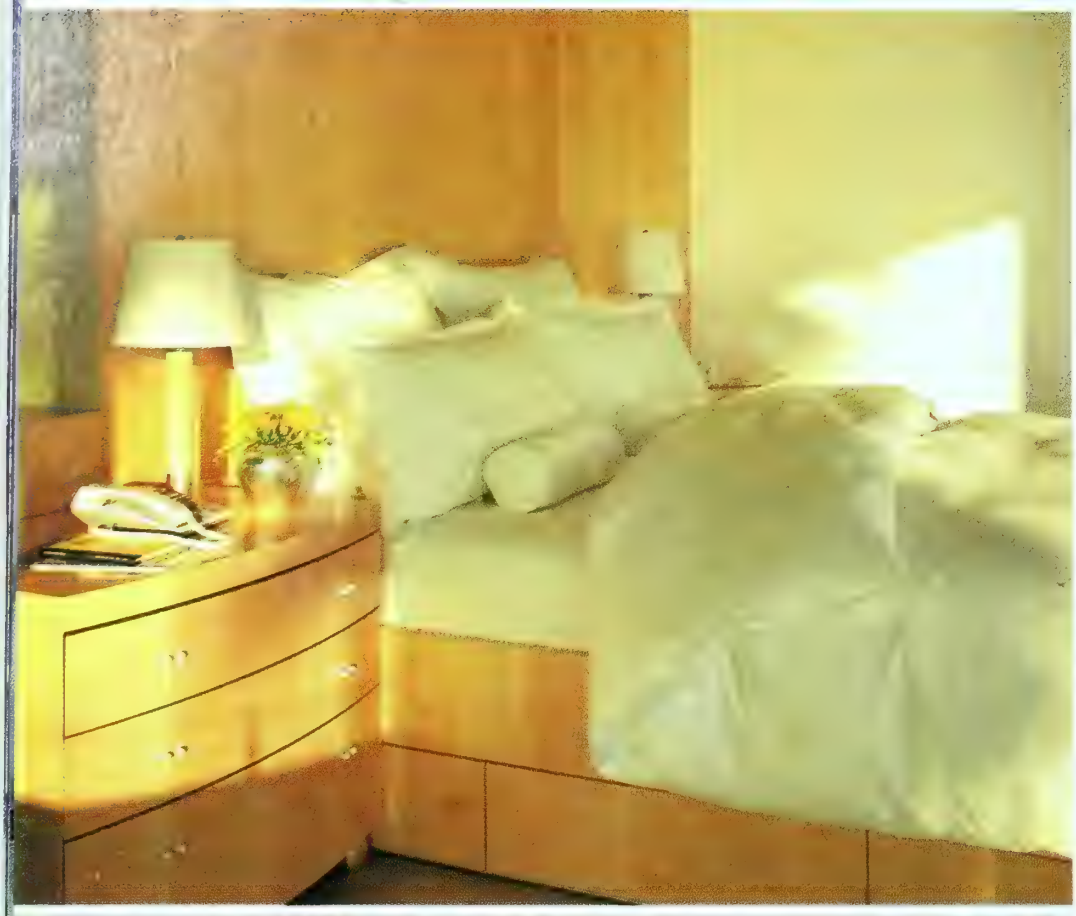
In terms of furniture, this meant s many built-ins as possible, deigned to "hug the architecture," ıinimize visual clutter, and "make he person in the room the object," Barry explains. The details, such as he tiny drawers of a bedroom night able, address the smallness of the ooms. Barry chose English sycaıore for these pieces; its warmth lays nicely off the coolness of the arhitecture and combines with the enveloping whiteness. The colors give ven the sun-shy a golden glow.

Barry worked with the architecure's strict rectilinear geometry, oftening it here and there with a ound table or an upholstered chair, ut always being mindful that the eal contrast to all those planes and





A stainless-steel door, *opposite below*, leads from the street through a limestone wall to the front courtyard, *right*, which affords privacy for sunbathing and outdoor dining, *above*. The table was designed by Erickson, the chairs by Jorge Pensi for KnollStudio. Beyond the orange trees is the family room, which gets light on its street side through a wall of glass block. *Opposite above:* In the kitchen the Sub-Zero refrigerator was sheathed in stainless steel to match the other appliances by Gaggenau.





Occasionally a curved surface or an upholstered chair softens the rigorous rectilinearity

angles would be provided by people—"the fluidity of a body on the sofa." Fabrics tend to be white—"prewashed and cottony," says Barry, "things that are easy to take care of." Here and there a "tiny grain of texture," like the sisal rugs or the white lacquered linen that covers a card table in the living room, offers a counterpoint to the smooth expanses of glass, stone, and wood.

When the owners of this house make their way to the beach every weekend, they bring with them as little as possible—bathing suits, a couple of sweaters, sandals. And although they have placed several impressive pieces of contemporary painting and sculpture in the house, Barry contends that it, too, requires a minimal wardrobe: "It's a great house to accessorize—with one tulip or a single seashell." And for all its luxury the house is eminently practical. "You can walk right into the house from the outdoor shower," says Barry, "and because there is stone both inside and out, your wet footsteps just evaporate behind you." Ah, the simple life! But if the materials of the house are quite a bit finer than those of your average cottage by the sea, its economy of formal means and sense of light and openness make it, nonetheless, shipshape. ♠

Barry used sycamore for the bed and the dressers in the master bedroom, *above left.* The linens by Peter Reed are from the Golden Goose, Mendocino. *Left:* The room's cabinets, desk, and desk chair are also Barry's work; the easy chair and ottoman beyond are from Donghia. *Opposite:* In the bathroom by architect Francisco Kripacz, the capsule shape of the stainless-steel vanity is echoed by the French limestone tub. The glass of the shower enclosure is etched to provide privacy while letting in light.



The Art of the Scottish Garden

Sir Charles and Lady Fraser combine their talents in a walled domain

By Rosemary Verey

Photographs by Christopher Simon Sykes





oreground, seen from
airs window, the
rd House herb garden
avender, hyssop, sage,
ny different thymes
s, artemisia, and violas.
teps lead up to the
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right by the curving
lored border.





SIR CHARLES AND LADY FRASER DO NOT, I BElieve, fully realize how much they have achieved in their one-acre walled garden at Shepherd House in Inveresk, Scotland, a few miles east of Edinburgh. Between them the Frasers encompass a wide range of complementary talents. Ann is the artist in charge of the color schemes and much of the designing, planting, and propagating; Charlie keeps a firm hand, manages and clips, prunes and shapes. The couple know everything that grows in the garden, and apart from the job of mowing, they care for it all themselves. Charlie is a busy lawyer and company director. Ann, whenever she can, spends time in her studio at home painting watercolor portraits of flowering plants.

I first met Ann in London last May during the week of the Chelsea Flower Show, while she was at the Malcolm Innes Gallery hanging her pictures for what turned out to be an outstandingly successful one-woman show. I was particularly struck by the naturalism of her watercolors and was not surprised to discover that, apart from having taken a course in drawing and painting at the Edinburgh College of Art and several classes in botanical painting at the Scottish capital's Royal Botanic Garden, she is self-taught. "Oh, yes," she told me, "I've always painted the flowers I grow—they are those I love."

Most of us fail to see in depth even when we make an effort to look, but the artist must observe every subject closely. This comes across distinctly in Ann's work. Each flower is lifelike—it could easily be transplanted from her pictures to mix with its fellows and look quite at home in the border. When I saw Ann's watercolors at the London gallery, my attention was immediately held by a painting of bearded irises with the marking on every fall and standard depicted in realistic detail. I would love to have her *Iris reticulata,* the crocuses, and the almost black hollyhocks hanging in my own sitting room.

On the July day when I visited Ann and Charlie's garden, we walked through the seventeenth-century house into the conservatory. Along the way I saw other pictures Ann had painted. There was the life story of the climber *Cobaea scandens,* with its leaves, buds, flowers, and seed capsules, which look like hanging green eggs. Best of all were *Meconopsis grandis* with intense turquoise blue flowers and another with petals in shades of purple suffused with blue. Some of the flowers were fully open, others still only buds, with crinkled petals, waiting to uncover their wonderful yellow stamens.

> Each painted flower could easily be transplanted back into Ann Fraser's garden

The conservatory was built in 1984 on the site of the former billiard room and children's playroom. It is a home for plants but also an extra room in which to relax and enjoy the collection of shrubs and climbers that need a frost-free environment. There is the unusual *Alyogyne huegelii* 'Santa Cruz' with five overlapping pale mauve petals, plumbago, a red and a yellow abutilon, delicious-smelling tuberoses, standard fuchsias, and ipomoea trained up a single stake with its morning glory flowers cascading over and downwards from the inverted frame of a hanging basket.

When you step out of the conservatory, the garden reveals itself slowly, as a well-planned garden should. There is no abrupt change—at first all you see is a small paved area, enclosed by a low curved retaining wall, with more pots, standard fuchsias, lilies, and salvias, and gray-leaved plants in abundance. You walk up four





Fraser's bird's-
iew of the
acre garden,
. *Opposite,*
wise from top
The 1690
e. The artist
ing meconopsis
her garden.
recent water-
s: 'Flaming
ot' tulips and
e pansy.

Plan showing Shepherd House and its garden

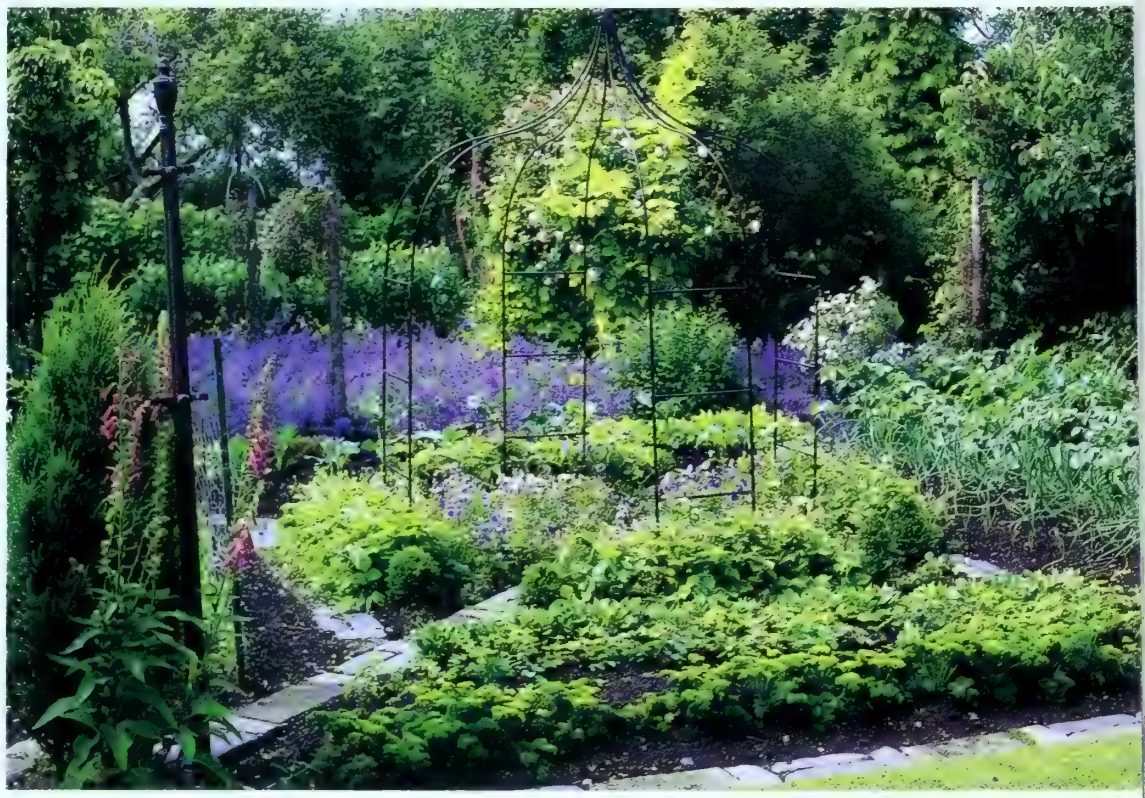




one steps onto the lawn and ain garden, passing on your ft a handsome birdbath hewn ıt of a single piece of stone by ıe sculptor Chris Hall.

If you turn right after the bird-ıth, as we did, you arrive at the ırub rose border, planted in 985, where 'Mme Isaac Pereire' ins hands with 'Cardinal de Ri-ıelieu', 'Penelope', 'Queen of enmark', and 'Proud Titania'. is a romantic gathering of col-s, scents, and historical associa-ons—how else can a rose border eate its magic? Before reaching e shrubbery hidden in the ûth corner, you come upon a ung gray cedar, *Cedrus atlan-a* 'Glauca', underplanted with *chemilla mollis, Smilacina race-osa,* and lots of alliums. When ll the cedar take over, I won-r—in thirty years' time? Mean-ıile, a meconopsis garden ourishes in an island bed. Several years ago it was a ck pond; now the blue Himalayan poppies, including *econopsis grandis,* hold court with a retinue of rodger-as, *Salix helvetica,* an evergreen chamaecyparis, and stas ready to take over when the poppies are no longer bloom. Three strides beyond, four old apple trees and lum are set in mown grass with a seat devised by Char-: solid ivy growing over sawn wood.

Go under an arch covered with *Clematis montana* and *tinidia kolomikta* into the secluded shrubbery and you id yourself in another world. A round paved area—the icks came from a fallen-down henhouse—has a bench cked with a huge azara, Chi-se *Cornus kousa, Photinia × fra-i,* a cream-colored potentilla, d a double-flowered philadel-ıus heady with scent. Nearby, e *Clematis* 'Etoile Violette' mbers through the spring-ooming *Viburnum × bodnan-ese* 'Deben'. Ann and Charlie



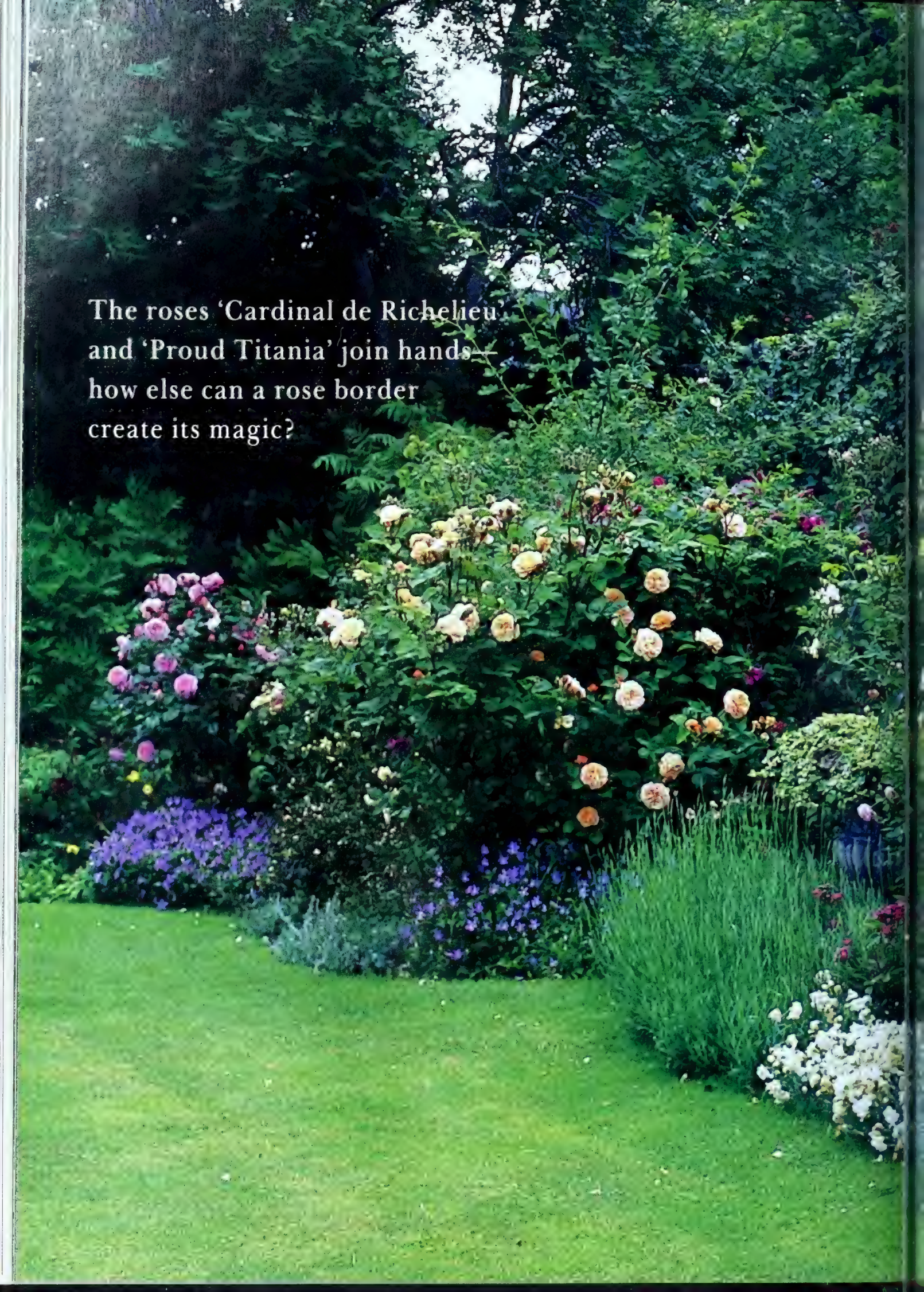
The garden at Shepherd House reveals itself slowly, as a well-planned garden should

encourage the visitor to sit here awhile and enjoy it all before moving on to the white border alongside the high boundary wall. There are crambe, galtonias, delphiniums, abutilon, the rose 'Albéric Barbier', and the enchanting small *Viola* 'Little David'. In spring there are narcissus, tulips, and *Pulmonaria* 'Sissinghurst White'.

Just to the west is the shade garden, dominated by a young wellingtonia under which cyclamen and ferns flourish and the fallen white petals of *Philadelphus coronarius* lie in profusion. Heading back toward the house along a grass path that runs straight under four rose- and honeysuckle-covered arches, you *(Continued on page 158)*



r Charles Fraser shaped a mature xwood into the topiary hen beside e herb garden, *opposite above.* *posite below:* Honeysuckle and roses h over the walk to an urn filled h geraniums and helichrysum. *ove right:* A metal arbor for runner ans in the potager, with violas, awberries, and salad crops. *Right:* e parterre in front of the house s laid out with low box hedges d standard roses only last year.



The roses 'Cardinal de Richelieu' and 'Proud Titania' join hands — how else can a rose border create its magic?



An overgrown shrubbery was removed in 1985 to make way for some forty climbing and shrub roses, which are underplanted with dianthus, violas, lavender and *Stachys lanata*, known in Scotland as lamb's lugs. The Frasers will complete a new cast-iron rose bower this spring.



Haut Couturier

Decorator Robert Couturier adapts European grandeur to American surroundings

By Gini Alhadeff

Photographs by Scott Frances

Produced by Carolyn Sotile

MY FAMILY HAS LIVED IN TH same house in Paris for hun dreds of years. What a bore, says decorator Robert Couturi er as he leaps forward to gathe up Chuck, the Shih Tzu wh was timidly investigating th possibility of dipping his pink ribbon tongue into th guest's cappuccino. Couturier—a waifish, punctilious dapper Frenchman in his thirties who has designed fo the likes of James Goldsmith and one of the younge Rothschilds, and whose most recent confection is th Supper Club in Manhattan—is a veritable jumping bea "To stay in the same place forever is like death. I lik change," he confides. "I move to a new apartment ever other year." He lists seven addresses on Manhattan's Up per East Side in which he has lived from 1980 to the pres ent. "But I always take a few things with me," he says, "th dogs and the family portraits."

This is a rare sign of affection toward a family tha sounds like a French version of the Mitfords—charming *to others*. "They're a bore, all of them," he assures m "and have been for generations. I was sent to boardin school at the age of eight; my mother thought there wer too many women in the house. Life at home didn't sta before ten in the morning. No one was dressed befo lunch. Nothing was done before three in the afternoo My father didn't work, he read. One didn't go to muse ums; public things were for the public. My entire famil felt they were born two hundred years too late, and I wa made to feel I had missed something very important."

Going against the ancestral grain, Couturier wanted t work: "To be a 'professional,' as far as my family was co cerned, was debasing. Even the doctor was considere only slightly above the butler, but not much." He had a ways liked to draw and used to imagine interiors houses for the happy family, the "perfect family." "Per fect?" I inquire. "Yes, you know, not maniacs."

His grandmother was persuaded to bankroll his si years of interior decoration and architectural studies the École Camondo. "She realized that I had to do some thing," says Couturier, "though when I told her I wante to be a designer, her response was, 'My God, you will g to our friends' houses and you will have to go throug the service entrance.'" Couturier set her mind at eas Some time later he overheard her telling her sister on th phone, "Robert has decided to be an interior decorator. think it's a splendid idea, and, you know, these days the can use the front entrance!"

After completing his studies, he spent five years i New York working for restaurant designer Adam T hany and on his return to Paris set up his own design stu dio. For a while he divided his time between New Yo and Paris, but in 1981, with the election of Mitterrand, h says, work suddenly became scarce. "The Socialists cam to power. My grandfather died as a result of it. I went t see him. He was hardly breathing. 'It's the Revolution a



To stay in the same place forever is like death," says Couturier, of course, in his seventh apartment in twelve years. *Above:* An iron and crystal daggerlike chandelier by R.W. Russell is suspended over the Louis XVI table and Biedermeier chairs in the compact dining area where Gerald Incandela's portrait of Couturier creates an enlarged sense of space. Details see Resources.





Though he currently resides in what he calls a "little white box," Couturier surrounds himself, as always, with a mix of antique furniture and contemporary photography. He designed the living room banquette, which is in a Brunschwig damask.



over again,' he whispered. 'They're attacking the carriages.' That's when I decided to put an ocean between France and me." He moved to America.

If one is to have ideals, this always was the place to have them. And Couturier does, in a circuitous way, design for the movie-perfect family—of which he is, at times, the central character, as in his current apartment on the East River. "It is a challenge to have a little white box and make it into something personal," he says. The little white box floats like a spaceship high above the biscuit-colored loft buildings and buzzing traffic on the FDR Drive below. There is a distant memory here of glamorous grandeur in the Palmolive-green taffeta of a curtain, in the cartoony curves of a chair, or in the white-framed mirrored folding screens that elegantly caricature some infinitely more serious piece of furniture—Louis XV, Empire, or Biedermeier. Couturier makes a space feel as grand as Europe but with the shadows of the past removed, along with any strict rules of style. In the living room, for instance, two monumental giltwood chairs with Aubusson tapestry upholstery stand guard over an incongruously naked white wall.

For last fall's French Designer Showhouse in New York, Couturier created two all-white rooms. Fred Astaire might have danced with the silver-leafed dining chairs, and Jean Harlow could be imagined reclining on the cane sofa and resting an elbow on the gold taffeta and purple velvet bolster. This is Couturier's way of escaping his history: he plunders the past mercilessly, then throws all into a democratic arena where one thing is not more sacred than another and Hollywood is as noble as Versailles. The cheap metal spikes of punk, the tarnished gold patina of Louis XIV, Victorian velvets, the undressed lines and unmediated colors of modernism—Couturier puts them in one room, and they probably come to life and do battle, in his absence, as in a cartoon.

The Supper Club, which Couturier designed for restaurateur Jean Denoyer, is very much in the same pop-historical vein. Couturier pays tribute to Cocteau in the surrealist white plaster hands bearing lotus-shaped torches and to Cedric Gibbons, the great Hollywood set designer of the forties, in the icing-white wedding-day furniture, which creates a mood of laundered, starched, and perfumed vice.

But not everything Couturier does is as self-asserting: the apartment he designed for Jane Soudavar, owner of the secretly famous Upper East Side boutique Jane, fits her like a satin glove. Testifying to Couturier's chamele-



"My entire family felt they were born two hundred years too late. I was made to feel I had missed something important"



The East River flows before Couturier's bed, *opposite*, in a Hinson velvet that blends with the Portuguese felt spread from Dampierre & Co., NYC. Curtains of Scalamandré taffeta and a Charles X candelabra frame the view. The 19th-century Knole settee is upholstered in a 17th-century tapestry. *Above right:* For client Jane Soudavar's living room, the decorator designed a three-seater sofa in a JAB Collection cotton stripe positioned below a 19th-century neoclassical scene. *Right:* In another part of the room a Biedermeier secretary from Niall Smith, NYC, is flanked by generous curtains of silk from Kirk-Brummel.

onic ability to inhabit the fantasies of others, it seems a hymn to *l'heure bleue* and is reminiscent of that long-forgotten container of feminine wiles, the boudoir: silk curtains gather on the floor like the train of an evening gown, and the wide-seated indigo sofa is as full of languid promise as the painting of five women in neoclassical poses above it.

In conversation Couturier unleashes a riotous torrent of haut Couturierisms: "Why do people take things so seriously? What is so serious about a house? I don't understand people who have sixty-five rooms on Fifth Avenue and sixty-four of them are for make-believe and only one is the place where they really live. The hell with the past. My friends in Paris were shocked that I could have designed a château in Mexico for James Goldsmith, but I told them we all come from the caves anyway and fortunes vary: at a certain point, any one of your ancestors could have been a nouveau riche who built a château."

In his bedroom, with its river views, the old world of velvets and silks frames the new one of bridges and highways. At the foot of his bed, a *(Continued on page 158)*



For the French Designer Showhouse in New York, Couturier created an all-white attic, *above,* outfitted with bold furniture of his own design, including an octagonal table with an R.W. Russell candelabra. Curtains of Old World Weavers taffeta wind across a doorway. *Right:* In adjoining room a mirrored screen reflects a daybed in a Christopher Hyland stripe.

White lacquer chairs in royal blue bengaline ring the dance floor and a celestial carpet borders the private booths at New York's Supper Club, a recently opened forties-style haunt decorated by Couturier. *Below left:* A booth overlooking the stage. *Below right:* Wall sconces a la Cocteau.

Couturier plunders the past mercilessly, then throws it into a democratic arena in which Hollywood is as sacred as Versailles







As bright and bold as Matisse cutouts, a screen painted by Tom Slaughter sets off the crisp blue and white of the furniture and carpet designed for the house by Billy Diamond and Tony Baratta. Details see Resources.



Florida Fun House

Billy Diamond and Tony Baratta paint resort life in primary colors

By Andrew Solomon

Photographs by Langdon Clay Produced by Carolyn Sollis



The house is an oasis of color in a beige community



WHEN I WAS FOURTEEN I went on a day trip from summer camp to watch Seiji Ozawa conduct a rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Halfway through, he stopped the music and turned to us. "There are some ways in which conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra is no work at all," he said. He glanced over his shoulder at the members of the orchestra and said, "Play the piece." Then he talked to us while they performed in a fashion that was, to my inexpert ears, identical to the way they had played when every eye had been focused on Ozawa's baton. "A really good orchestra," he said, "beyond a certain point, hardly needs a conductor at all." Then he pointed to the conductor of my summer camp's orchestra: "*That* man has a difficult job."

I have the utmost esteem for designers who can bring forth the full glory of a glorious château or make a Fifth Avenue prewar apartment look as splendid as its original inhabitants' aspirations. But what Billy Diamond and Tony Baratta have done with this South Florida house on a golf course is in some sense more astonishing than either of these. The house is, in essence, as dinky and suburban and unremarkable as any you could find in this country—and it is nonetheless elegant, sporty, gracious in scale and proportion, and more fun than the dancing cow at a May Day festival. It's a summer camp orchestra and not the Boston Symphony, but it's on key from the opening note. The golf house is like a combination of the house on *Bewitched* and a Matisse painting of Nice. It's a triumph over the pretensions of American suburban grandeur that has not given way to pretensions of any other kind.

"I just looked at the house one day," the owner recalled, "and said, 'This doesn't say happy to me.' " Diamond and Baratta have done a job that says happy at every corner. They have designed a house for laughter, a house in which people could hardly do other than enjoy one another, a house in which problems and sorrows seem to slide into irrelevance.

The structure was built in the early eighties as part of a community developed around two golf

The new family room/kitchen, *opposite,* has a nautical flavor, from the Jean-Michel Frank–inspired dining table and director's chairs by Diamond and Baratta and the custom rattan chairs, upholstered in cobalt cotton from Donghia, to the antique pond yacht, *above left,* from Gargoyles, NYC. Carpet from Stark. *Left:* The reoriented pool and hot tub adjoin a golf course.



courses. "You know," the owner said, as we looked at the "before" pictures, "I lived in this house for seven years and I never noticed how unattractive it was. As a matter of fact, I loved it. I just had no idea what kind of possibilities there were buried here." Billy Diamond did not need seven years: "I walked in and I couldn't believe what it looked like. You wouldn't believe it. It was unbelievable." The rest of the community is in a style that might be described as Florida Bombast, which involves imposing madly outscale dramatic features on essentially poky houses. Sloping shed roofs, faux crystal chandeliers, tinted mirrors, and oddly positioned floodlighting are also hallmarks of the style. It is the only style I have ever encountered that can make you feel dwarfed and claustrophobic at the same time.

Diamond and Baratta started off with the word "clarify." They rearranged the bones of the house to give the rooms balance and proportion; they got rid of the fuss and clutter and chaos. They enlarged the living room to make it a perfect square, then built a subtle pyramid ceiling, which gives the space about as much drama as it can take. They added two guest rooms with baths and a family room/kitchen that looks like an upbeat revision of an old yachting fantasy. They turned the swimming pool ninety degrees and gave it a tile border in Yale blue and white.

They played games in the guest rooms: a pair of freestanding closets in one are copies of nineteenth-century cabanas, *(Continued on page 163)*







In the master
room, *above*,
upholstered b
is Empire, bu
four-poster w
made for the
Sofa from Ge
Smith. *Opposi*
Striped wallp
from Christo
Hyland gives
tentlike air to
master bath.
back chair fr
Newel Art Ga
NYC. *From fa*
Guest rooms
playful closet
checkerboard
and white sur
on turquoise
Patterned tow
from Porthau



Ten Days in Moscow



The Franco-American duo of Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray travels to Red Square to redefine hands-on design for a frien

By Charles Gandee Photographs by Deidi von Schaewen



Decorators Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray on Red Square with client Pierre Brochet, at right. *Right:* Brochet's apartment as Mathieu and Ray work in progress. Details see Resources.



IS SOMEHOW APPROPRIATELY SUR-
al that decorators Paul Mathieu
d Michael Ray first introduced me
their friend publisher Pierre Bro-
et at the Ritz Hotel swimming
ol, a subterranean spectacle wor-
y of P.T. Barnum, Cecil B. De
lle, or Cleopatra—viewer's choice.
though I have rarely seen anyone
unabashedly appreciative of Ritz
ner Mohamed Al-Fayed's zillion-
llar aquatic extravaganza—not
e Tokyo tourists, not the Texas ty-
ons, and certainly not the trying-
rd-to-be-blasé rock stars staying in
e $4,000-a-night suites—all Bro-
et could talk about between laps,
de from the underwater Muzak,
s his impending move to Mos-
w, an unlikely destination for a
an so clearly enamored of what
n only be described as shameless
aritic splendor.

Although the
d tape to Red
quare proved
ore labyrinthian
an thirty-one-
ar-old Brochet
ght have imag-
ed, last year he
s finally granted
ficial permission
take up resi-
nce in Moscow
d to establish Avant-Garde, an art
ok packager with ties to the Paris
blishing house Flammarion.
hich he did, settling in with his
ssian wife, Aniouchka, to a four-
om apartment designed by his
ends, and former swim mates,
athieu and Ray.

In the Commonwealth of Inde-



pendent States, flying in two decorators from France to Moscow to do up a four-room rented apartment is, as might be expected, an alien concept. That the two decorators in question happen to be the Franco-American duo of Mathieu and Ray carries the idea exponentially even further into the realm of the conceptually extraterrestrial.

> Mathieu and Ray showed themselves to be masters of the ad hoc—they worked with what they found

As those who keep up with the aesthetic times know, Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray are two very poetic young men who met in San Francisco, moved to Paris, and now live and





the dining room, *opposite*, a severe
ck and white palette extends from a
nvas by Arsene Savadov and Georgi
nchenko and wall paintings by
thieu and Ray to a trio of Russian
les picked up at auction and Limoges
na picked up in Paris. *Right, from top:*
e designers' forged-iron chairs and
ler-inspired aluminum curtain hooks
fit the living room where Brochet
plays his collection of contemporary
ssian art, including two oversize vases
Aidan Salakhova. The corner chair
d 19th-century cabinet are local finds.



Mathieu and Ray's relaxed attitude is reflected in such objets trouvés as a leather handle from a suitcase used as a door pull.



A cast from Michelangelo's *David*, a framed postcard, roses and a French clock form a surreal still life on Brochet's des



The decorators' painting of a reaching hand adorns the bedroom door, inches from a bronze doorknob modeled after a tulip.



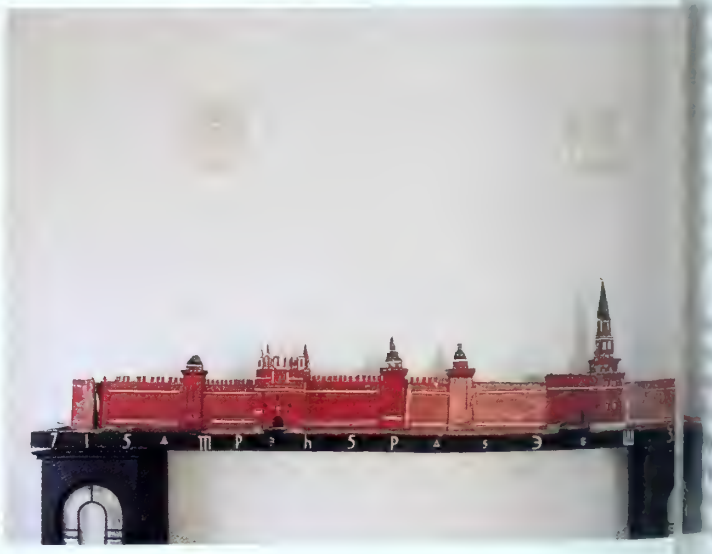
In the apartment's center hall, curtains suspended from linen strings frame a view of a 19th-century Russian mirror.



Mathieu and Ray introduced sign ure poetic details, such as a bee creepi up the linen curtains in Brochet's fic



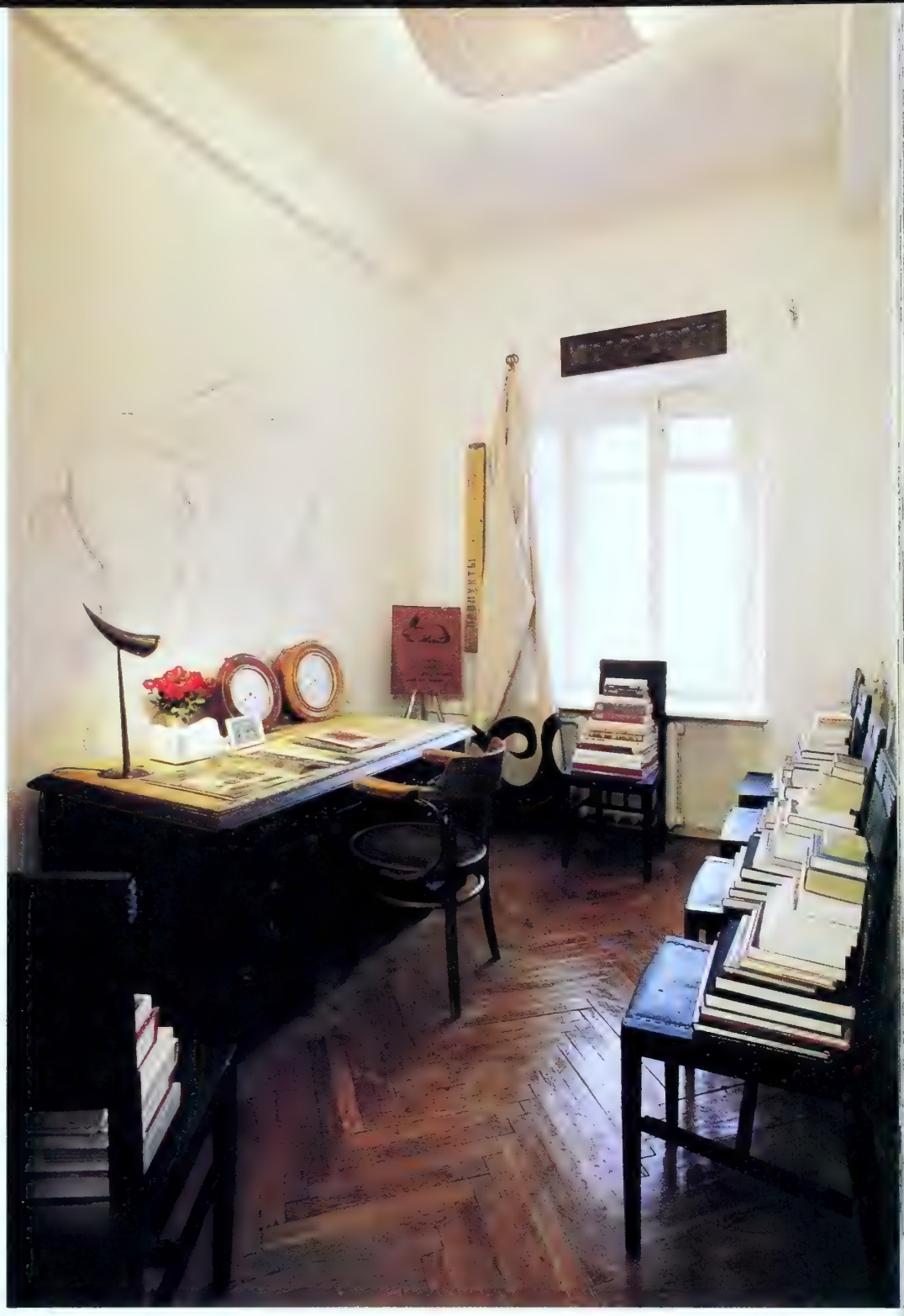
The quintessential Russian table, as envisioned by Mathieu and Ray: beluga caviar, bread, candlelight, and vodka.



A cardboard model of the Kremlin, left by the previous tenant, rests on its original painted shelf in the living room

ork in a two-room walk-up with a almatian on an alleylike street in hat is possibly the most beautiful wn in France, Aix-en-Provence. In e eight years the couple have been gether, they have garnered a mewhat rarified reputation for emselves with a series of exceed-gly, some might say excessively, ylish apartments that effectively se the questions: Living space? age set? Dream sequence? Perhaps s the partners' signature wall paint-gs of satyrs and angels, beasts and rds, eunuchs and other not so adily identifiable creatures that ve their work its evocative allure. r perhaps it's the partners' constant lusions and references—in custom tails, furniture, and carpets—to ings primal, things erotic, things rreal. But for whatever reason, ere's a quasi-Cocteau quality to athieu and Ray's rooms—rooms, t incidentally, in which the light ems permanently filtered, gauzy, numbral, mysterious.

The painstaking process that they through to create their moody ise-en-scènes is hinted at in the lit- linen-bound portfolios—page af- r tied-together-with-ribbon page wistful drawings, grainy photo-aphs, and baroque gold script—ey laboriously assemble to chroni- the stylistic progress of their proj-ts. No such precious document ists for Brochet's apartment. Be-use Brochet's apartment was de-gned and built in situ, in a izzardlike ten days last November. Somewhat surprisingly, Mathieu d Ray both characterize their un-cly mission to Moscow as "blessed eedom." Which is Mathieu and y's way of reporting that for the st time in their professional lives ere were no *(Continued on page 162)*





ndeterred by the utter absence of book-lves in Moscow, the designers stacked ochet's art books on six carved Russian airs in the office, *above right,* where ilippe Starck's horn-shaped lamp from os lights the desk. *Right:* Mathieu and y's stylized swimmers float across the ice wall above a wainscot of natural en tacked with coral talismans.



Among the things Mathieu and Ray took to Moscow were rolls of their Lucrece wallpaper for Donghia Textiles and an appliquéd bedspread. Among the things they found in Moscow were Russian icons, suitcases, and portable easels, which they used as bedside tables. *Opposite inset:* Mathieu and Ray at Stalin's industrial exhibition park.

Mathieu and Ray's rooms effectively pose the quest



g space? Stage set? Dream sequence?



Only a balustrade separates
lawn from the water, *below*,
the country retreat of desig
Louis Dell'Olio, *left*. Model
Du Belle wears a bustier fro
the 1992 summer Anne Kle
Collection. Details see Reso

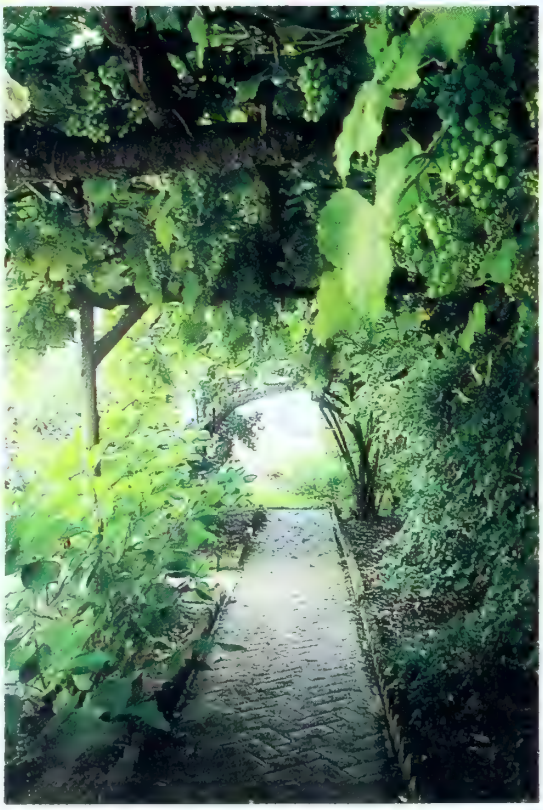


DRAWN TO THE SEA

UIS DELL'OLIO OF ANNE KLEIN SKETCHES HIS NEXT LINE
THE EDGE OF LONG ISLAND SOUND. BY WENDY GOODMAN

Photographs by Oberto Gili





"There's something about the light. It relaxes me. I never get bored"

RUMOR HAS IT THAT LOUIS Dell'Olio's country house overlooking Long Island Sound was built by a famous press baron for his inamorata back in 1910. The balustrade that divides the velvety lawn from the sea and the marble lion that keeps watch from a patch of yuccas are grand enough—and romantic enough—to suggest that the story may be true.

"I wasn't actively looking for a new house when I first saw this one, although I knew I had to move," Dell'Olio recalls. "I loved the old place in the winter—I bought it in February with the fires going and I was charmed. But I hated it in the summer; in the hot weather I couldn't sit in a backyard and watch the grass grow. I thought the pool would do the trick—it didn't." This Dutch-style clapboard house on the Sound appealed to him at first sight. "There's something about the expanse of open water, the changing of the tides, and the light," he says. "It relaxes me. I never get bored."

As Anne Klein Collection's vice president of design, Dell'Olio is a fashion superstar; he not only creates the collection but also oversees the Anne Klein image, from fabric development to advertising. Here in the country, too, he took a hands-on approach. Instead of engaging an architect or a decorator, he made all the aesthetic decisions himself, relying on Burt Wayne, head of Anne Klein Studio, for guidance and on a family-run firm called the Copper Lantern for execution. Walls and woodwork were repainted, floors redone, moldings refurbished; gradually the house has regained its original character—and has come to

A profusion of annuals fills the back garden, *above*. "It's a mix chosen by color," Dell'Olio says. *Left:* A brick path is sheltered by a grape arbor. *Opposite above right:* The designer's paintings of two vintage wicker chairs hang in the porch, near their subjects. *Opposite left:* His sketches of the 1992 summer collection. *Opposite below right:* At the far end of the porch, a dining table set with Italian plates overlooks the Sound.





"This house is for collecting and having fun," says Dell'Olio. "Nothing is set"



reflect its owner's easygoing style.

A confessed "antiques show addict," Dell'Olio has created a cozy ever-changing environment with the fruits of his shopping. "This house is for collecting and having fun," he explains. "Nothing is set."

Today, after three years of acquiring and arranging and rearranging, the bedroom has a Victorian air, while dark green velvet wallcovering and portières transform the library into a hidden garden in the summer, a cool escape from the sunny porch beyond. It's the porch, filled with white wicker, cut flowers, and blooming plants, that has become the designer's favorite spot to curl up "like a cat" and draw—he can carry on a conversation and sketch ten ideas for a new collection simultaneously—or watch the antics of resident seagulls. It took him months to find the old wicker furniture he had his heart set on. Finally he tracked down a dealer who had everything he wanted, but it was all marked "Hold" or "Sold." "I hung around long enough to wear him down," Dell'Olio says with satisfaction. "Now it's always summer in this room, no matter what's going on outside."

Behind the house Dell'Olio has planted herb and cutting gardens with "anything and everything I can order from catalogues. That's another one of my addictions: seed catalogues," he confides. There are masses of marigolds, zinnias, dahlias—"a mix of flowers chosen by color. I'm sure a professional gardener would be appalled."

At certain seasons the grass by the Sound also has some surprising planting: small stakes from which strings flutter in the breeze, disrupting the landing patterns of the geese that used to invade the lawn. Now they have discovered other landing fields and he can watch the seagulls and the sea, undisturbed. ♠



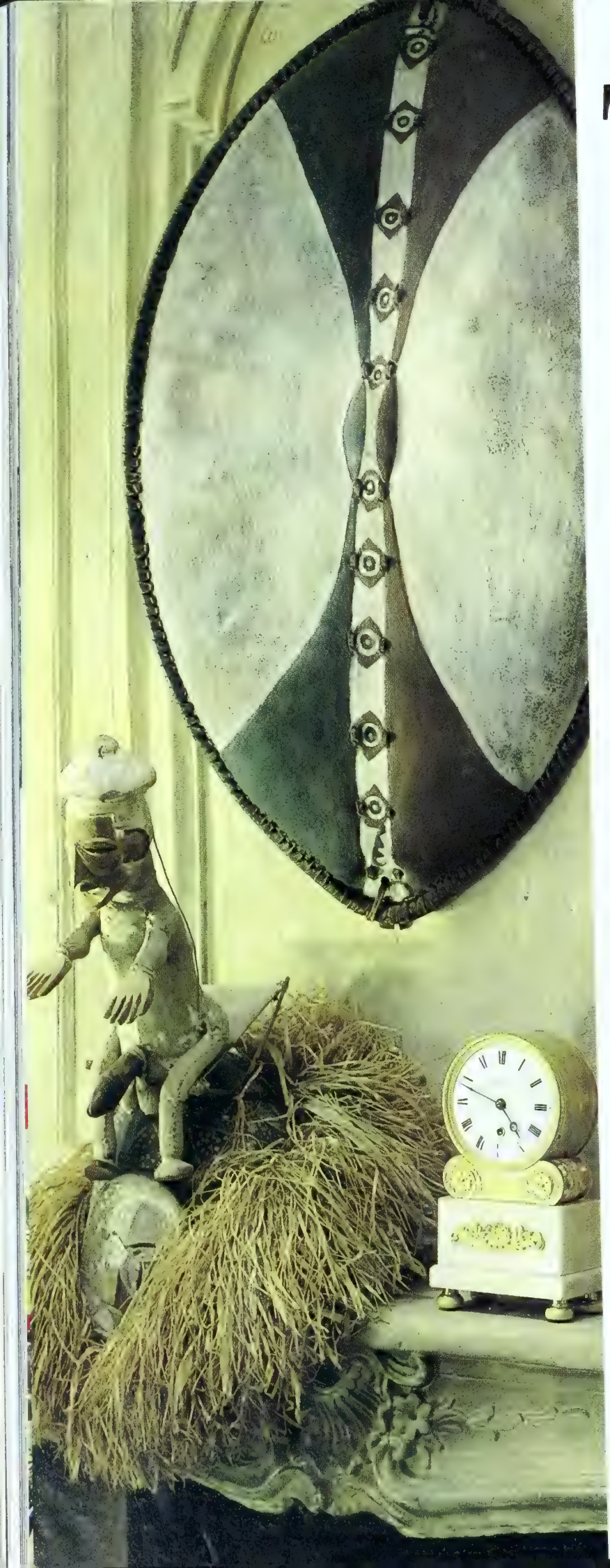
rary's green velvet walls
ntique tapestry pillows
entshire Gallery, NYC,
from Brunschwig & Fils
banquette, English tea
, and candlesticks by
L. *Opposite below:* A
III armchair from Hyde
ntiques, NYC. *Opposite*
An airy bedroom combines
n painted furniture and
needlepoint with white
d embroidered linen.


"It's always summer in this room, no matter wh
Country Home

g on outside," Dell'Olio says of his sun-drenched porch



For his porch the designer bought a dealer's hoard of old wicker furniture, then added throw pillows in flowery prints, among them a yellow batik from China Seas.



THE ONLY ONE OF Charles Jencks's comic categories for Hollywood architecture—"Topiary Fascist," "Debbie Reynolds Egyptoid," and so forth—that comes anywhere near describing this distinctive villa is "Boys Town Neo-Class," with all the panache that this implies. Peter Paanakker, the man of taste who built it with the architect B. R. Offenhauser thirteen years ago to his own design, succeeded in skirting most of the Angeleno solecisms. His structure does justice to its spectacular site (in the Birdland section, home to such stars as Dolly Parton and Madonna as well as old-timers like the Montalbans)—its effect is not so much stylized as stylish. The house looked even more stylish when the late Billy McCarty-Cooper—a Florida-born Philadelphian domiciled in London who bought the house in 1987—filled it with the treasures he had inherited from his adoptive father, Douglas Cooper, and made it, all too briefly, a focal point for anyone with a taste for modern masterpieces. Before memories fade, let us try to recall Billy's pleasure dome in all its quirky glory.

The main part of the house consists of one huge high room, at either end of which is a wing, one consisting of a dining room, kitchen, and pantry, the other of a library and bedroom. (Elsewhere is a guesthouse with its own pool and, if I remember rightly, an orchid house.) The two wings are connected by a swimming pool—one of the rare ones that succeed in being both functional and architecturally decorative. At both ends of the pool steps lead into the house so that Billy and, if need be, his

In the late William McCarty-Cooper's living room, *right,* Cameroon hardwood armchairs in the form of elephants with faux ivory tusks, c. 1930, are grouped near Braque's *Studio VIII,* 1954–55. A Songe fetish stands on the piano. *Left:* An East African painted leather shield is displayed in the entrance hall above a circumcision mask from Zaire, and a Regency marble and ormolu clock.



An Heir's Own Legacy

With the cubist masterpieces he inherited and the tribal art he collected, Billy McCarty-Cooper made his Los Angeles house a monument to personal taste

By John Richardson

Photographs by Jeremy Samuelson

Produced by Peter Haldeman

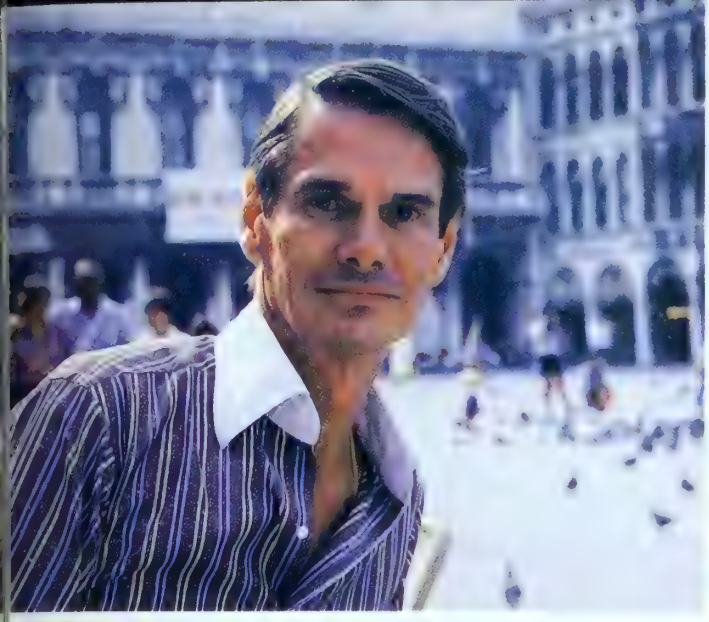


dogs could swim from bedroom to kitchen for breakfast or nocturnal snacks. Beyond the pool is the house's most attractive feature, a screen of olive trees through which you can glimpse the vast spread of Los Angeles, mercifully enveloped in dove-colored smog. I was always reminded of those nineteenth-century paintings of hazy Naples framed by umbrella pines; in both cases seismic menace lends excitement to the view—so long as you don't live there.

In the hall, you used to be greeted by Graham Sutherland's portrait of Douglas Cooper—El Benefactor, as Billy called him—the truculent Maecenas whose fortune and incomparable art collection had made all this splendor possible. And sure enough, on the walls of the vast living room, above serried ranks of African sculpture, hung three of Cooper's masterpieces (due to be sold this month in the last of Christie's three sales of the McCarty-Cooper collection): one of Picasso's greatest anthropomorphic still lifes of 1933; Juan Gris's *Guitar on a Table* of 1916; and Braque's swan song, *Studio VIII*, the most important painting by this artist left in private hands in the United States. These paintings alone were worth a trip to California. They were also a sad reminder, to Douglas's old friends, of all the other treasures that had been sacrificed to support Billy's mandarin lifestyle, his $250,000 parties with Peter Duchin, the bandleader, flown in from New York, and Lady Ampthill, the caterer, from London. In extenuation, it must be said that the proceeds from these sales also helped support the various philanthropic enterprises that are Billy's memorial.

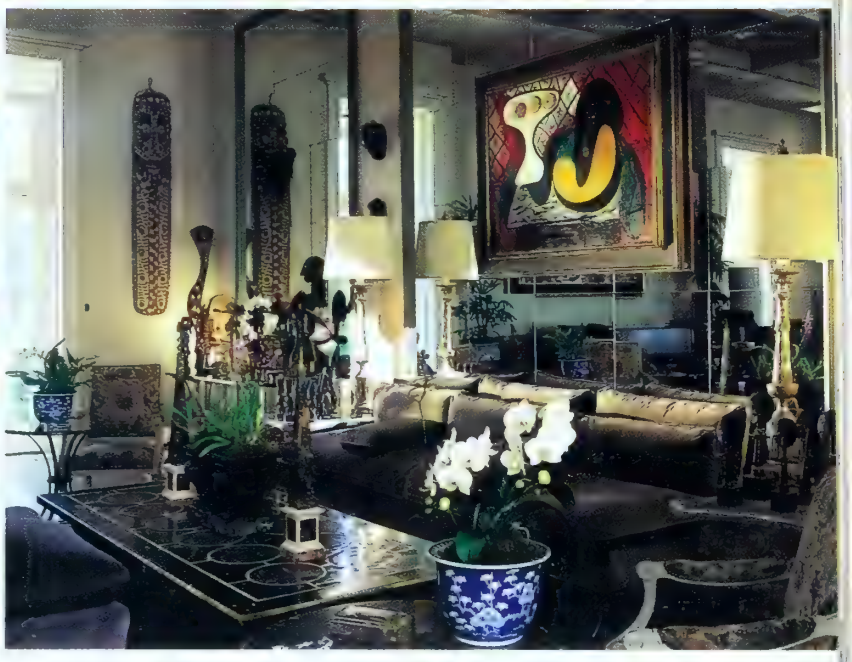
> This eclectic setting was Billy's reaction against his clients' ghastly good taste

If ever a collection deserved to be kept intact, it was Douglas's. In its day it had been the most comprehensive and discerningly chosen ensemble of its kind outside a museum. Unfortunately, like many another collector, Douglas was as destructive of his friends and colleagues, not to speak of his numerous foes, as he was of himself. He had fought with the directors of most major modern museums, and he was damned if any of them or their institutions were going to benefit from his perspicacity or his purse. In the 1950s, when he and I shared a house in Provence—the









Château de Castille (locally known as ne Château des Cubistes)—Douglas sed to boast that he would take his llection with him, like Sardanapa- s: "I want to be burned on a funeral yre along with all my cubist paint- gs." In the end he did the next best ing: he left his collection to some- ne who could be trusted to liquidate . To commemorate its treasures d, I would like to think, assuage his nscience, Billy acquired a curator catalogue the ever-shrinking ard. But will her work ever be pub- shed? If it is not, the record of one the greatest modern collections of is century will be confined to en- ies in auction catalogues.

Billy had known what it was to be or and spent his patrimony with e gusto of a child let loose in a toy re. As he sold and sold, he bought d bought. So bizarre and eclectic re the things he acquired for this house that you forgot he had once been a rather correct Billy Baldwin–style decorator (first apprenticed to David Hicks; later, on his own in London). Billy McCarty-Cooper did not forget: he once told me that his outrageous settings for himself were a reaction against the ghastly good taste of some of his clients. After inheriting Douglas's fortune ($40 million is a conservative estimate), he determined to decorate, dress, and dabble exactly as he pleased.

As Christie's first sale of his possessions, this past January, revealed, Billy's taste ran to Jensen silver; rare books of botanical, architectural, and topographical interest; blue and white china; tribal art (the magnificent collection that David Crownover helped him form is to be auctioned off in the second of the two sales at Christie's this month); and, above all, the wilder shores of the decorative arts from Directoire to deco. The most popular items in the January sale turned out to be the amazing sunburst bed and other pieces in macassar ebony by Jacques-Émile Ruhlmann; the set of elephant bergères complete with simulated-ivory tusks; and the macabre Russian chair carved like a skeleton, a memento mori that Billy tempted fate by keeping in his bedroom. Too bad his finest piece of furniture—the grandiose state bed from a Russian palace which *(Continued on page 162)*

African reliquaries line the living room mantel, *opposite*, beneath Gris's *Guitar on a Table*, 1916. Louis XVI bergères signed by Lelarge surround a Baga headdress on an Italian neoclassical table. *Clockwise from top left:* McCarty-Cooper in Venice, 1987; his Ruhlmann bed with an African-style Legrain taboret; Picasso's *Still Life with Fruit Dish and Guitar*, 1933, flanked by 18th-century Italian candlestick lamps; view of Los Angeles across the pool.



Ashanti wooden
from Ghana, *opp*
are clustered on
stripped pine 19
century neoclassi
capital in the livi
room. *Left:* Lége
Still Life with Scu
1924, hangs abo
2nd-century Indi
stone lingams on
the bedroom ma
Mesozoic ammor
lie on the hearth









At her gallery, Laura Carpenter, *below right*, pauses before Joan Mitchell's *Two Pianos*. Granite tables from Comme des Garçons stand under an arbor, *left*, in the back of Carpenter's house. The flat-topped mesas of the Southwest, *below left*, inspired earth-hued adobes such as Carpenter's, *bottom left*. Details see Resources.

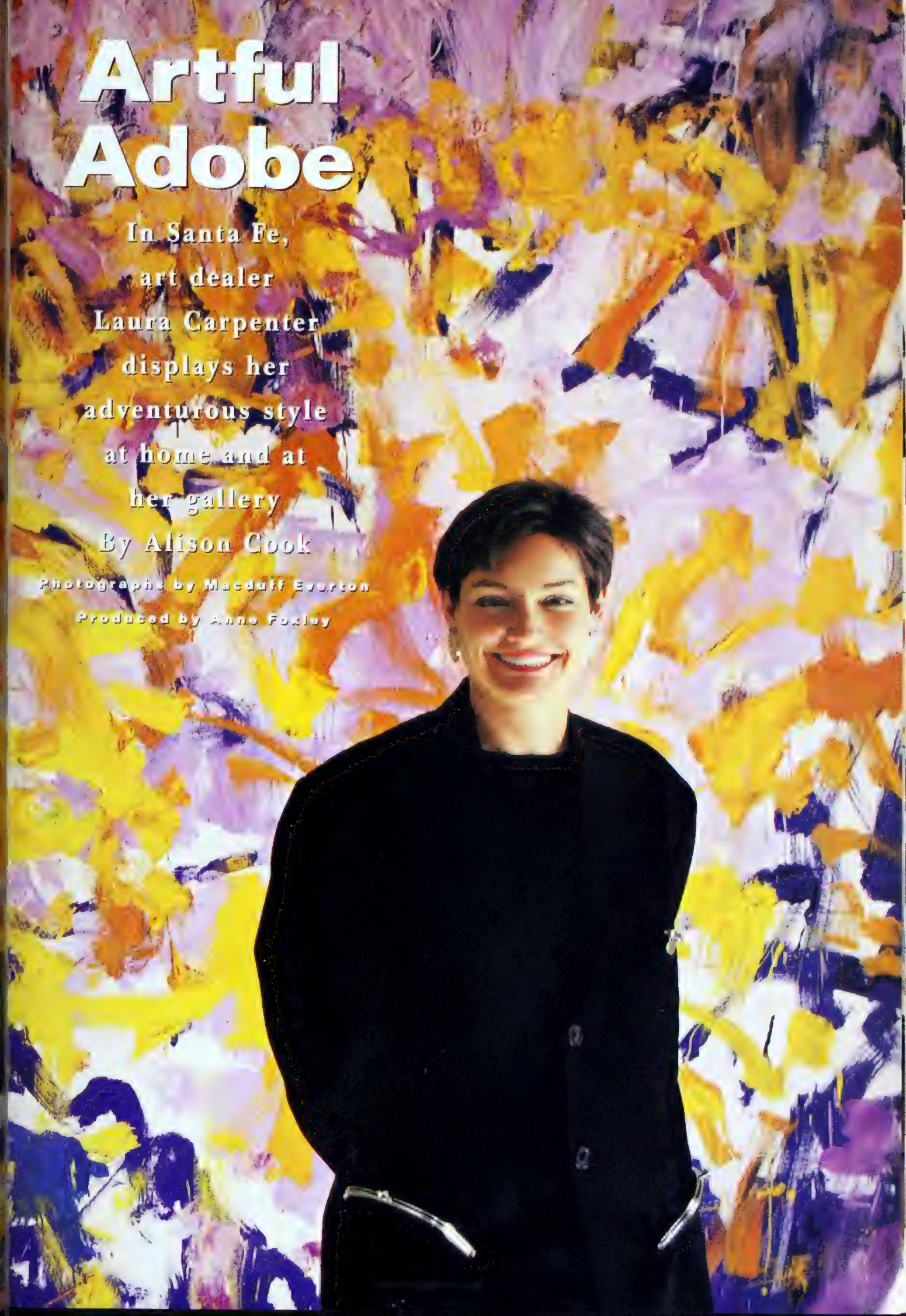
Artful Adobe

In Santa Fe, art dealer Laura Carpenter displays her adventurous style at home and at her gallery

By Alison Cook

Photographs by Macduff Everton

Produced by Anne Foxley





IN SANTA FE, LAURA CARpenter goes coolly against type. This Texas-born art dealer moves through the land of prairie skirts and concho belts clad in Yohji Yamamoto; amid a landscape suffused with earthy pastels, she favors a restrained palette of black, whites, and grays. Her traditional adobe house chastely avoids the regional decorating clichés, displaying instead a surprising mix of cutting-edge contemporary art and gently battered early modern furniture. And her new gallery on the wrong side of the Santa Fe tourist tracks—an interesting risk for a dealer who has previously operated out of Dallas and SoHo—is one of the most refreshing spaces in town, its richly sculptural 1883 adobe front ingeniously wedded to a crisp high-style pueblo addition that is flooded with light and calm.

Seeing the cerebral, challenging art Carpenter shows against the gallery's massive adobe walls—all alluring curves and bulges—provokes a sharp and almost visceral pleasure. It was the prospect of this juxtaposition that first attracted her to the Benjamin Read house, a dilapidated Victorian-style adobe structure distinguished by its pitched roof and tulip-motif stained-glass windows. "I was drawn to the solidity, the finish, the sense of grounding adobe walls provide," says Carpenter, who engaged architect Harvey Phillips of the Dallas firm Phillips/Ryburn to restore and expand the space.



Out came the gruesome acoustical tile, revealing timbered ceilings unusually high by Santa Fe standards. Together with the opulently thick walls, they give the two small front exhibition rooms an oddly monumental quality. These are spaces equal to the major league conceptual and minimalist work Carpenter loves—pieces by such important contemporary figures as Jenny Holzer, Neil Jenney, and Agnes Martin. In a town where tourist-oriented landscapes and representational kitsch have long reigned supreme, this is heady

A rolling ladder holds photographs by Judy Fiskin in the library at Laura Carpenter Fine Art, *opposite*, where a Jenny Holzer work sits among the stacks. *Above:* Ed Ruscha's *Bedcrumbs*, a painting in blackberry juice on moiré, is the witty focal point of the sitting room, furnished with Le Corbusier chairs from Atelier International. *Below:* A gallery doorway frames an Imi Knoebel painting


BAUHAUS
PIERRE CHARBEAU
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reak-the-bank stuff. But here on Read Street, a block-and-a-half-long backwater of Victorian-style bungaows one mile west of trendy Canyon Road, Carpenter is counting on er established clientele—plus affluent vacationing collectors—to make er new project fly. (This summer's isitor will encounter paintings by oan Mitchell and Ellsworth Kelly, rawings and sculpture by play-



right-director Robert Wilson, d the crushed-metal monuments John Chamberlain.)

At her rented house on Palace Avnue, a luxuriantly green arroyo ad tracing an early seventeenth ntury aqueduct, Carpenter's reonse to Santa Fe was to use finishes d upholstery with a "little more gged feel" than would suit her loft artments in Dallas and New York. his is the first real house I've ever d," says Carpenter of the rambling velling which sports the elements what's known as the territorial le: ornamental brick coping skirtg the roof, classical pediments topng the sash windows. Here, as at c gallery, adobe walls make a pont backdrop for the museum-class t Carpenter surrounds herself with—from a mesmerizing wooden totem by Clyde Connell, the underrated Louisiana backwoods sculptor, to Neil Jenney's *North America*, a horizontal slice of sky so gorgeously painted it seems to suggest infinity. The wit that informs many of Carpenter's choices—for instance, Ed Ruscha's *Bedcrumbs*, a painting in blackberry juice on moiré—effectively tempers any sense of austerity.

The flea market finds unearthed by Carpenter's housemate, Diane McIngvale, have a softening effect, too: the bunkhouse-style sofa that anchors the living room, the ferociously rusted iron bed in the master bedroom. Carpenter herself admits to a long romance with furniture of clean classic design. "I've always wanted to see this combination of Santa Fe and early modern," explains Carpenter, "and I like the idea of using beat-up pieces so that nothing looks brand spanking new." Ergo the 1930s Bauhaus chrome dining room chairs with their original worn and curled leather, the voluptuous Le Corbusier armchairs that feel like narrow leather nests, and the foursquare French deco chairs with long upholstered seats, which make them comfortable without the bulk that Carpenter abhors. All of them beg to be stroked and sat in, a boon at Carpenter's frequent parties.

With its private wings and guest bungalow, the house gives Carpenter a stage on which to play gatherer and orchestrator of people. Dealers, collectors, artists, and friends stream through her domain, and her plans for the Read Street gallery compound seem bound to increase the traffic. Already there are adjacent living quarters for staff, later to be used by resident artists. Next door, a newly renovated building has just been leased to the Georgia O'Keefe Foundation, which administers work from the artist's estate. It is the sort of project that is second nature to Carpenter, who comes from a powerful Dallas clan of civic visionaries. Her father was the force behind the futuristic satellite city Las Colinas, and Laura was the *(Continued on page 163)*



David Ireland's *Three Attempts to Understand Van Gogh's Ear in Terms of the Map of Africa, above,* occupies one end of the sunroom, *opposite below. Below:* Photographs by Bernd and Hilla Becher in a corner of the living room. *Left:* At the gallery, Tony Cragg sculpture and a Joan Mitchell diptych. *Opposite above:* In the living room, a bunkhouse sofa, Fritz Hansen 1946 chairs, a Sigmar Polke painting, and a Clyde Connell sculpture.



Amid a landscape suffused with earthy pastels, Carpenter fav



Lamps from Leucos Lighting with hat-shaped beaded shades hover on either side of the master bedroom's c. 1920 rusted iron bed.

ained palette of black, whites, and grays



Charleston Neoclassica

The harmonious spaces of a 1799 house provide the ideal setting for Chester and Claire Kellogg's antiques

By Celia McGee

Photographs by Oberto Gili

Produced by Jacqueline Gonnet



In the drawing room a federal Grecian couch in a Stroheim & Romann stripe and a set of Louis XVI fauteuils in a Scalamandré lampas are placed around a Regency center table. Details see Resources.







ONE AFTERNOON DURing World War II a young naval officer from Kokomo, Indiana, stationed in New Orleans, walked into n art gallery and saw a portrait of a ocal beauty he decided he had to neet. Chester and Claire Kellogg ere married six months later. They ought their first piece of classical reval furniture, a Restauration méri-ienne, the next day. As they follow-d Chet's jobs in catalogue advertis-ng from Chicago to Milwaukee to ew York, they took their growing ollection with them.

"We kept all the same props," says laire. "They were just reincarnat-d. For me decorating is taking the ings you have and shuffling them ound until they're where they ease you. I wouldn't know how to an empty room." Pointing to the stnuptial settee, she says, "That's en through six or seven reuphol-ering jobs. It's been country, for-al, Victorian, depending on the pe of house we've lived in."

Now looking very Empire, it's und its home of homes, a three-ory federal house in Charleston, outh Carolina—*Prince of Tides* untry, where even the early nine-enth century synagogue is neoclas-al, the annual St. Cecilia Ball is so clusive it can't be mentioned in the wspaper, and the antebellum city-ape drives writers to extremes. Pat nroy: "The city of Charleston sim-ers in the cold elixirs of its own in-culable beauty."

In 1799 a wealthy Charleston mer-ant built the house for his spinster ughter, Miss Mary Smith, in the pe that it would attract suitors. It dn't. It made its way down through e centuries in a variety of occasion-y racy guises. The Kelloggs have ed there thirteen years, after five ars of restoration, planning, and coration. "We've concentrated on ssical revival styles in our furni-e—French, Italian, English, even me Biedermeier," says Chet. hey have a certain order and sim-plicity; their architectural lines fit well in this house." The Kelloggs also have a weakness for paintings of classical architecture: "Columns are hard to resist."

Known in Charleston as a "single house," the dwelling is just a single room deep to maximize the sultry breezes and to take up a minimum of space on a peninsula where land is at a premium. "It's really not very big," says Chet. "There are two rooms to a floor, so it only has six altogether." The kitchen, with the Kelloggs' residual folk art collection, is in a modern version of what is delicately called a dependency in the South, an attached outbuilding of the sort that once functioned as cookhouse, laundry room, or slave quarters.

Never at a loss for ways to save space, the Kelloggs have their sitting room double as the dining room. A Regency tilt-top breakfast table and chinoiserie chairs sit companionably catty-corner from a mahogany Restauration console table, the nine-lives méridienne, a pair of fauteuils en gondole with gilded dolphins for arms, and a mantelpiece lined with amber-colored Anglo-Irish glass. But most of their entertaining is done under the slowly moving fan on the piazza (Charlestonian for porch).



On either side of the Directoire secrétaire in the drawing room, *opposite*, Regency vitrine tables display miniature portraits and snuff and patch boxes. The Kelloggs have grouped 18th- and 19th-century English and Continental pictures. *Above:* The 1799 house. *Right:* Antique Chinese wallpaper lines the entrance hall where a bust of Lord Nelson crowns Regency shelves.



"In Charleston," says Claire, "everyone entertains outside. The bar gets set up on the porch and the buffet inside. It's a formula here, and we just follow it." The view is of Chet's formal garden where the large stone sphinx at one end is rumored to have the face of Madame de Pompadour.

The Kelloggs jokingly insist that, like the sphinx, their things have more stories than signatures. "We don't care about provenance," Claire says. Nor does she mind if something isn't in perfect condition. "There are styles I call flaky château." Nonetheless, some pieces came with stories *and* bloodlines. The signed Maigret console in the drawing room is said to have belonged to Napoleon's sister Pauline Borghese, who had much of her furniture sent to her when she joined the exiled emperor on Elba. The Kelloggs bought the English girandole over the mantel when they lived in Brooklyn Heights from a man who claimed to have been a Vanderbilt-family retainer. "Ooh, I wonder if it's hot," Claire says wide-eyed, several decades after the fact. The unusual double-curve American-made Grecian couch is from the Briars, the Natchez plantation where Jefferson Davis was married.

It contributes to the vague sense that the complexities of southern history come with this house. Flanking the drawing room mantel are portraits of a Creole planter and his wife, who probably emigrated from the Caribbean early in the nineteenth century. On the Regency center table in the "Empire bedroom" upstairs is a small-scale marble replica of a favorite abolitionist symbol, Hiram Powers's *Greek Slave.* The flowering vine on the front wall of the property is known as Confederate jasmine.

The couple have both good luck and a good eye. At a luncheon in Detroit a car mogul's widow told Claire she could have her pick of the lat husband's nine-room office suite o French neoclassical furniture at ap praisal value—the appraisal havin been done in 1923. Claire came awa with a Directoire bookcase. Al though a Long Island man with a English-looking circa 1800 secretar in his garage wouldn't come down i price, he let the Kelloggs pay for it o the installment plan. It turned out t be a relatively rare American piece "Let's say it was a nice surprise," say Claire. She suspected that a statuett billed as a *(Continued on page 162)*

The staircase, *opposite,* climbs past a 19th-century marble bather, an 18th-century portrait of a French officer, and a French terra-cotta putto of the same period. *Above:* Beyond the Regency tilt-top table in the sitting room, Empire fauteuils face a Restauration méridienne Anglo-Irish glass is arranged on the mantelpiece below an 18th-century Italian architectural painting. The gilt-wood pier glass is American, c. 1815.

The complexities of southern history seem to come with this hous



Claire Kellogg doesn't care about provenan



rfect condition. "There are styles I call flaky château"



To the left of the door in the country French bedroom, a painted provincial armoire is topped by 18th-century delft tobacco jars. At right, a French desk, c. 1825, holds Regency candelabra. The lyre-back chair is Louis XVI



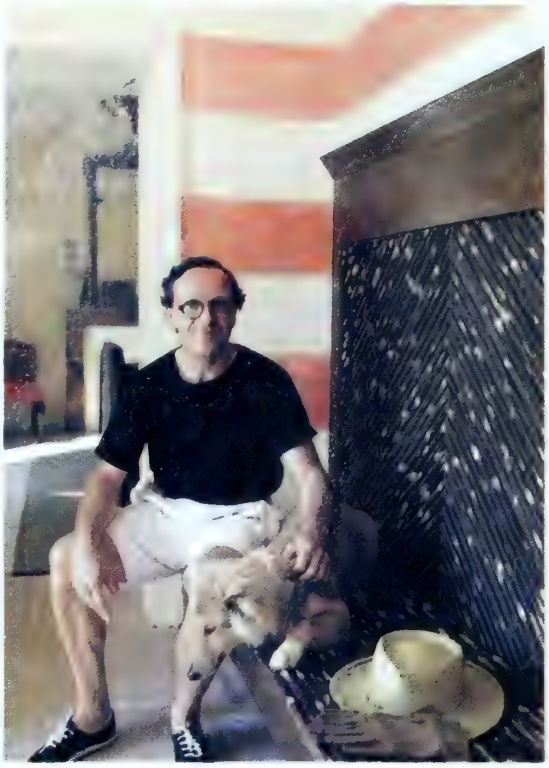
Once a hay barn, the living room of Liaigre's house in Touraine has a spare beauty that suits his designs, from the pale green armchairs and gray-tinted oak coffee table to the bronze picture hooks. *Opposite:* Oak stools recall Brancusi. Details see Resources.



Modernism *on the* Farm

AT HIS SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY COUNTRY HOUSE, FRENCH DESIGNER CHRISTIAN LIAIGRE BLENDS URBANE REFINEMENT WITH RUSTIC SIMPLICITY. BY MARCELLE CLEMENTS

Photographs by Jacques Dirand Produced by Françoise Labro



IT'S BECAUSE HE LOVES THE elegant eighteenth-century French version of the formal fox hunt, always performed with horns, hounds, and white cravats, that Parisian designer Christian Liaigre chose the Touraine countryside for his weekend retreat. Yet the house itself is a very simple structure, a squat seventeenth-century fortified farmhouse flanked by a small edifice used as guest quarters—not at all grand but rather solid, serene, and exquisitely integrated into its landscape. "I was seduced by the trees," says Liaigre. Inside, two oddly modern, even modernist, bedfellows reign: calm and whimsy. The noble, the humble, the natural- somehow it all goes together. Th combination of classicism, qualit sparseness, and fancy has come to h the signature of Paris's hippest pr ponent of what is in some circl called the new deco.

Christian Liaigre's is an introvert aesthetic. It would seem arduous austere if it weren't for his quirk ness, his taste for disposing objec and ideas in surprising alliances an juxtapositions. Here a classical Ita ian bust, there a mirror simply lea ing against a wall; here a carefu ly plotted and distinctly contemp rary sequence of doorways that pr vide a sight line from one end of th building to the other, there an ove sized old-fashione barn door. No, Lia gre says, these a not "quotes"—h dislikes the pos modern label, as h does all fashions- they are simply ge tures that create a "amalgamation."

There is a seen ingly magic cohe ence at the center this amalgamatio which is the way th distilled moder forms of much the furniture inte act with the class structure of the house. This year's ta bles and chairs coexist with the cen turies-old beams in uncann harmony. They don't seem like op posites playing off one another; o the contrary they demonstrate a lik ness that transcends time.

Most striking in these groupin are Liaigre's own designs: the f



The house is solid, serene, and perfectly integrated into its landscape. "I was seduced by the trees," says Liaigre

Liaigre, *top left*, with his collie, Ribaud, grew up in rural western France and returned there for much of the 1970s. "One might as well be breathing pure air," he says. *Opposite:* For outdoor dining on the ivy-roofed porch, Liaigre topped an antique base with a tinted oak top; the chairs are chestnut. *Above left:* A pair of Liaigre benches in front of the house. *Left:* Dried greenery hang from an antique mahogany key rack.





For the bathroom, Liaigre designed a stone tub and chromed-brass sink. *Above:* The fireplace in the sitting room includes a bread oven. *Opposite above:* The old stable has become a spacious kitchen with an antique Japanese cabinet. *Opposite below:* The gilded mirror over the mantel was in the house when Liaigre bought it. Curtain fabric from Manuel Canovas.

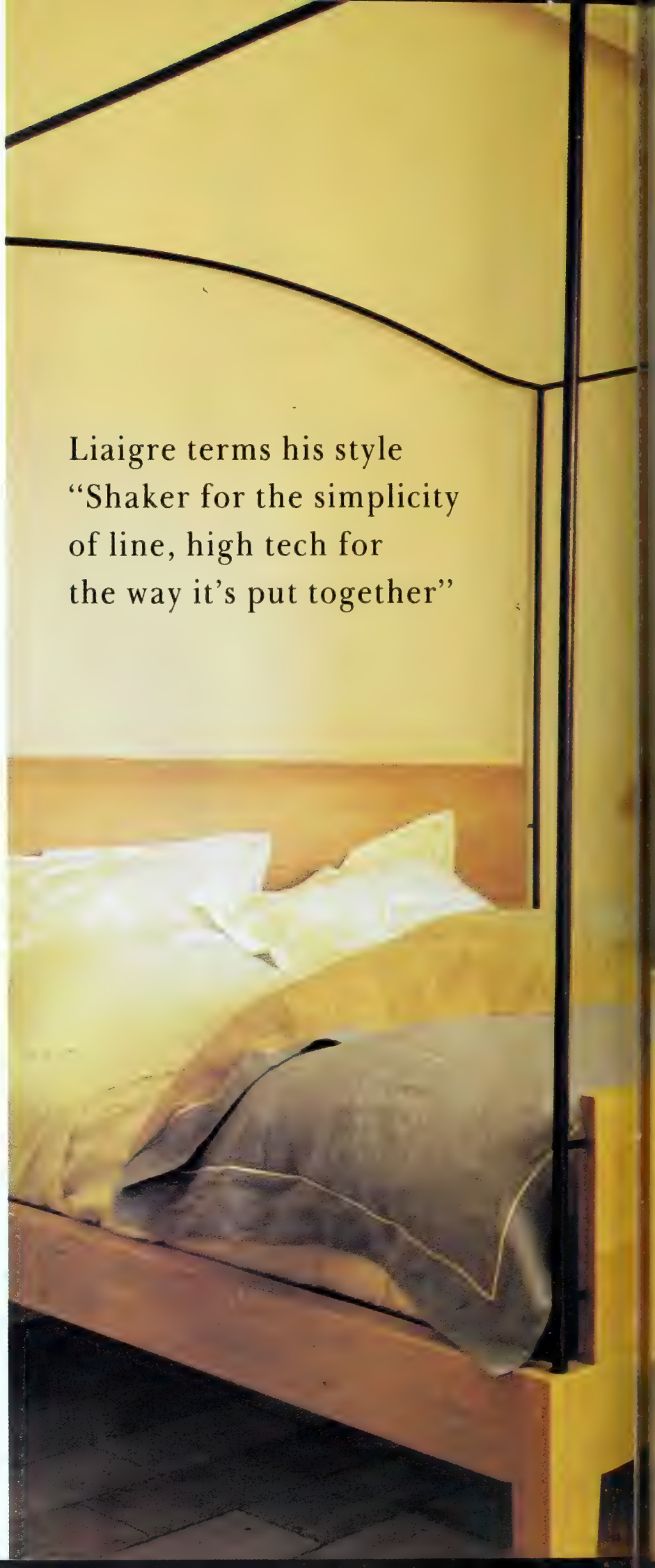


mous Brancusi-inspired stools, the sanded limewood daybed, and the benches, seats, and tables made of canelike chestnut. "To define my style for Americans," he says, "you could use the expressions 'Shaker' and 'high tech'—Shaker for the simplicity of the line, high tech for the modern way it's put together."

There is something about the spare poetry of these objects and this house that recalls Liaigre's childhood by the sea. He was born half a century ago in the department of Vendée, on the Bay of Biscay, the son of a veterinarian whom he often accompanied on his rounds. "We went by horse because the roads were so muddy," he recalls. At that time in Vendée impoverished rural people often lived in a single room with their animals. "We went directly from the Middle Ages into the modern," he says. Undoubtedly, it is his somewhat melancholy nostalgia for those days that provides him with his extraordinarily sensitive palette of colors and textures: stone, sand, very soft leather, faint pigments, and, most subtly treated of all, wood—often so delicate and pale that it must remind even the most inland-minded among us of how the years, the sun, the wind, and the sea smooth and buffet and batter and beautify.

Liaigre left for Paris at seventeen to become one of the youngest students at the École des Beaux-Arts, but a few years later, unable to conform to what he deemed to be the gross and excessive values of the 1970s, he settled in the small city of La Rochelle and began raising horses. "Rather than work for mediocre architects, one might as well be breathing pure air," he asserts.

Although he says he always knew he couldn't stick it out eternally in the sleepy *(Continued on page 158)*



A 1987 oil painting by Marjolaine Degremont and a canopy bed of sanded limewood and untreated waxed steel dominate the master bedroom. Near the window, breakfast is set out on a sanded limewood and stone table; the limewood chair, a 1984 design, has a seat of gold leather and arms inlaid with ebony.





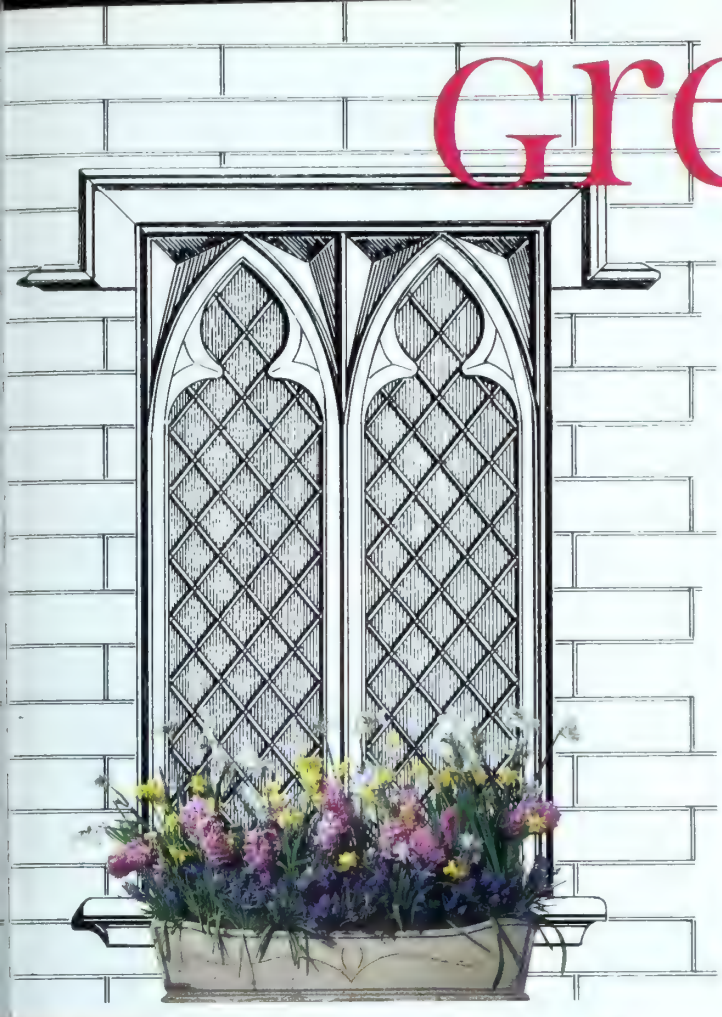
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RING BULBS Narcissus, jonquils, pe hyacinths, and hyacinths n Renny burst out of an antique lle. Details see Resources.



YOUNG EVERGREENS VSF mixed boxwood, juniper, and rosemary in a natural cedar box.

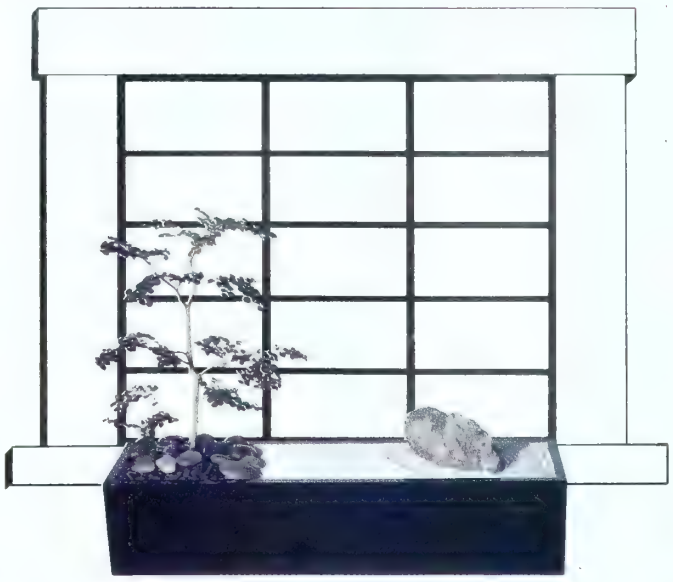


OPEN-AIR AQUARIUM Landscape designer Edwina vonGal's portable pond is home to water plants and an African albino frog.



KITCHEN GARDEN Pure Mädderlake planted lemon thyme, rosemary, basil, summer squash, and nasturtiums in a box made of compressed recycled materials.

great ideas



ZEN LANDSCAPE A black lacquer box sets off Salou's Japanese-inspired arrangement of sand, stones, and bonsai.



TOPIARY STANDARDS In a classic planter, Dorothy Wak anchors delicate myrtle topiaries with a base of sweet willia



SHADY FERNS Larkspur's combination of contrasting foliage in a brilliant red box is ideal for indirect sunlight.



DESERT BLOOMS Curtis Godwin's cactus and other succulents can brave an arid climate in a rustic box.



ROSE BORDER Michael George's miniature roses cascade over a metal planter from Treillage.

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Scottish Garden

(Continued from page 91) walk between the symmetrical squares of the potager where old trowels set in a line edge the path. Ann's cuttings and seedlings are tucked away in propagating beds behind the potager, to be discovered by the curious visitor. Everything in these beds is clearly labeled.

The last of the arches frames a view of the lawn and the central pond and fountain with its bronze sculpture by Gerald Ogilvie-Laing. Flanking the pond and embracing the lawn on three sides are the south-facing "hot" border and the north-facing "cool" border. Though small, the borders possess the complexity of a planned color scheme, and, no less important, they display remarkable expertise in layered planting. The spring bulbs appear first, then red oriental poppies open, and later orange tiger lilies. There are many hostas, aquilegias, digitalis, and *Viola* 'Irish Molly' (all through spring and summer violas of every color play a major role). Accents of gold come with *Physocarpus opulifolius* 'Luteus', *Lonicera nitida* 'Baggesen's Gold', meadowsweet, and *Anthemis tinctoria* 'E. C. Buxton'. *Arbutus unedo* and *Aralia elata* give height.

Close to a blue-leaved rhododendron set among the cooler-colored plantings, a tall cotoneaster with hebes and euphorbias help to create a background for dicentras, astrantia, *Geranium phaeum*, a dark purple *Campanula glomerata, Parahebe lyallii*, more hostas, and *Brunnera macrophylla* 'Hadspen Cream'. The eye-catcher is a large patch of the orchid *Dactylorhiza majalis*. Upon leaving the hot and cool borders, you step down once again to the lower level and into the old-fashioned herb garden where a giant boxwood topiary hen sculpted by Charlie roosts beside beds overflowing with fragrant rosemary, lavender, catmint, and white standard 'Iceberg' roses.

The Frasers have lived at Shepherd House for thirty-five years, but it only since 1985 that they have becor such dedicated gardeners. During th relatively short time they have creat a landscape worth seeing in every se son—even in winter when there a hosts of hellebores and ferns, berge ias planted for their dramatic leav and viburnums for scent. As you wa through the walled domain and ta with Ann and Charlie, you appreci their gardening relationship: s chooses soft shades and mingles the subtly, while he goes for strong vibra colors and boldly defined contou For both of them, what began as an a sorbing hobby is turning out to be a c laborative work of art. ♠

Sir Charles and Lady Fraser's garden may visited by appointment. For information w Shepherd House, Inveresk, Midlothian EH 7TH, Scotland. Shepherd House and th other private gardens in Inveresk will also open to the public June 21, 2:00–6:00 P. by arrangement with Scotland's Gard Scheme, 31 Castle Terrace, Edinburgh E 2EL; (31) 229-1870.

Haut Couturier

(Continued from page 100) red lacquer vitrine table that he designed contains sand and a touchingly sparse collection of shells and starfish.

How far this is from his grandmother's dictum "Happiness is something you leave to the poor." She would have been surprised to learn that one of her grandson's favorite books, bound in leather but now falling apart from having been read too often, is titled *The Spiritual House: First Lesson in Architecture.*

There beneath the pin-striped suit lies the heart of an idealist. "People have lost the spiritual experience of a chitecture," says Couturier. "Ever thing is made to flatter the animal si of the human being. Nothing is exa ing. But we should go beyond 'cocoo ing,' as they say now." He proffers t 1895 book. I read: "Every house builded by some man but he that bu all things is God." ♠

Modernism

(Continued from page 152) provincial port, his exile lasted ten years, "between the moon and the horses." For stimulation he taught a drawing class at the University of Poitiers and leafed through interior design magazines. (He later acknowledged the influence of American designers Billy Baldwin and John Dickinson.)

Eventually he started a small marine-outfitting business. Twelve years ago he was hired by Nobilis, a French design company that specialized in wallpaper and fabric, and he returned to Paris. When Nobilis decided to branch out into furniture, he designed several collections for the store but also worked on other pieces more in tune with his own tastes. In 1987, he went out on his own. It turned out to be a relatively short leap to his present prominence. His work has ranged from a meeting room at the Paris Senate to offices for Kenzo, armchairs for Lloyd's of London, a traveling desk for Louis Vuitton, and the redesign of Paris's Hotel Montalembert. He is about to design a museum in Japan, his first project as an architect.

Despite his success, Liaigre still has the somewhat resentful perspective of the outsider. This informs his work, which he views as "introspective rather than show-off." He draws an analogy with La Rochelle's eighteenth-century buildings: unlike those in Paris, "all the money wasn't put into the façade. In La Rochelle the houses are very simple, but the interior is rich and sometimes even baroque." The values of the pr vincial haute bourgeoisie, he poi out, were not those of Parisian "p formers, bankers, nouveaux rich who had to put on a show."

Christian Liaigre smiles somewh enigmatically. We are finishing tea a it occurs to me that his smile, like work, seems introspective rather th show-off. It is also slightly ironic. the disparity between the intimate c gin of his style and his current reno and high prices he says nothing. H in all things discreet. This house Touraine appears to be the culminat of many years of discretion, a "sa ple," he says, of his present aesthetic

And when his tastes evolve, will have to get another house? He smil "Yes," he says, "but I think I'll go b toward La Rochelle. I miss the sea."



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Resources

CONTENTS

Page 12 Pampas grass planting, by Paul Bott of Twigs, NYC (212) 369-4000; handwoven cornus branches with raffia on cedar window box, by D. K. Vanderbrook, Cleveland Heights (216) 371-0164

GARDENING

Pages 62, 66 Butterfly World, Coconut Creek (305) 977-4400. Xerces Society, Portland (503) 222-2788. Cecil B. Day Butterfly Center, Pine Mountain (404) 663-2281. *Butterfly Gardening*, by Xerces Society (Sierra Club Books), $18.95; *The Butterfly Book*, by Donald and Lillian Stokes and Ernest Williams (Little, Brown), $10.95; *The Butterfly Garden*, by Jerry Sedenko (Villard Books), $25.

STRIPPED DOWN AT THE BEACH

Pages 78–85 Architecture, by Arthur Erickson, Francisco Kripacz, and Paul Murdoch of Arthur Erickson Architects, 1672 West First Ave., Vancouver V6J 1G1, B.C.; (604) 737-9801. Decoration, by Barbara Barry with project assistant Kerry Joyce of Barbara Barry, 9526 Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90035; (310) 276-9977. **80–81** Saratoga Sectional sofas: armless section (#1801), corner section (#1831), to the trade at Donghia Furniture & Textiles, for showrooms (800) 366-4442. Webbing chairs, part of Vicente Wolf Classic Collection for Niedermaier, to the trade at Mirak, Los Angeles, for other Niedermaier dealers (312) 528-8123. Sycamore coffee table, lacquered linen/maple table, by Barbara Barry, to order from Barbara Barry (see above). Masai sisal carpet, to the trade at Decorative Carpets, Los Angeles (310) 657-8840. Cartoccio glass vase on coffee table, by Fontana Arte, at Diva, Los Angeles (310) 278-3191, for other Fontana Arte dealers (212) 477-3188. **82** Model 550 refrigerator, with customized stainless-steel panels, by Sub-Zero, for dealers (800) 222-7820. Selected stainless-steel appliances, by Gaggenau, for dealers (617) 255-1766. Custom stainless-steel cabinets and counters, by Arthur Erickson Architects, to order from Arthur Erickson Architects (see above). Embossed stainless-steel door, by Armstrong Forms & Surfaces, for dealers (805) 969-7721. **83** Custom limestone/steel table, by Arthur Erickson, to order from Arthur Erickson Architects (see above). Toledo aluminum chairs, by Jorge Pensi, to the trade at KnollStudio, division of Knoll Group, for showrooms (800) 223-1354. Quantum patio furniture, by Richard Frinier for Brown Jordan, to order at Berk's, Los Angeles, for other Brown Jordan dealers (501) 523-4336. **84** English cotton bed linens, by Peter Reed, at Golden Goose, Mendocino (707) 937-4655. Sycamore desk chair, by Barbara Barry, to order from Barbara Barry (see above). Sutton easy chair (#4541) and ottoman (#4500), both in Donghia cotton chenille, to the trade at Donghia Furniture (see above). **85** Custom stainless-steel vanity, limestone tub, glass shower, by Arthur Erickson Architects, to order from Arthur Erickson Architects (see above).

HAUT COUTURIER

Pages 94–101 Decoration, by Robert Couturier, 57 East 73 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 517-7676. Upholstery, by Upholstery Unlimited, NYC (212) 924-1230. Selected antiques, through Alexander di Carcaci, London (71) 351-0931. **94** Charme viscose/silk taffeta (#98217) for curtain, to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 980-3888. **95** Chandelier, by R. W. Russell, similar to order from Stubbs Books & Prints, NYC (212) 772-3120. **96–97** Banquette, club chairs, to order from Robert Couturier (see above). Raphael Damask silk on banquette and pillows, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878. **98** Bed and bed pillows, to order from Robert Couturier (see above). Nassau Cotton Velvet for footboard, to the trade at Hinson & Co., for showrooms (212) 475-4100. Bedspread, at Dampierre & Co., NYC (212) 966-5474. Decatur silk taffeta (#99004) for curtains, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above). **99** Sofa, to order from Robert Couturier (see above). Grimani cotton on sofa, by JAB Collection, to the trade at Stroheim & Romann, for showrooms (718) 706-7000. Mahogany/silk screen, to order from Robert Couturier (see above). Secretary, similar at Niall Smith Antiques, NYC (212) 255-0660. Valenti Stripe silk for curtains, to the trade at Kirk-Brummel, for showrooms (212) 477-8590. Spanish Empire chair, late 1880s English rug, similar at Juan Portela Antiques, NYC (212) 650-0085. Damas Charles X cotton/silk on chair, to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890. **100** Octagonal table with antique mirror top, dining chairs, iron/wood console table, mirrored screen, caned sofa, to order from Robert Couturier (see above). Candelabra, by R. W. Russell, similar to order from Stubbs (see above). Rayon taffeta for curtain, to the trade at Old World Weavers, for showrooms (212) 355-7186. Velours Uni silk velvet on chairs, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Applause cotton velvet on sofa, to the trade at Gretchen Bellinger, for showrooms (518) 235-2828. Lenore Faille Taffetas acetate on sofa, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). 1930s Venetian glass/mirror sconces, similar at Juan Portela (see above). Upholstered daybed with bolster and pillows, to order from Robert Couturier (see above). Viscose/silk (#1859) on daybed, to the trade at Christopher Hyland, for showrooms (212) 688-6121. Electrified Indian-style bedside table with rice paper insets, straw marquetry writing table, mirrored screen, curtains, to order from Robert Couturier (see above). **101** Chairs, Midnight Sky wool carpet, table lamps, to order from Robert Couturier (see above).

FLORIDA FUN HOUSE

Pages 102–07 Design, by William Diamond Design, 870 Lafayette St., Suite 1510, New York, NY 10012; (212) 966-8892. Project architect, Robert Tuthill of Tuthill & Vick Architecture, 1330 Southeast Fourth Ave., Suite F, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33316; (305) 527-0007. Contracting, by R. S. Torgerson & Assocs., General Contractors, 10681 Boca Entrada Blvd., Boca Raton, FL 33428; (407) 483-9155. **102–03** One-of-a-kind hand-painted screens, from Tom Slaughter, NYC (212) 226-7036. Martinique cotton (#7800-32) for trim on pillows, sofa, chairs, to the trade at Donghia Textiles, for showrooms (800) 366-4442. Sailcloth (#T7348) (without quilting) on furniture, to the trade at Decorators Walk, for showrooms (516) 249-3100. Tahiti wool (#140/50) (without quilting) on wood chairs, to the trade at Unika Vaev USA, for showrooms (914) 365-2500. Custom handwoven wool carpet, designed by William Diamond Design, to order from Allegro Rug Weaving Co., for dealers (800) 783-1784. Custom lacquered-wood coffee table, designed by William Diamond Design, similar to the trade to order at Ron Seff, for showrooms (212) 935-0970. **104** Yacht, similar at Gargoyles, NYC (212) 255-0135, Philadelphia (215) 629-1700. Ibiza chaise longues by pool (custom cushions not included), from Triconfort, for dealers (212) 685-7035. **105** Custom rattan furniture, designed by William Diamond Design, similar to the trade to order from Bielecky Brothers, for information (212) 753-2355. Martinique cotton (#7800-32, #7800-20) (two colors) on furniture and for trim, to the trade at Donghia Textiles (see above). Custom Woven West wool carpet, to the trade at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000. Ladder, from Putnam, NYC (212) 226-5147. **106** Antique upholstered bench, similar at French Antique Shop, New Orleans (504) 524-9861. Newport Stripe cotton on bench, from Clifford Stephens, to the trade at Ian Crawford, NYC, for other Clifford Stephens showrooms (213) 653-0101. Chesterfield sofa, to custom order at George Smith Sofas & Chairs, NYC (212) 226-4747. Tick Tick cotton (#P36663) on sofa, to the trade at Decorators Walk (see above). Matelassé Croisillon cotton (#3548) on club chair, at Pierre Deux, for information (800) 874-3773. Custom braided wool carpet, designed by William Diamond Design, custom hand-crocheted bed coverlet, fabricated by Lucia Karge for Art Underfoot, to order from Art Underfoot, Dept. 0807-0592, 12 Godfrey Rd., Upper Montclair, NJ 07043; (201) 744-4171. Vase of flowers framed wallpaper cutout from 1829 design, to the trade at Zuber et Cie, for showrooms (212) 486-9226. Framing, by Lowy, NYC (212) 861-8585. Custom swing-arm sconces in bedrooms, to the trade at Ann-Morris Antiques, NYC (212) 755-3308. Matte glazed ceramic 6" tiles in sterling silver and snow mist, from American Olean Tile Co., for dealers (215) 855-1111. Terry cloth heart towels (#5255J), from D. Porthault & Co., for stores (212) 688-1660. **107** Custom-color Malmaison Stripe wallpaper, to the trade at Christopher Hyland, for showrooms (212) 688-6121. Victorian chair, similar at Newel Art Galleries, NYC (212) 758-1970. Terry cloth towels: multicolored (#5685B), clover (#5647C), from Porthault (see above). Wall plaque (#450), to order at Architectural Sculpture, NYC (212) 431-5873.

TEN DAYS IN MOSCOW

Pages 108–15 Decoration, by Mathieu & Ray, 1 rue de Mule Noire, 13100 Aix-en-Provence; (42) 26-58-20, fax (42) 26-86-58. **111** Chairs, antler-shaped hooks, Branch forged-iron hanging lamp, Aix Check linen throw, to order from Mathieu & Ray (see above). **112** Vague linen curtains, silver bed to order from Mathieu & Ray (see above). Glass tumblers, at Baccarat, for stores (212) 826-4100. **113** Chrome Ara desk lamp, by Philippe Starck for Flos, for stores (516) 549-2745. **114–15** Lucrèce coated wallpaper, by Mathieu & Ray, to the trade at Donghia Textiles, for showrooms (800) 366-4442. Vague linen bedspread with wool appliqué, to order from Mathieu & Ray (see above). Calida parchment/chrome lamps, by Pete Sans, at Espace Lumière, Paris (1) 42-77-47-71.

DRAWN TO THE SEA

Page 116 Polka-dot twill bustier (#6230A), by Lou is Dell'Olio for Anne Klein Collection Summer 199 at Anne Klein Boutique, Manhasset (516) 36 9343. **118–23** Carpentry, by Copper Lantern, O Greenwich (203) 637-3553. **120** Victorian scallop edged tilt-top table, similar at Challiss House, Sa Francisco (415) 863-1566. Round tilt-top tabl similar at Mill House Antiques, Woodbury (20 263-3446. Victorian wood/papier-mâché tabl similar at Nininger & Co., Woodbury (203) 26 4661. Brittany handmade needlepoint wool rug, S. Chapell, NYC (212) 744-7872. Giovanna Prin mosaic drawnwork hand-embroidered linen f curtains and chairs, by Paper White, for stor send a SASE to Paper White, Box 956, Fairfax, C 94978. George III wing chair, tripod table, similar Hyde Park Antiques, NYC (212) 477-0033. **12** 16th- through 18th-century pillows, similar at Ker shire Gallery, NYC (212) 673-6644. Vitrimont Ve dure cotton/viscose rayon tapestry on banquett to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showroom (212) 838-7878. English tortoiseshell/wood t caddies on shelves, similar at Sallea Antique New Canaan (203) 972-1050. Crystal candl sticks, at Baccarat, NYC (212) 826-4100. Engli silver biscuit tin, c. 1870, similar at S. Wyler, N (212) 879-9848. **122–23** Lim Menggala Indon sian cotton batik for sofa pillows, Bahoon Roya cotton (#330-20) for sofa cushions, to the trade China Seas, for showrooms (212) 752-5555.

ARTFUL ADOBE

Pages 130–37 Laura Carpenter Fine Art, 3 Read St., Santa Fe, NM 87501; (505) 986-90 Gallery restoration and expansion, by Phillips/F burn Assocs., 3800 Main St., Suite B, Dallas 75226; (214) 826-3067. **130** No. 3 granite triang lar tables with steel base on casters, by Rei Kaw kubo, to order at Comme des Garçons, NYC (21 219-0660. **132** Le Corbusier lounge chairs (#L 2), to the trade at Atelier International, for sho rooms (718) 392-0300. **133** Custom #1 rolling l der and hardware, to order from Putnam Roll Ladder Company, NYC (212) 226-5147. **134** Sa sar table lamp with gold glass-beaded shade, fr Leucos Lighting, for dealers (800) 832-3360. **13 37** Sarasar floor lamps with opaline glass-bead shades, from Leucos (see above).

CHARLESTON NEOCLASSICAL

Pages 138–45 Selected antiques, similar at Per

tiques, 194 King St., Charleston, SC 29401; 03) 723-2724. **138–39** Bentley cotton/rayon moi- stripe (#46954) on couch, side armchairs, arm- air backs, to the trade at Stroheim & Romann, for owrooms (718) 706-7000. Custom-color Valeria n cotton/silk lampas (#97075) on armchairs, to e trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 0-3888. **142** Custom-color Valeria Medallion tton/silk lampas (#97076) on armchairs, to the de at Scalamandré (see above)

ODERNISM ON THE FARM

ges 146–53 Decoration, by Christian Liaigre of ristian Liaigre, 122 rue de Grenelle, 75007 Paris; 45-56-16-42. **146** Canvas-slipcovered chairs, ffee table, picture hooks, oak sofa at left, leather oman at right, chestnut chairs, oak/ebony desk, ificial wood frames above desk, to order at ristian Liaigre Showroom, 61 rue de Varenne, 007 Paris; (1) 47-53-78-76. Custom-color round ramic ashtray, by David Hicks, to order at David cks France, Paris (1) 43-26-00-67. **147** Nagato ols, oak table, Nagato stool model, footed pedestal, to order at Christian Liaigre Showroom (see above). Steel/recycled-paper lamp, by Christian Liaigre, at Mirak, for dealers (713) 784-1400. Wood frames, to order from Eric Lagarde, Paris (1) 42-22-44-18. **148** High-back chestnut bench, curved-back iroko benches, to order at Christian Liaigre Showroom (see above). **149** Glass globe lights, by David Hicks, at David Hicks France (see above) **150** Linen-covered sofa and chair, oak/linen coffee table, chestnut side table by fireplace, sycamore/ebony chair by tub, to order at Christian Liaigre Showroom (see above). **151** Iroko/sycamore table in kitchen, to order at Christian Liaigre Showroom (see above). Custom flax on top of armoire, to order from Christian Tortu, Paris (1) 43-26-02-56. Michelle viscose/cotton stripe for curtains, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, for showrooms (212) 486-9230. Scarborough cotton damask on bed, at Lauer, Paris (1) 42-60-61-16. Upholstered bench, to order at Christian Liaigre Showroom (see above). **152–53** Bed, table, chair, to order at Christian Liaigre Showroom (see above).

GREAT IDEAS

Page 155 Bulb arrangement, by Renny, NYC (212) 288-7000. Evergreen planting, by VSF, NYC (212) 206-7236; cedar window box, $5–$10, by Howard Abbott of Abbott's Sawmill, Hammonton (609) 561-0303. Aquarium planting, by Edwina vonGal & Co., Landscape Design, Long Island City (718) 706-6007 by appt. Herb and vegetable planting, by Pure Mädderlake, NYC (212) 941-7770; compressed-plastic window box, $50, by Chris Peterson of CAUI, Southampton (516) 369-1953. **156** Zen landscape, by Salou, NYC (212) 595-9604. Topiary arrangement, by Dorothy Wako for Beautiful Flowers, NYC (212) 686-5569 by appt. Fern planting, by Larkspur, NYC (212) 727-0587. Cactus arrangement, by Curtis Godwin, NYC (212) 279-6702; weather-resistant cedar window box, $30, by Mrs. McGregor's Garden Shop, Arlington (703) 528-8773. Miniature rose planting, by Michael George, NYC (212) 751-0689; cast-iron window box, $600, from Treillage, NYC (212) 535-2288.

ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE



Heir's Own Legacy

(Continued from page 127) he had bought a few years back—burned up, shortly before the sale, in a fire at a London warehouse.

Billy's extravagance expressed itself in clothes as well as furniture. I will never forget his arrival at my house in the country one bitter winter's day, fitted out—all six foot four of him—like a boyar, in a sable-lined overcoat down to the ground and a towering sable hat that dwarfed his companions. Billy even managed to turn the vestiges of his terminal operations to advantage. Instead of hiding his scarred face in shame, he flaunted it like the badge of courage it was by tying his head in piratical bandannas. (A dislike of passir unperceived was yet another lega from his adoptive father.) Trust Bil to go out in style, planning parties- not the least of them a lavish funer with a full-scale performance of M zart's *Requiem* in his local church fc lowed by a sumptuous reception—u to the very end of his feckless, reckles but by no means friendless life. ♠

Ten Days in Moscow

(Continued from page 113) excruciating aesthetic deliberations to be made, no creative flights of fancy to be charted, no exquisite little fetishistic details to be worked out. Ironically, they found it liberating not to labor over styles, finishes, fabrics, patterns, furniture, and carpets in a city where there are no available styles, finishes, fabrics, patterns, furniture, and carpets to be labored over. In Moscow, as Brochet says, "there is no way to buy furniture. Antiques stores do not exist, and the furniture stores that aren't empty offer awful new pieces that you might eventually buy if you queue all night—not recommended in winter."

Life, at least in terms of shopping, is that clear-cut. "There are no 'in the meantime' choices," explains Ray. "There is no waiting until that special piece catches your eye. We couldn't worry if in searching for bookshelves, for example, those bookshelves might be well proportioned or well finished. There were no such questions of aesthetic or theoretic desires to be addressed simply because there were no bookshelves to be found in Moscow—not new, not antique, certainly not custom-made. Nothing." In such instances, and there were many, Mathieu and Ray showed themselves to be masters of the ad hoc. They worked with what they found, which, in the case of the bookshelves, was a set of chairs with seats that serve quite comfortably for stacked books. Which, in the case of bedside tables, was a pair of artist's easels. Which, in the case of door handles, was leather luggage straps.

Although it's true that the aesthetic foundation of Brochet's apartment came packed in crates Mathieu and Ray sent from France, the contents of those crates—a few rolls of wallpaper, a few bolts of fabric, a few lighting fixtures, a few cast-aluminum curtain hooks, a few steel chairs—constituted little more than an armature for th four rooms. Only by scouring th streets and shops and auctions of Mo cow with Aniouchka's guidance and this-will-do-fine open-mindedness d Mathieu and Ray accomplish what th went to Moscow to accomplish. Whi was to do in ten days what they wou normally do in a year.

And if the results are a little rough around the edges than admirers Mathieu and Ray have come to expe they do not lack in either the imagin tion or ingenuity that are the hallmar of their work. Nor, despite the in posed haste, do Brochet's rooms la the decorators' dreamy figurative w paintings. One especially evocati frieze adorns the young publisher's o fice. Mathieu and Ray painted the ro of stylized swimmers after an afte noon dip in the Moscow public po Or so they say. For my money, the tr source of inspiration lies a bit farth from Red Square, under the pla Vendôme at the Ritz Hotel. ♠

Charleston House

(Continued from page 142) Victorian garden ornament at New York's 26th Street flea market was an ancient Greek votive figure. It's now part of her small antiquities collection.

The Kelloggs buy wherever they go: the Marché aux Puces, "Egypt, to look at pyramids, Mexico—to look at pyramids." But nothing, when it's that far away, "that we can't take on the plane." They used to haunt the auction houses "back before they got so dressy and started doing research" and when the phrase "Everything has to go" from heirloom-phobic decorators resulted in staggering house sales.

In Charleston they limit themselves to a 250-mile radius—Asheville, Savannah, Myrtle Beach. "The big event of our month is the flea market across the street at Gaillard Auditorium," says Claire. A flea market Regency chair—whether English or American is still up for grabs—with an uncommon quiver-and-bow back stands patiently on the stair landing, waiting for the Kelloggs to decide where to put it. In Claire's "country French" bedroom? On the zebra-pattern rug in the library? Against a salmon-colored wall in the guest room or the eighteenth-century Chinese wallpaper in the entrance hall? Is there room at all? To take care of overflow, the Kelloggs opened an antiques shop five years ago—Period Antiques is also a "good excuse for buying things I like," Claire says.

When the Kelloggs do inventor though, they can't include the tin ro that came with their house. That, ar several feet of brickwork, blew off du ing Hurricane Hugo. Water poure down through all three floors. Th were able to repair most of the damag "We never did find the roof," sa Claire. "Maybe," she says, "we shou just move to Santa Fe." Then she loo at her furniture (so *wrong* for the d sert), at camellias floating in the Fren ormolu bowl on the Regency breakfa table. They'd miss the Spoleto Festiv and the latest talk about who's flocki to Charleston for the architecture a the weather. "South Carolina has changed much at all," says *The Prince Tides*'s Tom Wingo. "It's still the go damn cultural center of the world."

lorida Fun House

ntinued from page 106) one decorat- with a moon, the other with a star; yond their rustling contents you ght well find a lion and a witch. The ster bedroom, meanwhile, has an ult quality of carefree romance.

Diamond and Baratta replaced all windows with sliding glass doors so t you can go outside from any room. ey kept the glazing in scale with the use; the rooms have splendid views, t you know when you are inside and en you are outside. Set in a commu- y that was artificial in its conception d realization, the house plays with artifice. Antiques are covered in modern fabrics, while new pieces refer to the past. The designers created furniture for the family room which recalls boat furnishings of the 1920s, but they also installed a brass sink in an enormous cupboard from a Victorian pantry, had it painted white, and filled its shelves with the owner's collection of Fiesta ware. Tall things are short, short things are tall; the house has an air of caprice about it.

The owners are warm, curious, and full of the joy of life. They are also people of substance—there is nothing trivial or foolish about their exuberance. Diamond and Baratta have interpreted them well because the house, for all its whimsy, is full of thought. There is a reason for everything. The house functions for a middle-aged couple watching TV together, for a visit from the grandchildren, for a little party for neighbors, and for a splashy dinner for twenty. It's a good house for the good life that is lived in it.

At one point the designers painted the exterior in the same primary colors they used to such splendid effect inside. When neighbors complained, the owners agreed to return to quieter tones. "You have to understand," the owner said, "I'm living in a very beige community here." And she shrugged in the nonchalant way that a rainbow might shrug off a sky full of clouds. ▲

rtful Adobe

ntinued from page 135) original pio- er who prodded Dallas's underuti- d warehouse district, Deep Ellum, o new life as an arts-driven neigh- rhood of galleries, clubs, restau- nts, and lofts.

Surveying Carpenter's budding universe on Read Street, it is easy to imagine the Carpenter family imperative at work. The surrounding Guadalupe neighborhood, an offbeat locally oriented place, seems ripe for something to happen. Carpenter may have depressurized in moving to Santa Fe—"I'm not trying to change the world anymore and make everybody see the way I see," says the woman who seems gratified that in her new gallery she can put on shows of two solitary paintings if she chooses. But Guadalupe may never be the same, because Carpenter still sounds like, well, a Carpenter. "I'm happiest," she says, "when I'm building something." ▲

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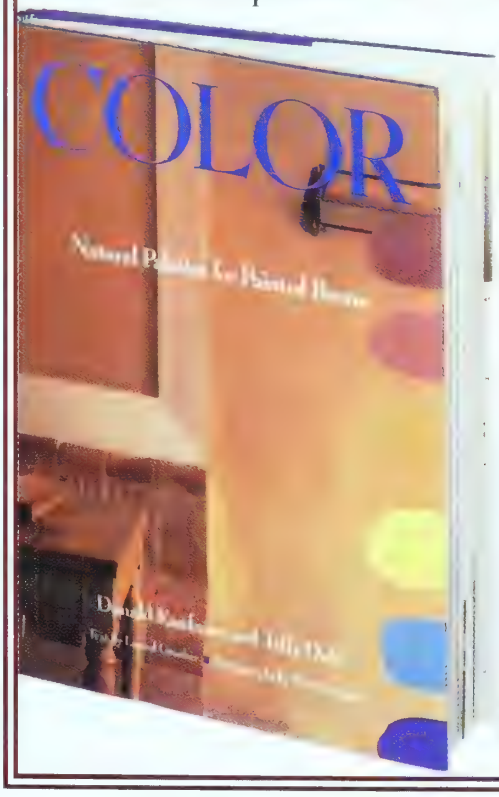
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Master colorists reveal their secrets for capturing the warmth of nature's colors.

DONALD KAUFMAN AND TAFFY DAHL, profiled recently in *HG*, show you how to create 26 luminous palettes for the walls of your home, inspired by nature's shimmering hues and the changing play of light and shadow. The authors share their mixing techniques, recipes and secrets so you can add fresh color and nuance to every living space —from farmhouse to penthouse.



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Gandee

Can you program your VCR? Don't feel bad. Neither can Dr. Fechtner

Opening a door with a baby in one arm and a bag of groceries in the other is easier if the door handle is a lever rather than a knob. Similarly, getting your tennis shoes on when you're in a hurry—or when you're a child or when you're a grown-up with arthritis—is easier if your tennis shoes have Velcro closures rather than laces. You might also like to know that you stand a better chance of inserting side one of your tape of Tina Turner's greatest hits in your car cassette player without running off the road if you've taped Tina on a Maxell brand cassette because Maxell brand cassettes feature a kind of braille-for-beginners code: one raised dot on side one, two raised dots on side two. A detail that comes in handy even if you happen not to drive a car—even if you happen, say, to be blind and like to listen to Tina Turner's greatest hits at home.

These helpful hints come courtesy of Daniel Fechtner, a thirty-one-year-old physiatrist (as specialists in rehabilitation medicine are called) who invited me up to his office at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center in Manhattan to talk about what he and fellow advocates call "universal design," a generic term that encompasses everything from architecture and graphics to furniture and household products. "The environment that most people live and work in is very unfriendly to anyone with any type of physical limitation," began the young doctor, who bears an uncanny resemblance to the child that George Washington and Whistler's mother never had. He then reeled off a long list of hostile elements in everyday life—from the I-defy-you-to-read-this tiny, no-contrast typeface on stereo equipment to the Cocoa Krispies seven feet up in the supermarket stratosphere.



Daniel Fechtner raises design consciousness.

"Design or designed objects can either put up a barrier or take one down"

"Universal design argues that as many people as possible should be able to use a building or product, if not in an equal way, at least in an equivalent way," explained Fechtner, adding that "as many people as possible" includes as many as possible of the somewhere between 37 and 43 million Americans known as PWDs, or people with disabilities. "Someone who can do everything he or she wants to do doesn't have a disability," he clarified. "And that really is a key concept: design or designed objects can either put up a barrier or take one down."

The potential power of design as a democratic t rather than an elitist exercise in aesthetics explains wh after finishing his residency in 1988, Fechtner enroll in industrial design classes at Pratt Institute, where now serves as a consultant and sometime instruct "What I'm suggesting—and what I try to teach the st dents at Pratt—is that designers are not just designi for themselves. They are designing for a wide range end-users. Accessibility should be designed in from t outset because everyone has some type of limited phy cal ability at some time in their life."

Traditionally, noted Fechtner with a hint of prid "there has been no dialogue between medicine and i dustrial design. And much of my job as a physiatrist is c vising environments that enable people to do more da to-day things. It's an ad hoc approach, which isn't ve cost-efficient. It would be more cost-ef cient if designers designed with a more r alistic view of the end-user. It would be much better if you cou just go to Sears or Kma and buy kitchenwa that is easy to hold, ea to use. It's not just abo wheelchairs," he co tinued, "it's about fu niture. How does pregnant woman get o of a low deep chair w no arms? How do yo grandparents do it? about easy-to-turn- computers; it's abo easy-to-open windo it's about little things th make a big differenc For example? "If you trying to wash your f in the shower, you sta a better chance of doi a better job without falling if there's a bench. This appl if you happen to be thirty-one, like me, or eighty-one.

And then Dr. Fechtner hit upon a subject close to heart: "Take a look at VCR programming. It's not t fault of millions of Americans that they're unable to cord *Matlock* reruns. It's the fault of the designers a the engineers. They screwed up. Why not design a V that a two-year-old can operate? It would be simple a safe." On a more positive note, Fechtner pointed out t Optonica offers a VCR with a voice synthesizer that "ta you through programming." I asked if Fechtner likes ta ing machines—talking cars, talking automatic tellers, ta ing appliances. "No, I don't," he said. "But if I couldn't s I think I would like them a lot."

Charles Gan

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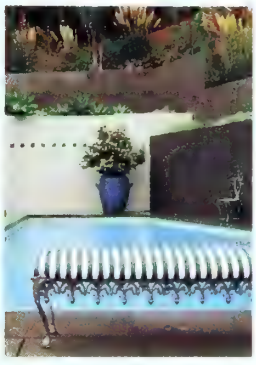
Sir Walter Scott's descendants at Abbotsford manor, left. Page 136. Right: An airy sophisticated New York living room. Page 130.



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A meadow path leads to an Iowa farmhouse garden. Page 122.





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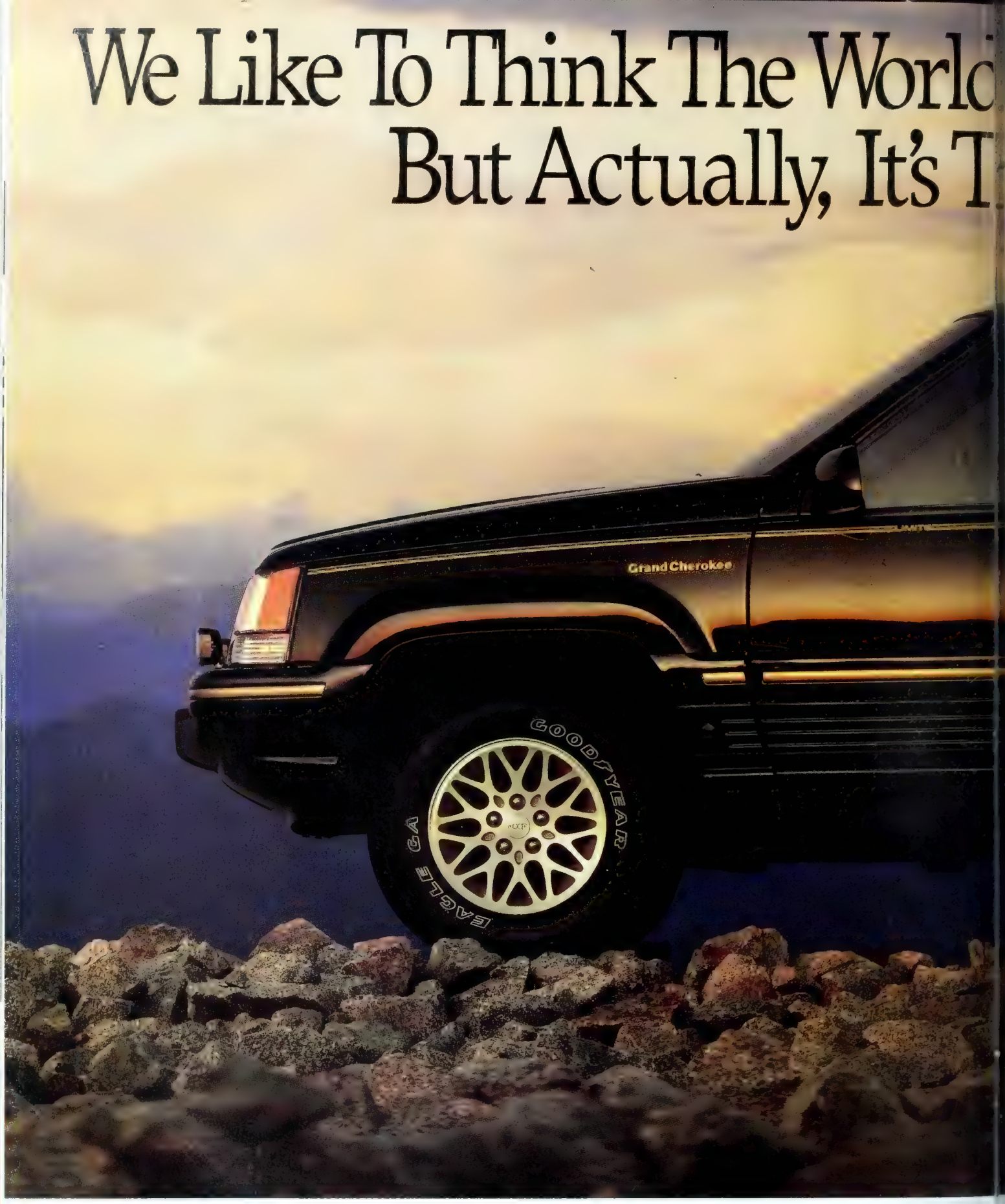
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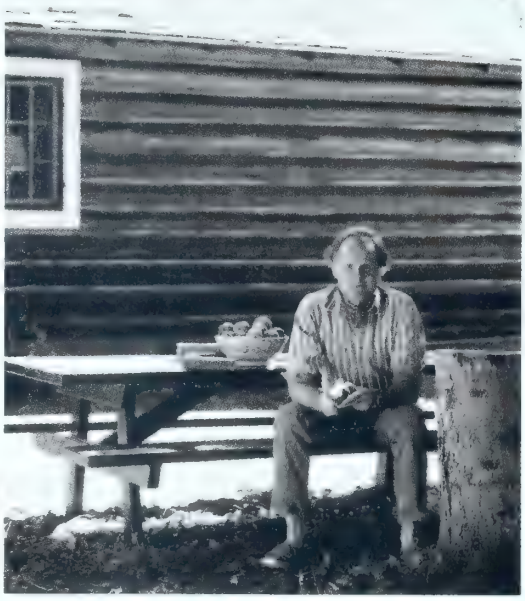
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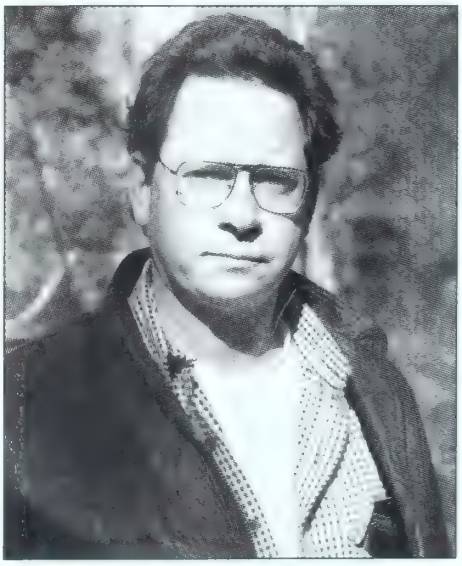
THIBAULT JEANSON

John Heminway, a filmmaker and the author of three nonfiction books about Africa, hosts and produces the PBS series *Travels*. He previously wrote, produced, and directed parts of the series *The Brain* and won an Emmy for writing its sequel, *The Mind*. For HG, Heminway reflects on his family's working ranch and fishing camp in Montana, a state, he says, where the word "neighbor" is used as a verb.



STEPHEN MORTENSEN

Jane Smiley visits the Iowa farm of two artists and describes an exp- sive garden that takes its cues from the local landscape. The author of s- en books, including the novel *A Thousand Acres* for which she won the 19 Pulitzer Prize for fiction, Smiley lives with her husband in a "prairie cu in Ames, Iowa, where they tend several flowerbeds, an orchard, a "enough herbs and vegetables to stock the kitchen."



ROBERT MASON

Padgett Powell explores Georgia's little-known Cumberland Island, "a spot unspoiled," he says, "by golf courses and shopping malls." Powell's first novel, *Edisto*, was set in the Carolina low country; his latest work, *Typical*, is a collection of short stories. He lives in Gainesville, Florida, where he is currently relocating both his 1920s house and his bamboo garden to a wooded site three and a half miles down the road.

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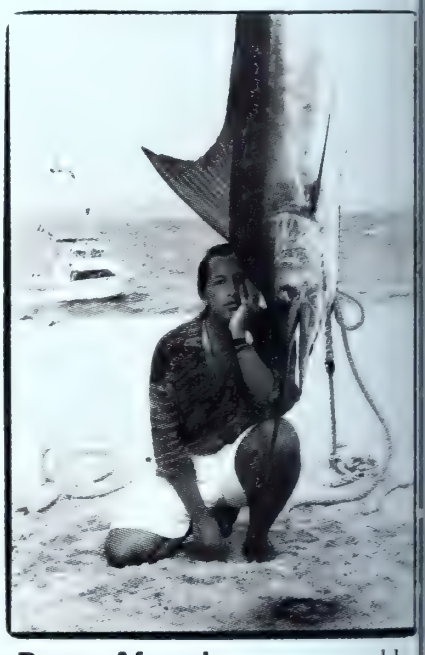
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Contributors Note



Isabella Rossellini writes about the New York loft she shares with her daughter and their extended family of dogs, a cat, and a newly arrived ferret. Rossellini grew up in Paris and Rome and was a TV reporter before becoming an actress and a model. She has appeared in eleven movies, including *Blue Velvet, Wild at Heart,* and *Cousins.* Her latest, *Death Becomes Her,* will be out this summer.



Ruven Afanador captures cable TV style diva Lauren Ezersky in her Manhattan penthouse. The Colombian-born photographer moved to New York in 1989 and has since contributed to HG, *Vanity Fair,* and many other magazines. His first exhibition opens this month at Bogotá's Museum of Modern Art. He's also at work on a book about a man in the Amazon jungle—"a modern-day Tarzan."


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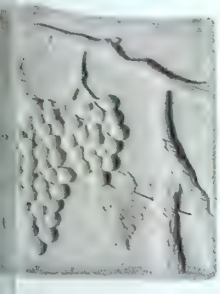
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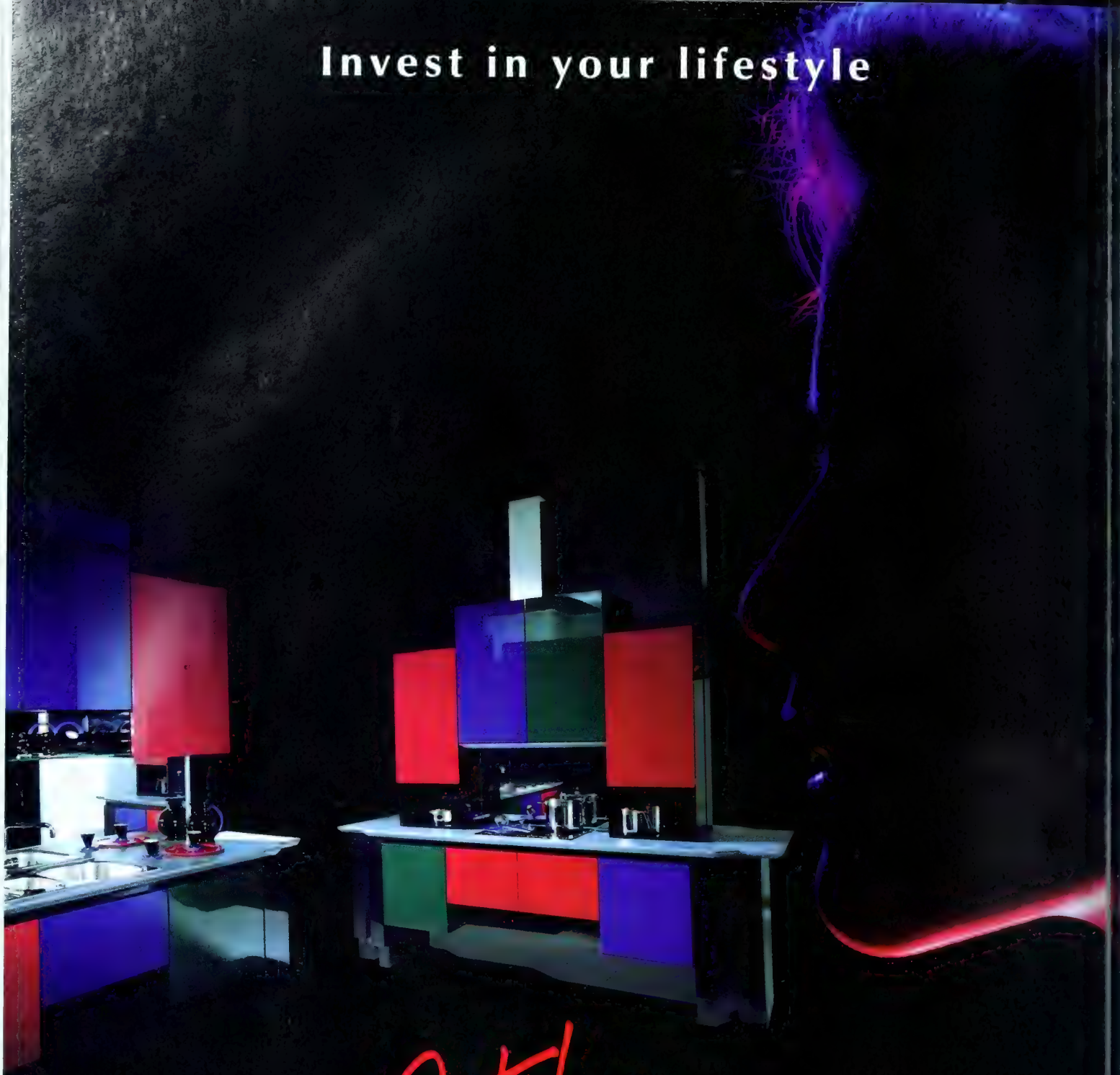
IG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold

t in my genes," Gregory Muller, ne sculptor since irst year of college oston in 1975. er, whose family includes a ber of Italian ble carvers, went udy in Pietrasanta his graduation. our years he has back in the United s, building his own —and creating pieces, from a thian capital for ary (*right*) and ic floors (*top*) for adway theater to ate reliefs (*below*) massive bathtubs. orks in marble, ite, onyx, and stones but says vorite is white le, "for its purity lationship to the cal." (Gregory er Associates, 45 St., New York, NY 2; 212-477-3614 ppointment)





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Iznik or Isn't It? Classic hand-painted Turkish urn (*above*), $300, at Katie Ridder Home Furnishings, 944 Lexington Ave., NYC (212) 861-2345.



Gathering of the Clans Plaid pillows (*above*), 16 inches square, at Ireland Pays, 2428 Main St., Santa Monica (310) 396-5035 by appt.



Cache Prizes Terra-cotta pots (*above*) painted by Kevin Sanders and Jacque Vigneault. For stores (212) 260-0822. Volute fabric, by Robert A. M. Stern, to the trade at HBF, (704) 328-2064.

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To Be Frank Jean-Michel Frank oak table (*above*) reproduced by Écart, to the trade through Pucci International, NYC (212) 219-0142.



Fête Sixteen New York boutiques celebrate French craftsmanship in the Comité Colbert Promenade for 1992, June 1–13. Call (212) 737-3850.



Worth a Fig The fruit and its foliage embroidered on crisp table linens (*above*) by Anichini. For stores (800) 553-5309.



China Trade *Hong Kong from the Harbor*, c. 1870, and similar scenes on view June 9–July 3 at Martyn Gregory, 34 Bury St., London SW1Y 6AU; (71) 839-3731. Catalogue available.

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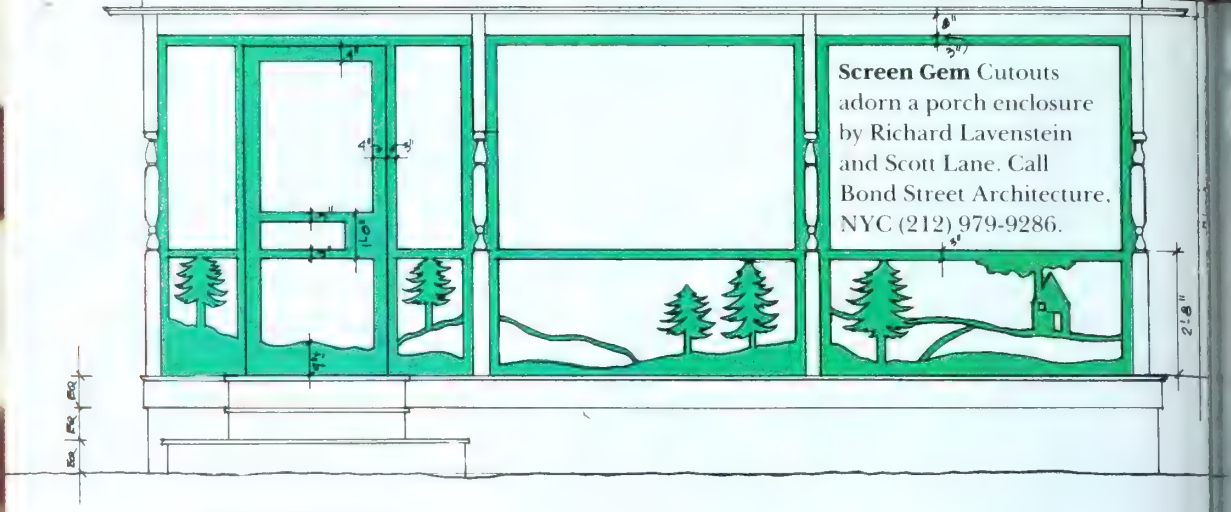
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Screen Gem Cutouts adorn a porch enclosure by Richard Lavenstein and Scott Lane. Call Bond Street Architecture, NYC (212) 979-9286.

1. FRONT ELEVATION





Garden Variety Hélène Hart (*left*) offers items for and from the garden at Ivy League, 8730 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood. Call (310) 652-0102.

Tastemakers New ingredients for th chef's library (*above*) incl *Lee Bailey's Cooking fo Friends*, photos by To Eckerle (Clarkson Pott $30); *The Café Brend Cookbook* by Brenda Lan and Margaret Stuart (Voyageur Press, $17.9 *Great Cooks and Thei Recipes* by Anne Willa (Bulfinch, $35).

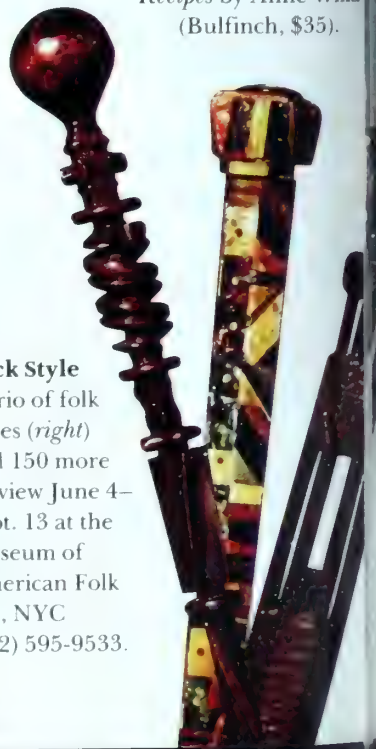


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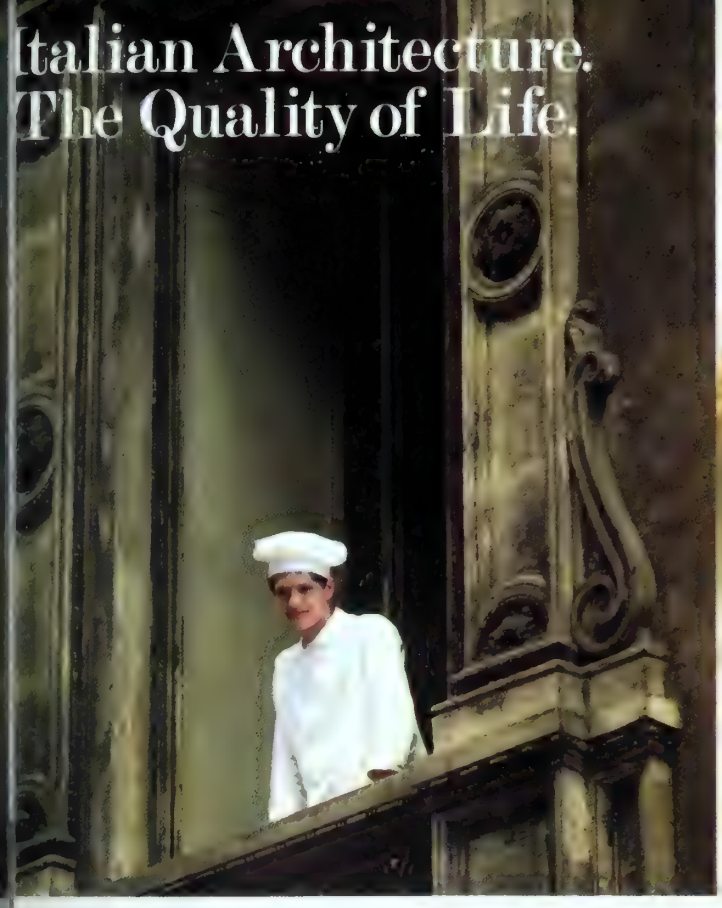
Booty Tin-glazed drinking shoe (*left*), 1654, will be among the pieces at Grosvenor House Antiques Fair, June 10–20, London. For information call England, (799) 526699.

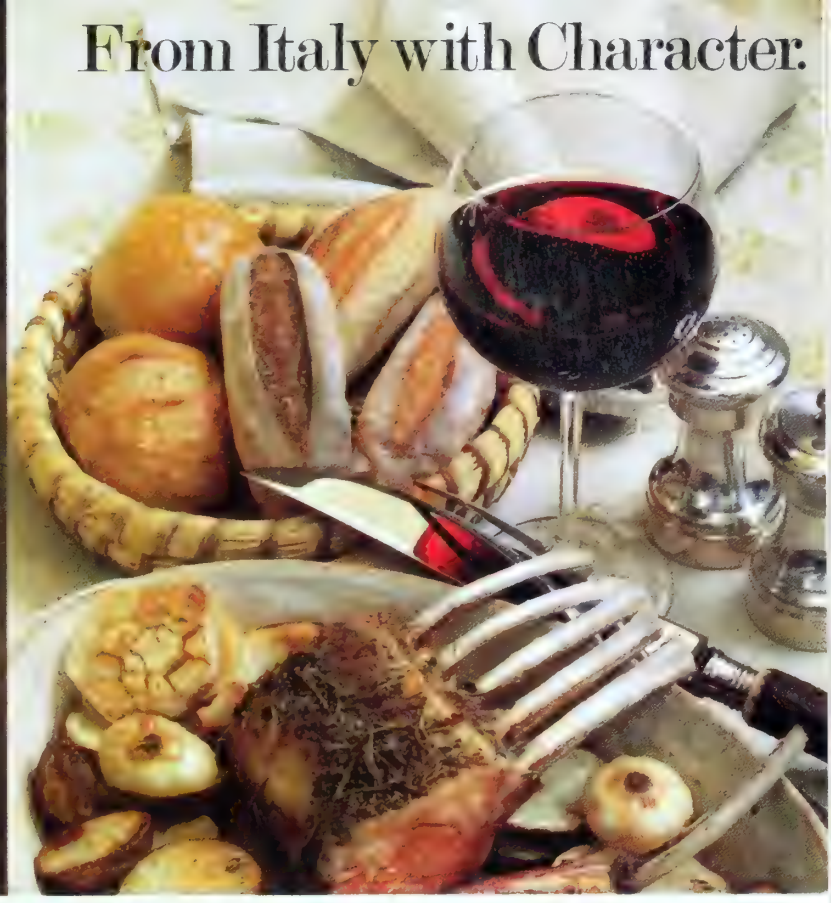
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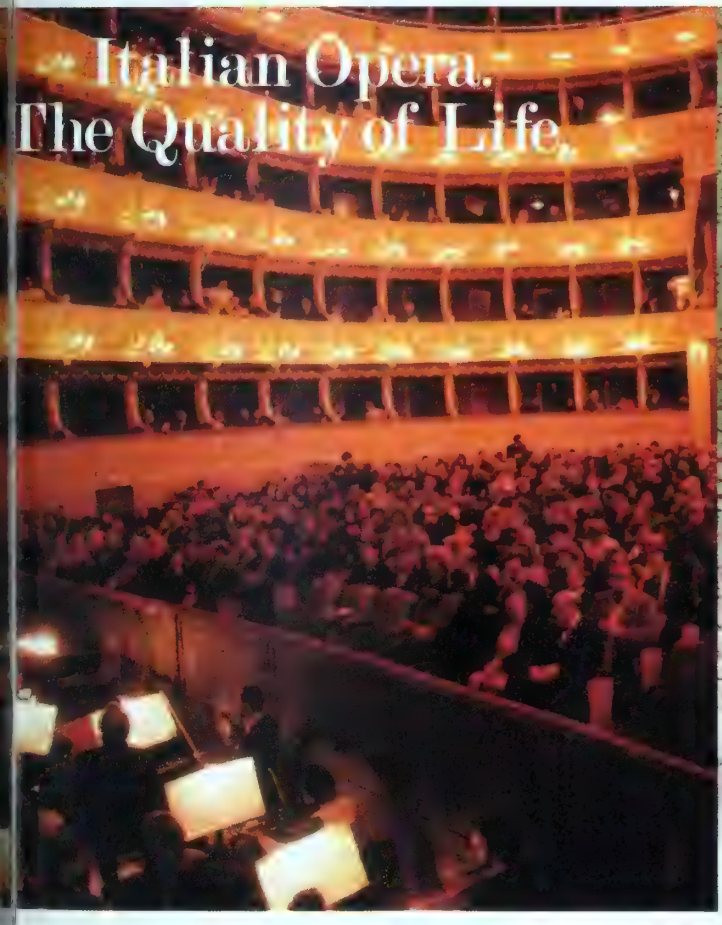




Stick Style A trio of folk canes (*right*) and 150 more on view June 4–Sept. 13 at the Museum of American Folk Art, NYC (212) 595-9533.









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Rooms for Remembrance

Painted views record the genealogy of taste BY EVE M. KAHN

Possessed of too many appealing estates throughout Europe, the Wittgenstein family rarely stayed anywhere for much more than a month in the 1830s. To ward off homesickness as they wandered from Paris to the Ukraine, they brought along their possessions—even the furniture and pets—and commissioned watercolors of the decor. Their souvenir album of dozens of rooms documents sturdy tastes: in every country, it seems, they craved mint walls, gilt clocks, pockets of Gothic amid neoclassicism, convoluted drapery, and lavish flowers. And they were by no means Europe's most obsessive recorders of interiors. Countless aristocrats spent fortunes in mid century on accurate and still achingly beautiful housescapes.

The Frick Collection in New York is showing sixty-three examples of such renderings from May 21 to August 23. Half portray the Wittgensteins' residences between 1834 and 1843, the rest are European interiors painted between 1819 and 1893. They cover all of the century's main styles, from delicate Empire salons to imposing Elizabethan revival libraries, and they are detailed down to the desk accessories and the bellpull embroidery. Perusing them, says Charlotte Gere, the show's curator (and author of the companion volume, *The Art of the Interior,* to be published by Thames & Hudson in August), "is like looking into a telescope that brings something very distant very close: the history of real taste." But the owners of the houses, she adds, remain enigmas: they appear faintly or not at all, and their belongings reveal too little. "They still seem to be miles away from



Pedro IV of Portugal's circular bedroom, 1850, above. Left: An 1837 view of the Wittgenstein family's Gothic study at their neoclassical palace in the Ukraine.



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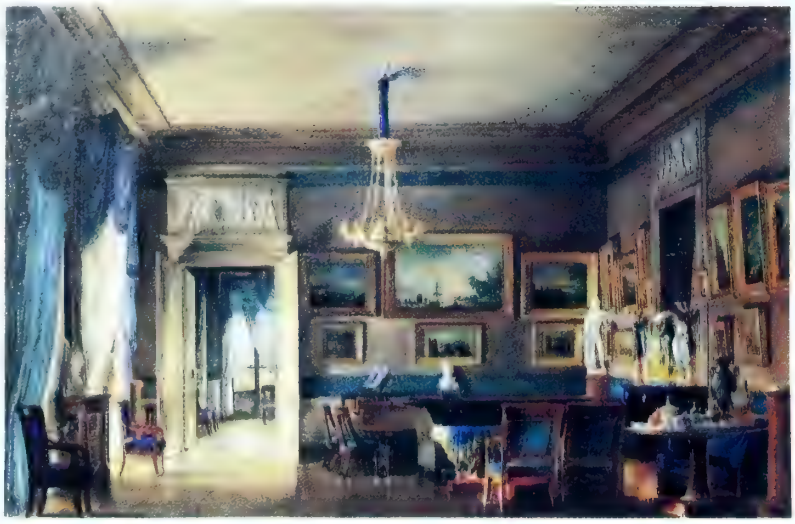
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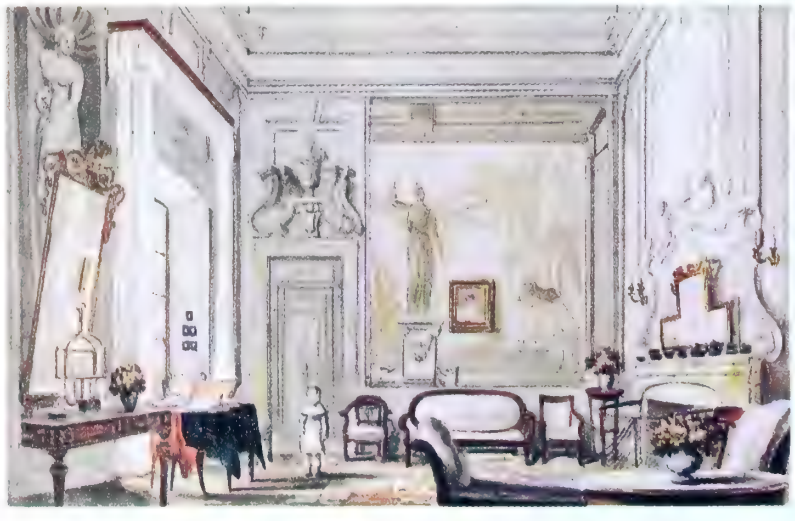
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French salon, c. 1820, top. Above: The Berlin Royal Palace's Chinese salon in 1850, just before it was closed up. Below: An 1824 painting of a Florentine palace shows how the renters, an aristocratic Polish family, covered unfashionable murals with mirrors and portraits.



me," says Gere. "I don't feel I know them at all."

The practice of rendering interiors has roots in seventeenth-century architectural pattern books, gained momentum in the eighteenth century as gentry compiled illustrated catalogues of their art collections, peaked with interior decoration's first heyday in the 1830s and '40s, and died out with the popularization of photography in the last quarter of the century. Artist Eduard Gaertner is the best-known interiors specialist. His competitors included dabblers from fields like porcelain painting, scenic design, and portraiture. Amateurs also tried their hand, especially English women, and kept at it long after photography made their hobby obsolete.

Clients typically had just finished decorating, were about to move or redecorate, or were visiting someplace that charmed them. Somber implications were not always a deterrent: more than a decade after Pedro IV's death, the Portuguese royal family ordered an illustration of the bedroom where he had died. Nor did embarrassment prevent rooms from being immortalized: Gaertner painted the Chinese salon in Berlin's Royal Palace just before it was abandoned partially because no one could figure out how to heat it. But such grand chambers, surprisingly, do not dominate the genre; even humble sleeping alcoves were fastidiously recorded.

Some clearly are the work of the unskilled—background objects jut into foregrounds, chair skirts hang unnaturally straight. Others verge on trompe l'oeil. In Gaertner's portrait of a Prussian prince's study, light shines through a minuscule glass candlestick and chair legs cast the faintest of shadows. The prince's room seems almost contemporary, with few paintings, streamlined furniture, and a white ceiling. And so do many of the spaces represented at the Frick, an illusion fueled by the well-preserved colors—patrons typically stored interior scenes in albums away from sunlight.

Occasionally, there's a sense that the artist was striving for more than documentation. Was Charles Wild mocking the pomposity of the circular dining room at Carlton House by portraying three women cringing in a corner? Did a bouquet on a chair refer to the recently married owners? Did a row of morose ancestor portraits speak of the client's temperament? Muses Gere, "There may well be stories that we simply can no longer read." ▲

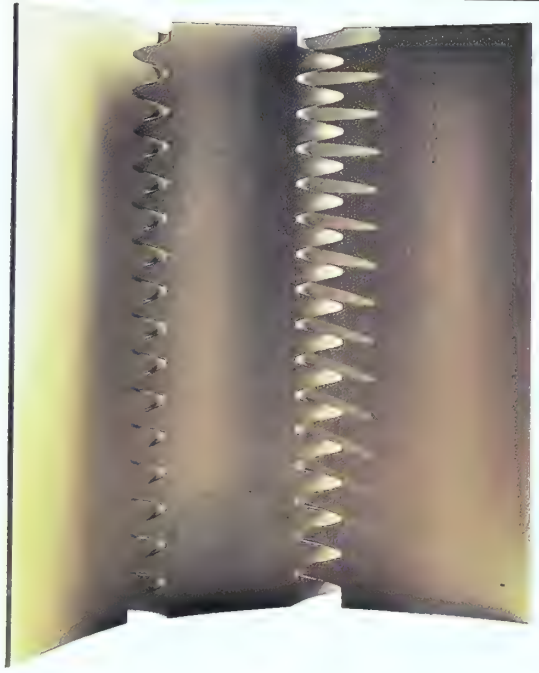
Some clothes are like old pals, a little worn, but tough to part with.



Liz claiborne

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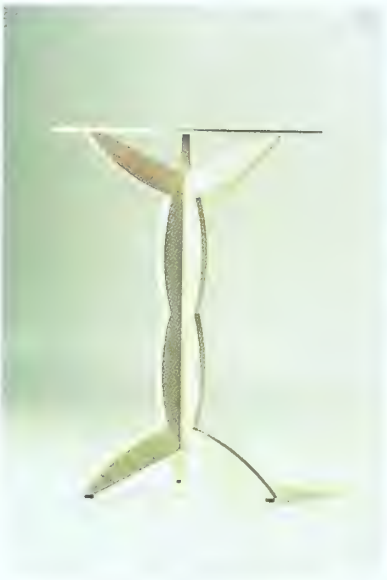






Plain Jane Grows Up

BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC





Sophisticated simplicity. Above, from far left: A new take on the wing chair by Bruno Borrione; an interlocking screen, devoid of hardware, by Katherine Krizek for Cappellini; a sprightly chair in beechwood and birch by Thibault Desombre for Soca Line. Far left: James Irvine throws some curves into a simple tripod table for Cappellini. Left: Ariane Merlo's undulating foldout desk in pearwood for Artistes et Modèles. Details see Resources.

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Godley-Schwan fashioned fat hollowed-out legs for an otherwise thin console table, above. Right: Richard Peduzzi's chair for Plan Venise, Paris, is one clean sweep of cherrywood.




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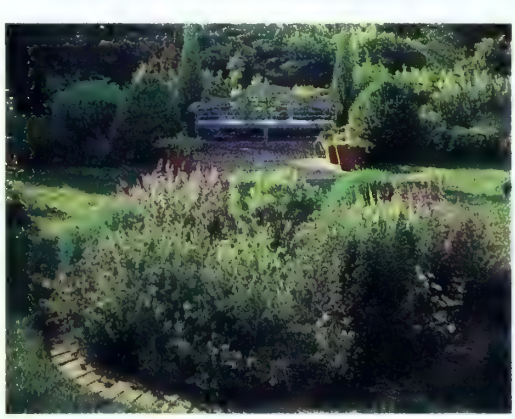
His and Hers in the Hamptons

Two gardeners explore local traditions BY PAULA DEITZ

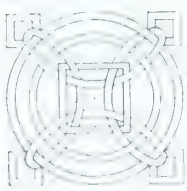
On a Sunday afternoon in February 1985 they sat in a circle a Saint Ann's Parish House in Bridgehampton, New York One by one, all thirteen of them rose to reveal well-guarded secrets about their shared addiction—gardening. This was only th third monthly meeting of the Horticultural Alliance of the Hamp tons, which had been chartered to "explore and encourage awarenes and excellence in the art and science of horticulture" on the Soutl Fork of Long Island. One of the fastest-growing local organizations i its field, the Alliance now has more than five hundred members.

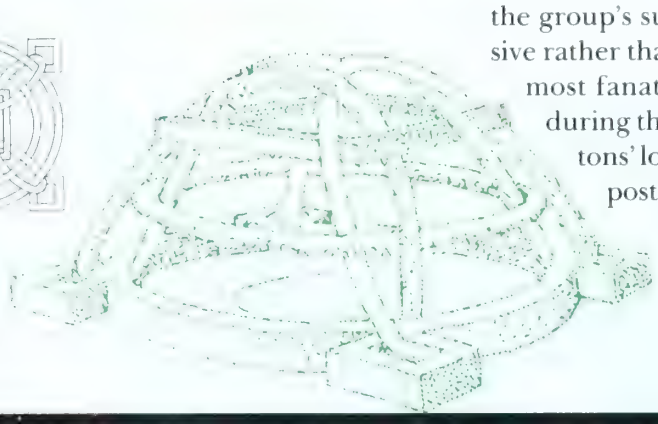
"One day my neighbor in Amagansett, John Whitney, asked me if would be interested in beginning a group for professional and ama teur gardeners who would talk together informally," recalls Willian Shank, a cofounder of the organization and now its vice president fo long-range planning. Whitney is a landscape contractor with his ow company in Amagansett, and Shank is a partner with his wife, Erika in Shank Design Associates, a Manhattan firm that specializes in stor and showroom design. Little did the two men know that their modes plan for exchanging practical information—on topics such as the rel ative merits of propagating plants from seeds or from cuttings— would blossom into an ambitious educational program of lectures videotapes, and monthly summer garden tours backed up by a bian nual newsletter and a 3,000-volume library.

The Alliance's office and the Horticultural Library of the Hamp tons, which includes a collection of old garden books deaccessione by the former East Hampton Free Library, are located in what use to be the firehouse kitchen of Bridgehampton's gray-shingled Com munity House. Outside on the lawn, trees whose skillfully prune branches made them hurricane-proof last summer are testimony t the group's successful merger of aesthetics and pragmatism. Inclu sive rather than exclusive, the Alliance provides a channel for the al most fanatical regional interest in horticulture that develope during the 1980s, and that may well have supplanted the Hamp tons' longstanding preoccupation with international-style an postmodern beach house architecture.



A Lutyens bench anchors Erika Shank's borders.





Erika and William Shank in Amagansett, top left. Top right: The lily pond and beds he designed and tends. Left: Drawings of a fanciful knot garden from William Shank's commonplace book.


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"If we did not have separate gardens, we would have separate lives"



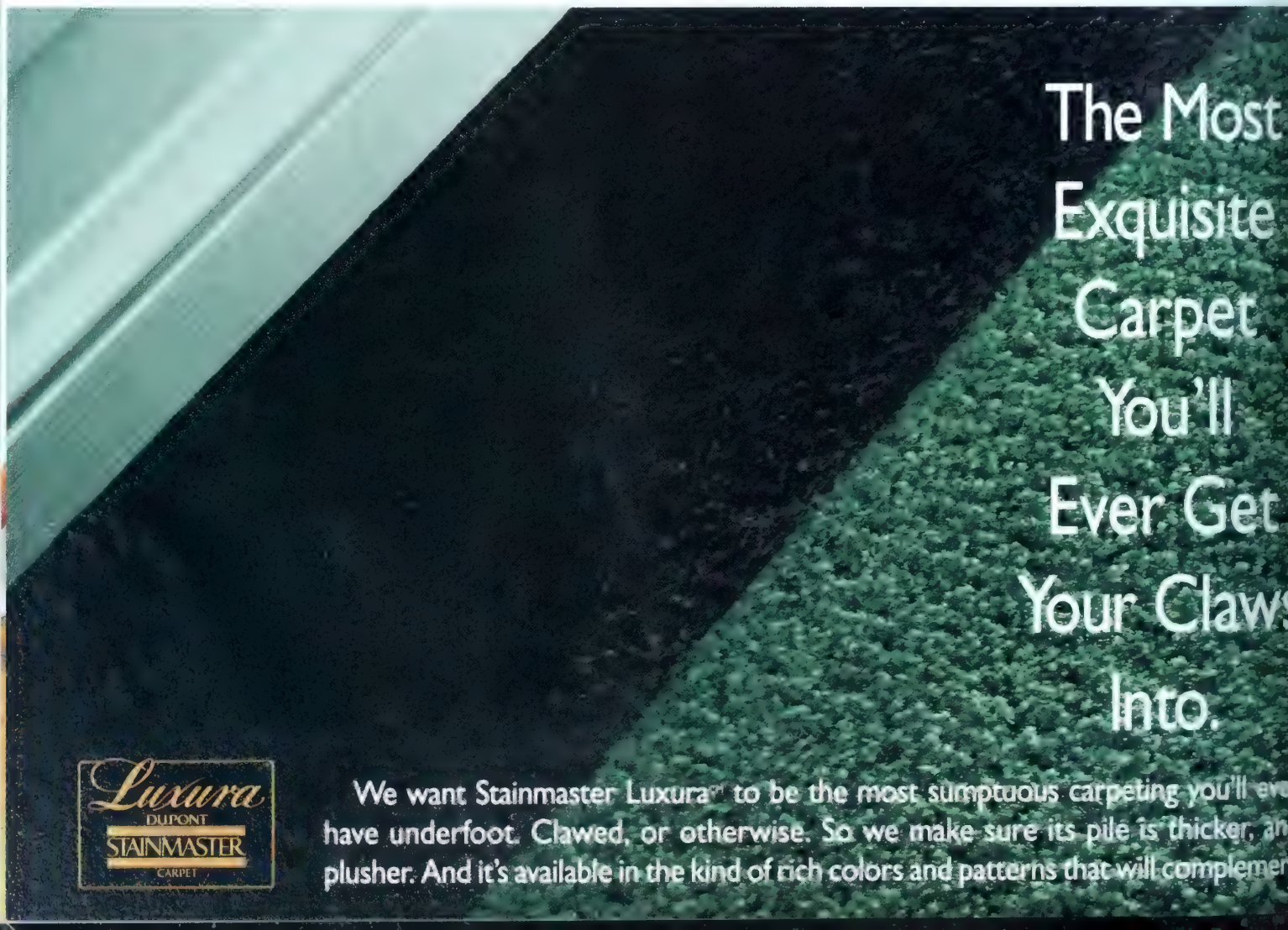
Plan of the Shanks' gardens shows his at top left and hers at right, with shared ground in between.

The Hamptons—loosely an area including Westhampton, Southampton, Bridgehampton, East Hampton, Amagansett, and outlying towns—can probably boast more garden designers per square mile than any other American summer community. In many ways the region has become our Cotswolds, thanks to the extraordinary number of small yet distinguished formal landscapes that complement gardens established earlier in the century by designers such as Ruth Dean. Just as American aficionados of horticulture have for many years been drawn to the English countryside, visitors from abroad have lately been making their way to Long Island to see "Hamptons-style" gardens.

Two such gardens—a his and hers pair—are located at the Shanks' house in Amagansett, a house they built in 1978 with a shiplike deck and lookouts inspired by a voyage on the *Queen Elizabeth 2*. "If Erika and I did not have separate gardens, we would have separate lives," explains Bill Shank, who likens the disadvantages of gardening together to working on a painting with someone else. Except for Alliance activities, early morning shopping, and workweeks in New York, the Shanks spend all their waking hours gardening. "The only rea son we work now is to support ou gardens," he adds.

Until 1982, when he began plot ting his formal garden, Bill Shank saw their property, only two block from the ocean, as a natural land scape of native red cedar, bayberry and highbush blueberries. Ultimate ly he was swayed by an age-old im pulse: as he wrote in the first Alliance newsletter, garden design "spring from the gardener's dreams, fleeting thoughts, and memories" brough into harmony with a contemporary aesthetic. His own memories encom passed the decayed turn-of-the-cen tury estate gardens with cracked fishponds he visited with his grand mother near Morristown, New Jer sey, where he grew up. He was also influenced by gardens he saw as a student in Rome.

All of Bill Shank's ideas about gar dens so far have been gathered and condensed in four five-by-eight-inch commonplace books that consist of his own notes and drawings, made



n garden tours, along with photo-raphs and photocopies of pub-shed site descriptions reduced to ze and arranged like a collage. nall works of art, these volumes are diary of his past decade in garden-g. Among the illustrations is a himsical knot garden whose topi-y has been "unknotted" and pulled to airy loops; a similar drawing was gift for Rosemary Verey, the Brit-h garden writer.

Much as he conceives sets for dis-ay areas in his professional work, ill Shank has used hedges, paving, bors, trellises, and lawns to create s own version of the classic white rden. The plan resembles the out-he of a Palladian window, with the unded end of an oblong lily pond ggesting the central arch and sym-etrical shrubbery beds the flanking nels. Like the hedge that curves hind the pond, brick paving gives defined structure to informal antings of iris, lilies, grasses, roses, d hydrangea. The interconnected rms, as Bill Shank calls them, re-tain their sculptural beauty in every season, even blanketed in snow. From the overlook of the house's "promenade deck," the garden appears immense; only standing within the landscape does the visitor begin to grasp its modest scale.

Off to one side is a rectangular herb garden with grape arbor, cordoned pear trees, and terra-cotta pots in carefully prescribed order. A vivid detail last summer was a new planting of perilla. When Bill Shank acquires a new plant, he often "banks" a cutting with a friend as insurance for its survival. Shank's enthusiasm for perilla made this unnecessary: the annual soon became popular with other Alliance members, and it is likely that neighborly emulation will safeguard future discoveries.

A neutral zone with a sundial separates Bill Shank's garden from Erika's, which lies on axis with the front of the house. She too has transplanted elements from her own past to Long Island. Early years near Lake Constance in Germany left her with memories of wildflower meadows as well as precisely cultivated gardens dotted with fruit trees. Her Amagansett landscape, as formal as Bill's, has patterns traced in clipped box and a Lutyens bench terminating the main vista. The palette is mostly blue with touches of yellow, white, and purple. Asters, salvia, goldenrod, and yarrow are particular favorites. And butterflies are so plentiful they count as another source of color.

Most local garden visits the Shanks make these days are those Bill arranges for the Alliance, like one last fall to Ruth Dean's own 1930 East Hampton garden, the bones of which are still intact. Another tour included Rose de Rose's extensive—and eccentric—formal garden in Southampton. No matter how arcane the garden theme or idiosyncratic the horticultural display, every tour attracts at least sixty people. "Next time I start an organization," says Bill Shank, "I am simply going to call it Gardeners Anonymous." ▲





On the Bistro Beat

A chef tracks down the vestiges of a glorious dining era

BY LINDA DANNENBERG

Michel Rostang has two grand passions. The first is cooking, too humble a word, really, to describe the exquisite cuisine that has earned his eponymous restaurant in Paris's seventeenth arrondissement two Michelin stars and nineteen out of twenty possible points from Gault Millau. The second is collecting what could be called bistro deco—from gleaming zinc-topped bars to jolly little pottery salt and pepper shakers in the tubby forms of la mère Michèle and le père Lustucru, 1940s promotional items from a pasta and rice company.

It's to satisfy the second passion that Rostang, a genial native of the Dauphiné region near Grenoble, sets out one Monday morning for the Marché aux Puces, the famed flea market that hugs the city's northern perimeter at the Porte de Clignancourt. With twelve vast exhibition halls full of stalls that range in style from the sidewalk rummage sale to the elaborate stage set, Les Puces is almost a village in itself. On Saturdays, Sundays, and Mondays the aisles are bustling with shoppers—and as often as his schedule allows, Rostang is one of them. Today, as always, he heads straight for specialized dealers who know him well. "I focus on two major halls, Paul Bert and Serpette," he explains. "Several dealers there are familiar with my tastes and let me know when something interesting comes their way."

His first stop is Jean Luc Perrier's Déco Bistro in Paul Bert, a full-blown re-creation of an antique bistro. So alluring is this scene with its zinc-topped bar, etched-glass mirrors, marble-topped tables, and bentwood chairs that it's a disappointment not to be able to sit down and order blanquette de veau and a fruity young Beaujolais, or at least a rosy kir royale. Everything here, from the ashtrays to the tile floor, from the glass doors to the glasses behind the bar, is for sale. Understandably, many of Perrier's customers are restaurateurs like Rostang seeking items that will lend a nostalgic charm to their dining rooms. Other buyers take home 1940s bar clocks and turn-of-the-century posters advertising coffee for their kitchens or tall pastis glasses for their bars; one Parisienne

Restaurateur Michel Rostang, above left, prowls Paris's Marché aux Puces for prime examples of bistro deco. Among his finds, below from left, a Robj sailor decanter, an enameled wall plaque advertising fruit juice, a Scotsman decanter, and a counter card for Lustucru pasta "made with fresh eggs."


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Rostang keeps his asparagus and artichoke Barbotine plate, left, and LU cookies poster, right, in his restaurant.

has even set out to create a bistro corner in her sixteenth-arrondissement living room. (Enthusiasts who want to see all of Perrier's offerings must go to Tournus in Burgundy where he has turned the interior of an old warehouse into fifteen bistros, each unique, complete, and for sale.)

Just down the aisle from Perrier's place in Paul Bert, Rostang pauses at Katherine Apelstein's atticlike stand to inspect an impressive nickel and brass baker's rack almost ten feet long and six feet high, as well as a set of classic rattan bistro chairs, worn but full of character. To enlarge his collection of figurative ceramic decanters by Robj from the late 1920s, Rostang stops by Huguette Busson's stand in Marché des Rosiers. For Gallé vases—"Now is the moment to buy Gallé," advises Rostang, "since it has become somewhat démodé"—it's Henri in Paul Bert. And for a perfect little bistro bar of sculpted or inlaid woods with a zinc or copper countertop, he heads over to Serpette and Bistro d'Autrefois.

Les Puces is Rostang's main source for bistro deco, but he also combs secondhand shops, auctions, and regional antiques markets. One he particularly recommends is the weekend market in Isle-sur-la-Sorgue, a Provençal town just west of Fontaine-de-Vaucluse. "I have always found the objects that used to decorate the old bistros very warm, very charming," he says. "I keep most of my collection in my restaurant and in the bistros"—he now has three Bistrots d'à Côté, newly created authentic fin de siècle–style establishments—"because this is where I spend most of my time. I like to have them around me, and I find that they create a nice ambiance."

Not that he always has the same pieces around him. Some are too precious to part with, such as the turn-of-the-century publicity plates from a sardine company in Brittany and the Robj decanters, stylized figures of a sailor, a woman in Breton cap and apron, and a kilted Scotsman, among others. But similar items—antique matchstrikes promoting an aperitif or liqueur, for example—can be purchased at Boutique Michel Rostang, around the corner from the restaurant, or right off the shelves of the first Bistrot d'à Côté, on the rue Gustave-Flaubert.

When Rostang began collecting in the 1970s, unpretentious little items went for a song. Now the renaissance of bistro food has given a boost to bistro deco—and bistro deco prices—both in France and on the East and West Coasts of the United States. At Les Puces last October, for example, an asparagus-motif Barbotine appetizer plate would have cost between $60 and $120, while Robj decanters ranged from $600 to $2,000, depending on condition and rarity.

But for Michel Rostang it's not the value or potential value of these unassuming items that makes them appealing. "I don't buy them for any reason but the pleasure of living with them," he says. "The other joy for me is in the quest itself, in seeking out these objects and then haggling with the vendor when the stakes are relatively insignificant. Always remember to haggle," he cautions. "It's the game. Dealers will certainly sell you anything at the asking price, but you'll leave them with a distinct sense of disappointment!" ♠

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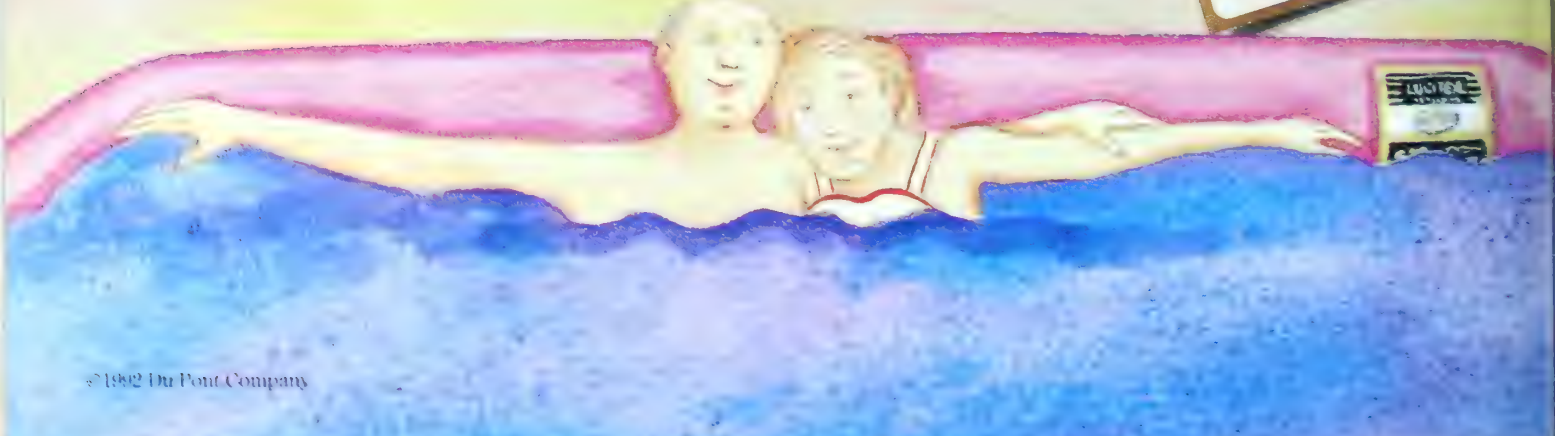
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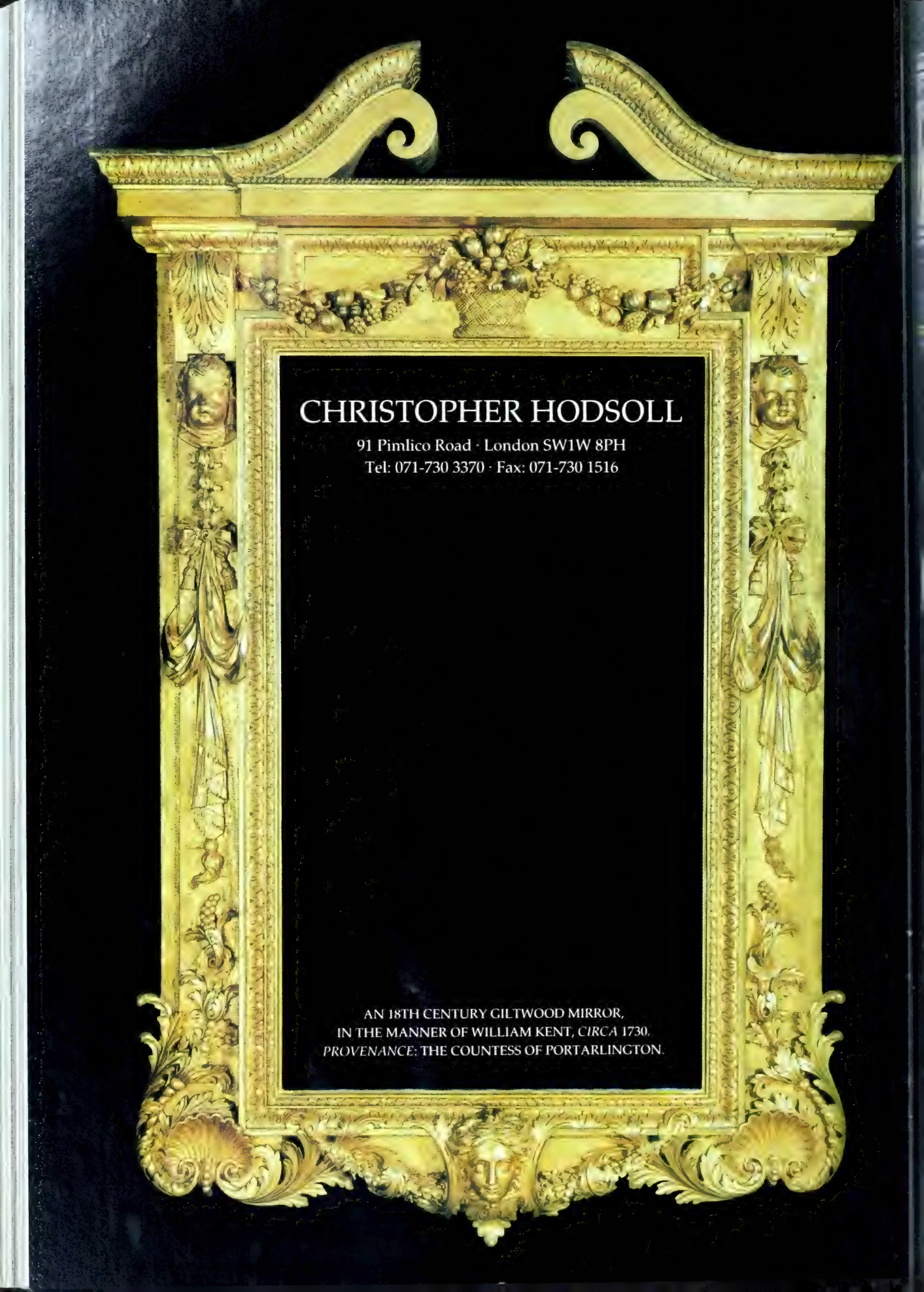
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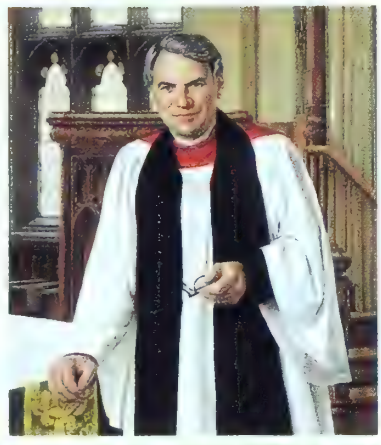
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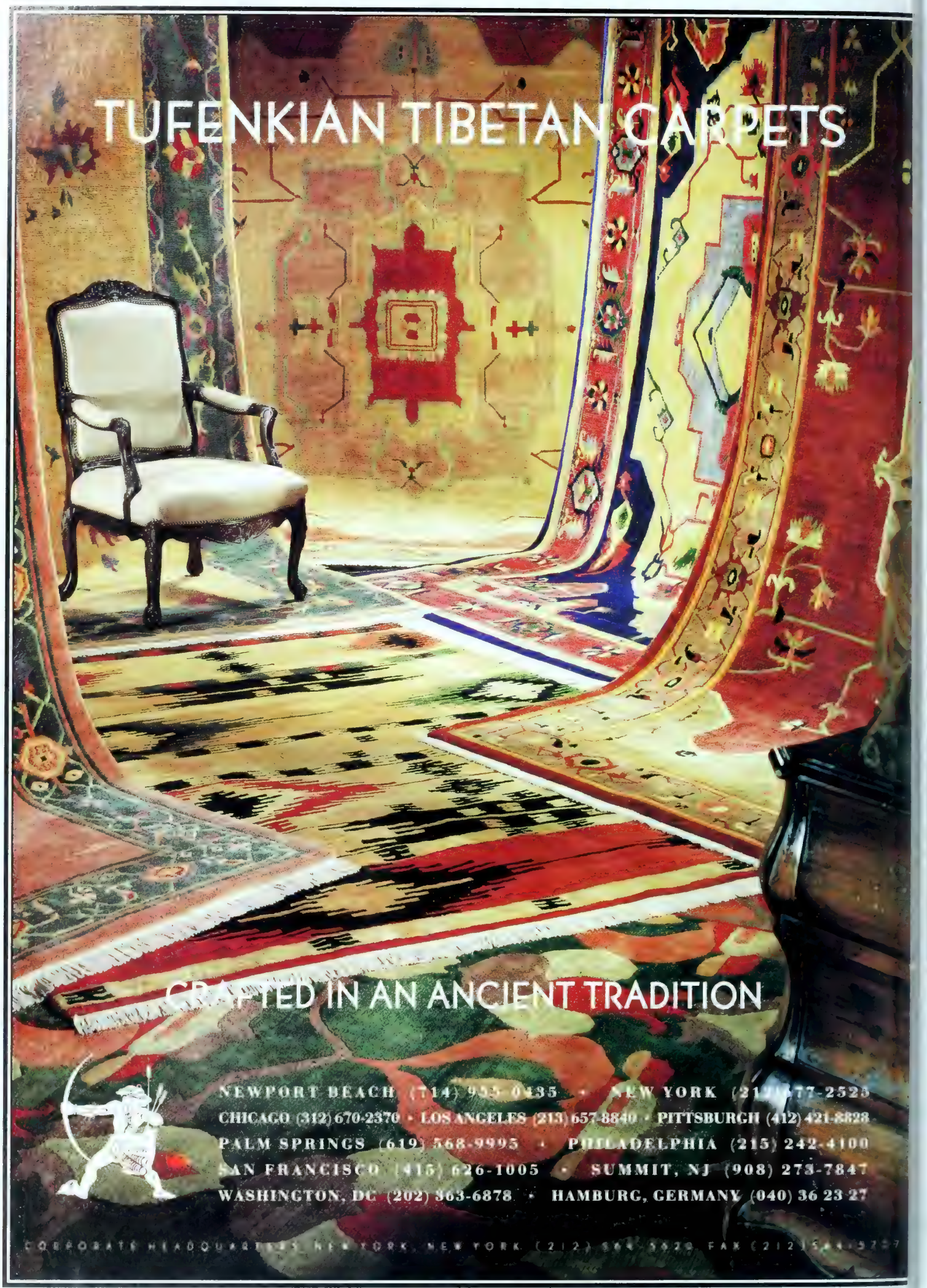
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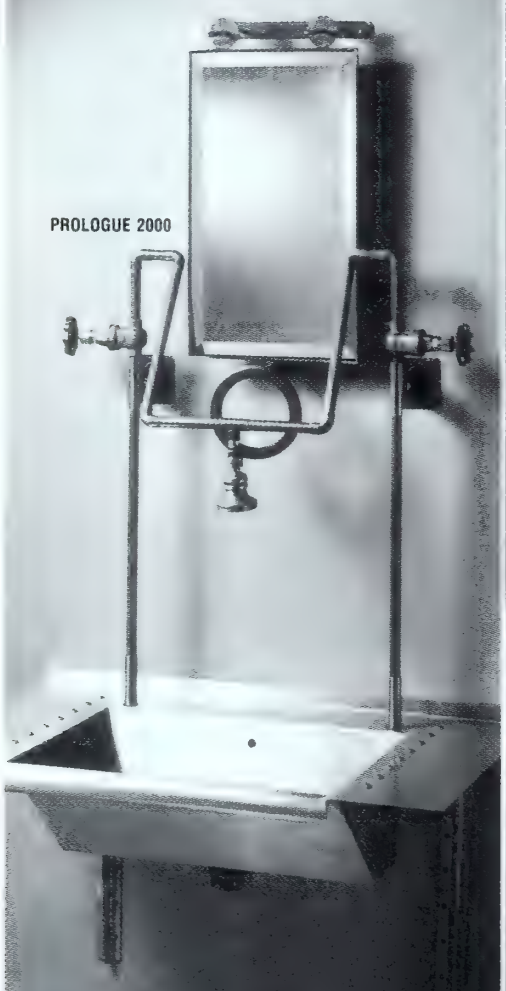
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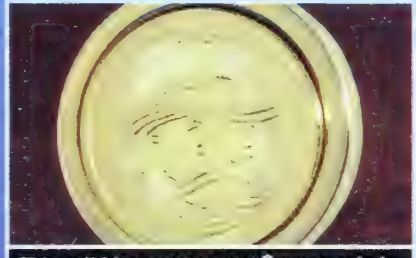
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Farther South of the Border



Mexico is no longer the last horizon for Latin cuisine BY LESLIE LAND



North Americans eat a lot of South American food: orange juice from Brazil, shrimp from Ecuador, the summer-in-winter fruit bowl from Chile. But South American cuisine is another story. Admittedly the Brazilian national dish called feijoada completa, a lavish spread of black beans and multiple meats, accompanied by sliced oranges, steamed kale, and toasted manioc, appears in many mainstream cookbooks, if not on every Sunday table. And ceviche, the brilliant Peruvian method of "cooking" fish in lime juice sparked with onion and hot peppers, has been part of the international repertoire for several decades. But other than these exceptions a whole continent's worth of richness and variety is still by and large as terra incognita as Tierra del Fuego.

There's reason to hope that won't be the case too much longer. Dishes cooked in what might be called Pan Caribbean style—heavy on the black beans, rice, fried plantains and hot peppers—are becoming more and more fashionable. According to the National Restaurant Association, Mexican is the third most popular "ethnic" food in the United States, right after Chinese and Italian, and while much of it may be less than authentic, it has helped create a growing excitement about a world-class cuisine; at least we now know the country has several regions. We also know that Mexico is by no means all of Central America. And we know that an entire continent lies farther south.

Each of South America's fourteen countries has its own distinctive cuisine, based partly on what the land provides and partly on history, but Peru, Brazil, and Argentina are the big three. Each represents a different facet of South American food, and together they account for most of this country's South American restaurants.

Argentina probably leads in the restaurant department. Places like Gaucho Grill in Los Angeles and Zuperpollo in Miami pack them in for food that is, comparatively speaking, pretty familiar. In Argentina, as in neighboring Uruguay, ninety percent of the population

Anticuchos and steak accompanied by chimichurri, above. Left: Humitas, a savory corn pudding. Below: Habanero, serrano, and jalapeño peppers. Festive Bauer ware from Buddy's, L.A. Detail see Resources.



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Bahian food is among the most complex and exciting in the world

is of Italian or Spanish descent. The pampas is cattle country, and Argentineans are undoubtedly among the world's champion beef eaters.

In practice, this means that Miami's Los Gauchitos market is famous for its homemade ravioli, the same city's La Fusta prides itself on such home-style Italian items as Argentine chicken Milanese, and the venerable Gardel's has long been known as the most garlicky restaurant in Los Angeles. Yet no matter what comes out of the kitchen, the centerpiece of Argentine cuisine is the huge charcoal grill, the parrillada, on which everything from steaks to sausages to sweetbreads is cooked. All this meat is sauced at the table with chimichurri, one of those universal sauces that would probably taste great on an old shoe, never mind a good steak. Basically an Italian green sauce Latinized into a thick herbed vinaigrette, chimichurri is most often parsley-based, but sometimes it is made with basil or coriander.

If Argentina is meat, Peru is potatoes. The familiar tubers were first domesticated in the Andes, where most people still speak the language of the Incas, Quechua, which is said to have a thousand words for potatoes. It is a country and a cuisine divided between the narrow but wealthy coast, where life is quite cosmopolitan, and the highlands, where poverty means the potatoes come with aji, or hot pepper, and little else.

Most food authorities see Peruvian cuisine as the one with greatness in it. The fabulous seafood is subtly handled, and those who can afford it devise amazing sauces for those potatoes, sauces that combine native South American peanuts and sweet-hot mirasol peppers with Spanish contributions like garlic and cream.

Most Peruvian restaurants in the United States are modest places, pa-



tronized by Peruvians seeking a taste of home, though more ambitious establishments, such as Alejandro's in San Francisco and La Llama in Chicago, have attracted a wider clientele. And it would be hard to overestimate the contributions of the late Felipe Rojas-Lombardi, Peruvian-born soul of the Ballroom in New York, where diners are offered sophisticated, highly refined versions of the food of his native land.

Purists have complained that Rojas-Lombardi's food is not truly Peruvian. But authenticity may not always be the best way to introduce unfamiliar cuisines. Consider anticuchos, the totemic snack food of Peru, spicy charcoal-grilled cubes of marinated beef heart—hot, satisfying, and cheap. True anticuchos must be made from beef heart. But the Quechua word itself means cooked food from the Andes, and the truth is the anticucho treatment enhances just about any fine meat. Although I love beef heart myself, when I'm feeding those who don't I substitute duck breast. It's an ironic switch from the cultural standpoint, but it makes sense as gastronomy. The textures are similar.

Making gastronomic sense of Brazilian food could take a happy lifetime. This enormous and various country offers at least three distinct cuisines, but to me the greatest is the food of Bahia in the east. There West African foods and techniques brought by the sugar plantation slaves combine with indigenous and Portuguese influences to produce some of the most complex and exciting food in the world. Its three cornerstones are coconut, fiery malagueta peppers, and dendê oil (palm oil), which colors whatever contains it a bright orange red. Peanuts and cashews thicken sauces, and ginger and dried shrimp season everything from fresh shrimp stews to acarajè, delicious fritters of spiced mashed cowpeas fried crisp in dendê oil. The oil is highly saturated, hard to find, and quite subtle, hence optional if you're more concerned with taste than with authenticity. It gives muqueca, a Bahian stew, an extra layer of interest, but the dish is already such a powerhouse of flavor the dendê oil may be excused.

Flexibility is acceptable in these dishes' home countries, so why not here? It makes sense, for instance, with humitas, a corn pudding popular all over Latin America. Sometimes simply cooked in a skillet, best when wrapped in fresh corn husks and steamed like tamales, at my house it's baked in a husk-lined casserole for the flavor without the fuss. There have never been leftovers.

(For sources of ingredients see Resources.)

CHIMICHURRI

Argentine Green Sauce

⅓ cup coarsely chopped onion
2–5 large garlic cloves
1¼ cups tightly packed Italian parsley leaves
1 teaspoon oregano, crushed
¾ teaspoon cracked black pepper
¾ teaspoon salt
Pinch of ground cayenne
½ cup olive oil
3 tablespoons red wine vinegar

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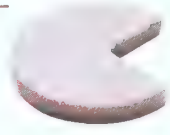
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Combine the onion, garlic, and parsley and chop finely. Mix with crushed dried oregano, pepper, salt, cayenne, olive oil, and vinegar in a nonreactive bowl and allow to sit at room temperature 3 hours. Taste and correct the salt and vinegar. Yields about 1¼ cups.

ANTICUCHOS

Peruvian Kabobs

½ cup bland vegetable oil
3 tablespoons annatto seeds
1 tablespoon cumin seeds
3 large cloves garlic, finely minced
4 mirasol peppers, or 2 serrano peppers and 1 habanero pepper, seeded and finely minced
¾ cup red wine vinegar
2 pounds beef heart or 4 large duck breasts, cut into 1-inch cubes
4 dried hontaka chilies
3 tablespoons bacon or duck fat

Make annatto oil by combining vegetable oil and annatto seeds in a small heavy pan. Let sit for half an hour, then bring the mixture just to a boil, reduce heat, and simmer 2–3 minutes. Remove from heat. Let cool to room temperature, strain, and set aside.

Heat a small heavy skillet over medium flame. When hot, add the cumin seeds and toast them, shaking the pan, until golden, about 20 seconds. Remove toasted seeds from the pan at once, cool, then grind with a mortar and pestle or in a spice grinder. Combine the ground cumin, garlic, peppers, vinegar, and 2 tablespoons annatto oil in a shallow nonreactive bowl. (The remaining oil, tightly covered and refrigerated, will keep indefinitely.) Add beef or duck to marinade, cover, refrigerate 8–12 hours, or leave at room temperature 4–5 hours. While the meat is marinating, soak 4–8 bamboo skewers in cold water.

Prepare barbecue coals for grilling or preheat broiler. Coals should be covered with a fine layer of ash; grill should be as hot as possible. Remove meat from marinade and thread onto the skewers, allowing 4 cubes per skewer for hors d'oeuvres, 6 for main dish. Set aside. Reserve ½ cup marinade.

About 1 hour before serving begin the sauce. Discard stems of dried chilies and place chilies in small heatproof bowl. Cover with boiling water and allow to sit ½ hour, then drain. Combine drained chilies in blender or food processor with 2 tablespoons reserved marinade and purée (don't lean over work surface; chili heat is very volatile). Add another 3 tablespoons marinade and the fat and purée again.

Brush meat generously with sauce. Combine remaining sauce with remaining marinade and heat over low flame about 5 minutes. Grill 2 inches from heat about 2 minutes per side or until still slightly pink inside. Brush with the heated sauce and serve with the remaining sauce for dipping. Serves 6–8 as an appetizer, 4 as main dish.

MUQUECA

Bahian Seafood Stew

2–3 tablespoons corn oil
2–2½ pounds mixed firm white fish, such as sea bass, halibut, or monkfish
1 pound medium shrimp, shelled and deveined
1 cup chopped onion
1 cup peeled and chopped tomatoes
2 malagueta peppers, or 2 habanero peppers and 2 serrano peppers, seeded and chopped
½ cup crushed roasted peanuts
¼ cup dried shrimp, finely ground
1½ tablespoons peeled and diced ginger



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2½ cups unsweetened coconut milk
2 tablespoons dendê oil
Salt

Cut white fish into 2-inch pieces. Hea a generous film of the corn oil in a non reactive skillet over medium heat. Sau té fish pieces, uncrowded, until the are barely cooked and set aside. Repea with shrimp, adding more oil as neces sary to prevent sticking.

Add onion to the pan, lower heat and cook until translucent. Add th chopped tomatoes, cover, and simme about 10 minutes. Add the peppers peanuts, dried shrimp, ginger, and co conut milk, partially cover pan, an cook 20 minutes over low heat. Do no let mixture boil. Purée the mixture i a food processor or blender or pu through a food mill. Return to hea and add the cooked fish and shrimp Heat through, stir in the dendê oil, sal to taste, and serve with rice. Serves 6.

HUMITAS
Corn Pudding

8–9 ears fresh corn, not supersweet
3 tablespoons cornstarch
½ cup milk
1 small onion, finely chopped
3 tablespoons butter
½ cup finely diced red bell pepper
1–2 serrano or jalapeño peppers, seeded and diced
1 teaspoon salt
8–10 sprigs coriander

Bring a kettle of water to a boil, then re move from heat. Husk the corn, dis carding the outermost wrappers, an drop the tender inner ones into the kettle of hot water. Set aside. Cut ker nels from corn cobs (there should be about 4 cups), scrape out all the milk then grind kernels to a lumpy mush i a food processor or blender. Stir i cornstarch and milk and set aside.

Heat oven to 350 degrees. Sauté chopped onion in butter until trans parent. Add bell pepper and hot pep pers and cook until softened. Combine with the corn mixture and add salt Line a shallow 2-quart casserole with several overlapping layers of corn husks, allowing them to drape over the sides. Fill with the corn mixture, top with more husks, then fold the overlap ping liner husks to the center.

Cover the casserole with tinfoil place in a water bath, and bake about 1¼ hours, or until the pudding is firm Peel back the liner husks and remove the husk lid. Garnish with fresh coriander sprigs. Serves 6. ♠

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A Gathering of Household Gods

Puppets, mermaids, and masks watch over a charmed domain

BY FERNANDA EBERSTADT

When asked his favorite travel book, the late Bruce Chatwin answered, Xavier de Maistre's *A Journey Around My Room.* For much of his writing life, Chatwin really did live in one Spartan room, which was the maid's quarters of a more palatial spread; I have three rooms (sort of) to bounce around in, and my wall-to-wall voyage includes cargo from Haiti, Mexico, Sicily, Jerusalem, Calcutta, and a sailor's bar in Hamburg.

I grew up in my parents' New York apartment, a honeycomb of dark grottoes encrusted with strange, sometimes frightening treasures—there was a wooden skull which I was convinced as a child was the cranium of an escaped convict and a pint-size knight in armor I was afraid to go past at night lest its lifted visor reveal ghostly eyes.

When I moved into my twelfth-floor digs on the Upper West Side five years ago, it was like decanting a thick rich tonic into a small clear bottle. I brought with me my own collection. My parents had given me a taste for objects—weird, expressive, humorous objects that might act as amulets against harm or confusion, objects that have become precious by being well worn, tossed smooth by ocean or stroked shiny by superstitious fingers, like the figure of a saint whose foot glows from centuries of being kissed. I grew up a bred hoarder of the worthless, an unsystematic but grabby collector of sticks and stones and coffee tins and rusty nails, of colored scraps of paper—clues—found in the street. The only thing I ever wanted to be besides a writer was an archaeologist, someone who gets paid to root around in the earth for broken shards, messages from buried worlds.

Writers, like all people who wrest their livelihood from gleanings beyond their control, are superstitious—we each finger our rabbit's foot, our lucky dice, our household god. There was always an idea of the sacred in my scavenging. For my first few double-digit birthdays, I bought the enameled nineteenth-century Russian icons of saints and miracles—one is of John the Baptist's head on a platter—that hang on my wall today. From foreign travels I bring home more such mementos—votive, dear, and preferably terrifying. One wall in my apartment is devoted to mermaids—a Haitian voodoo painting of a black





Fernanda Eberstadt, above, on her living room sofa where she edits her writing and reads surrounded by sacred playthings, left, including a narrative puppet backdrop from Palermo and a Felix the Cat doorstop.

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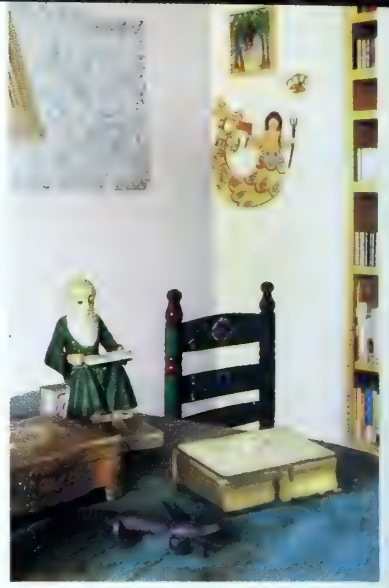
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mermaid sailing into the sky over a flaming pyre like a fish-tailed Joan of Arc; a pair of French mermaid brass knuckles; a New Mexican tin cutout of a mermaid bearing an American flag. On a bedroom wall is an African chieftain's flyswatter made of a nicotine-yellow horsetail topped with a baby-blue beaded handle, which was brought back to me by a loved one from a medicine store in Johannesburg. Certain things are intimately associated with places I've written about: a canvas puppet backdrop from Palermo which depicts in cartoon quadrants the misadventures of one of Charlemagne's more hapless knights whose girlfriend rescues him from shipwreck and then frees him from the cage in which red-tailed devils have imprisoned him.

Most of my things come from Mexico, where my first novel, *Low Tide*, was set: a mask of a bearded green man; retablos on tin and copper thanking the Virgin of Guadalupe for survival of sickness or a car crash; a wooden statue of an amiable Saint Jerome sitting and reading his book, with eyes as big as dolphins' and real horsehair lashes; an addled Saint Eulalia with bristly brows.

Even the refrigerator door is slathered with memorabilia—photographs of the bullfighter Paco Ojeda, of a miracle-working Moroccan rabbi (the picture came from a falafel stand in upper Galilee), of Poussin's arresting *The Death of Germanicus*—as well as injunctions to work—a pact, its deadline now lapsed, to exchange first drafts of a new novel with my former university instructor.

The main thing about where I live is this: I don't budge from my apartment, but sit here alone every day till nightfall. By three in the afternoon I am bouncing off the walls, but I still have to like being here. As a consequence, the place has taken on the air of an island convent, remote, golden, self-sufficient. Even the view—northern cityscape, wooded bluffs of New Jersey, and, if you stand on a chair, a ribbon of Hudson—is abstract, glacially serene. The chiseled



A wooden statue of Saint Jerome and a painted mermaid.

pinnacles of the prewar skyscrapers that march up Riverside Drive appear craggy as the Grand Canyon, geometric as a graph. The only hint of human life I can glimpse is the blue flicker of innumerable television sets. The only sound is a lady upstairs singing her scales. Even the sun is never seen directly but merely reflected, setting in the rosy blush of other buildings. My sole human contact is the telephone, which means I gab way too long.

To beat restlessness and change mood, I work in all three rooms of the house. Computers have made a writer's life more like a technician's—I have three computers and waste a lot of time glassy-eyed with despair when the printer jams or the disk won't read. In the bedroom—disfigured by the Zenith and tentacles of printer, VCR, answering machine—I write fiction and criticism; on the sofa in the living room I edit and read; at the refectory table in the entrance hall I write letters and journals. From room to room I carry the essential tools—a dictionary, an encyclopedia, a Bible, an atlas.

After work I blast Jim Morrison or Otis Redding, have friends over for dinner, chase away the demons of solitude and concentration. Some day I will pack my things in boxes and begin again from scratch, for I don't yet feel grown-up enough to live in a place that isn't in some sense makeshift or semisolitary. But for now, it is something close to bliss to have landed in this sanctuary in a raw and bruising city. ♠



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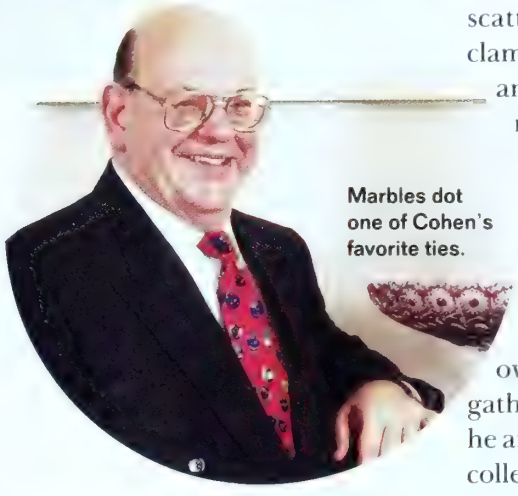
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The High Roller of Marbles

No aggie or cat's-eye lies outside Bertram M. Cohen's sphere of influence

BY MARGOT GURALNICK



Marbles dot one of Cohen's favorite ties.

For Bertram M. Cohen there are many worlds contained within his vast pile of tiny colorful spheres. Ancient Rome is represented by a green and yellow blob of fused glass and clay of the sort, says Cohen, that "Caesar might have played with." A ceramic likeness of Teddy Roosevelt stares out through the clear glass walls of a circa 1905 sulfide marble, one of only three known to exist. And a recently made globe of polished flint comes from Tennessee, where people still play a traditional game known as rolley hole. "A marble is anything that's smooth and round," explains the sixty-year-old Cohen, who is more than a little rounded himself—and an exuberant oddball. From his Boston town house, the retired toy company president presides over a scattered empire of banded Lutz, gooseberry, clambroth, onionskin, end-of-day, Indian swirl, and, of course, common aggie and cat's-eye marbles. Most of these patterns were handblown by German and American manufacturers of the late nineteenth through the mid twentieth century, when knuckling down—proper form for launching a shooter marble—was a preteen rite of passage.

Although Cohen only occasionally gets his own knuckles dirty, he has spent half his life gathering marbles, a hobby started as something he and his son could share. Cohen is still on a roll, collecting not only marbles but every imaginable sort of related object, from Chinese checkers boards to postcards and comic strips in which marbles put in an appearance. Of late, he has also been buying, selling, and trading new marbles—many as big as paperweights—made by glass artisans who often incorporate dreamy celestial references into their work. Cohen's days are spent chasing after elusive Lutzes and peppermint swirls, writing news of his finds to comrades in the field, and seeing to it that everyone he meets walks away with a shiny oversize marble imprinted with the big black letters BERT. ▲

The collector's holdings range from vintage marbles, above, to the latest models, left and top left. Details see Resources.

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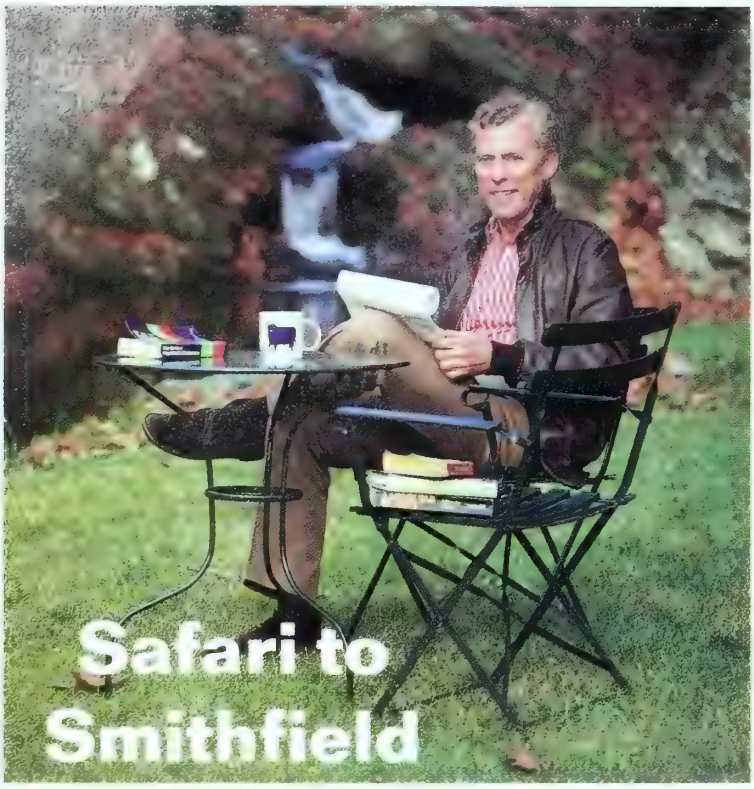
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Safari to Smithfield



Author Bartle Bull sets up camp in a colonial millhouse in upstate New York

BY JAMES KOTSILIBAS-DAVIS



Bull, top left, writes on a riverbank. Top right: Isadore Bonheur bronzes flank a portrait of Bull's father in the living room. Above: More of the family bull collection with white rhinos.

It has been said that to have a full life a man should build a house, write a book, and be a father. At Brampton, in Smithfield, New York, Bartle Bull has done all three with characteristic attention to detail.

Searching the Hudson Valley in 1978, Bull, recently divorced, was looking for a country house to share with his eight-year-old son, Bartle. "All I want," Bull told the real estate agent, "is an old house in a pretty place. No suburban amenities. Farmers don't have swimming pools." One afternoon the agent drove him past a peeling colonial millhouse set by a stream and waterfall. "It's for sale," she said, "but it's in hopeless shape." "Stop the car," Bull said.

That weekend he brought his son for a picnic by the waterfall. Young Bartle loved it, and a week later the 1750 house was theirs. They named it after the prize Jersey farm Bull's grandfather owned in Ontario. Immediately Bull set to work, without an architect or decorator, supervising the renovation and dragooning friends—and his son—for advice and assistance. He replaced asbestos shingles with cedar, uncovered original ceiling beams and wide-plank pine floors, and absorbed small rooms into larger ones. As the two Bartles traveled they collected old country furniture: Victorian brass beds and eighteenth-century oak settles from London, Matabele chieftain stools bartered for in the bush while on safari in Zimbabwe, a sturdy 1850 desk from Gstaad, three iron chandeliers from Provence, and china ornaments from Patagonia.

After three years it was finished. The Bulls celebrated with a roaring Thanksgiving. Four days later an electrical fire destroyed three-quarters of the structure. "Architect friends told us to bulldoze the remains and start over," says young Bartle, now a college student, "but we were determined to preserve what we could and rebuild the rest. We installed a Sears Roebuck bunk bed in the unheated garage and camped and cooked there winter and summer weekends until the house was complete."

On Sunday evenings they drove back to Beekman Place in New York, where Bartle went to school and his father continued an eclectic career. Formerly the publisher and president of *The Village Voice*, Bull has also been a civil rights lawyer in Mississippi, a principal owner of *New York*



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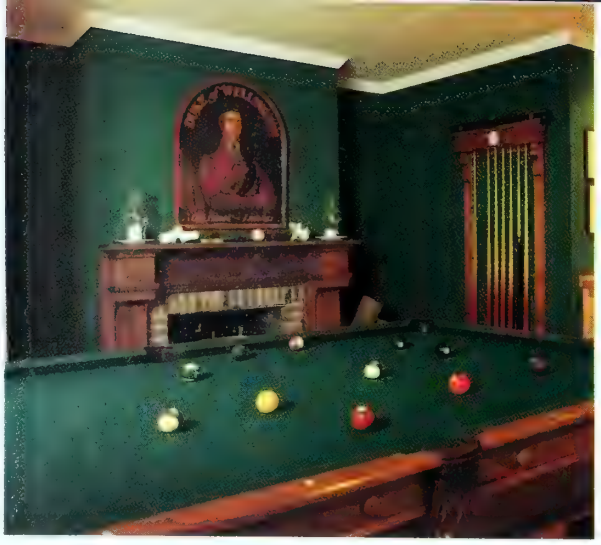
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Bull does the cooking with his son and guests. Pool players stir the soup between shots







The kitchen features a restored 1900 Brunswick pool table, top. Center: French iron chandeliers hang above a Scottish pine dining table formerly in London's Bath Club. Above: The master bedroom's deep slate blue is a colonial color.

magazine, and the New York City campaign manager for Robert Kennedy. As work proceeded at Brampton, he practiced law with Jones Hirsch Connors & Bull in Manhattan, wrote articles on Africa for *The Wall Street Journal* and *The New York Times*, contemplated his first book, and oversaw every element of the second reconstruction.

New and old parts of the house were blended by maintaining the integrity of the roofline and using traditional six-over-six sash windows. The exterior is gray clapboard with shutters painted black softened with an aubergine tint. The bedrooms are trimmed in colonial colors: slate blue, pure green, and pumpkin. Young Bartle suggested an outdoor fireplace, and they designed one of brick that combines the practicalities of a cooking fire with the spirit of a campfire. "My son spent two summers as a chef's helper in Brittany, so he planned the expanded kitchen," says Bull. "We added a pool table and fireplace, more windows and bookshelves, a Garland stove, and Victorian pine cabinets."

Salvageable antiques were restored and new ones acquired on further adventures to Africa, Europe, Australia, and New Zealand. Two Isadore Bonheur bronze bulls, charred survivors of the fire and centerpieces of the family's bull collection, were repatinated. Other bulls remain stabled at Beekman Place, including a pair painted by Rosa Bonheur (sister of Isadore) and a group of Egyptian and Renaissance bronzes collected by Bull's father and grandfather. Bull—a Taurus, naturally—lay in the reenameled Victorian bathtub as plumbers moved it about until he found just the spot in which you can see both the bedroom fireplace and the wild hillside where deer often browse.

After three years the house was again finished—and supplied with smoke detectors—and the Bulls turned their energies to the outdoors—restoring the old milldam, repositioning the driveway across the river, and building a footbridge opposite the house. In 1985, Bull set up a table by the waterfall and started writing. Pursuing a lifelong interest in Africa, he began *Safari: A Chronicle of Adventure*, a celebration of African safaris. This history led to *The White Rhino Hotel*, a novel set in colonial East Africa after World War I, just published by Viking.

Today guests approach Brampton by the footbridge as the waterfall catches their ear. They find a lively house with eccentric details: brass doorknobs from the vanished Biltmore Hotel, each bearing a B; bathroom light fixtures from the old Saint Regis; flags from travels to Algeria, Cuba, and Guyana; and everywhere, books and bulls and fireplaces. Bull does the cooking with his son and guests. Pool players stir the soup between shots. Festive dinners often ending with flaming bananas are served at a long Scottish pine table formerly used for food preparation at the Bath Club in London. After the meal, guests linger over wine, reading aloud from Arthur Conan Doyle, reciting ballads by Robert Service—"The Cremation of Sam McGee" is a favorite—or, most likely these days, telling tales of African adventures old and new. ▲


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Lore of the Low Country



Forests and baronial mansions have stories to tell visitors to Georgia's Cumberland Island

BY PADGETT POWELL

When the Carnegies, a family not unknown for public-minded largesse, conveyed most of Georgia's Cumberland Island not to a developer but to the National Park Service, something of a miracle was effected. On its sister barrier islands all along the Atlantic seaboard, the best way to see the pristine is, generally speaking, to pay greens fees. There are coastal islands not as overrun with links and condos and marinas and malls and swashbuckling bars as, say, Hilton Head, but these are preserved by "exclusivity" or they are honestly private, some still held by the poor scions of cotton and indigo families; you get on them by invitation only, and to get that you must know your low-country p's and q's. You can go to Cumberland, the last island before Florida, for nothing. It's all yours, essentially, when you get there—and you get not Waldenbooks but a very real bit of Walden. Whatever their motives for not selling the island to the land pirates, the Carnegies bequeathed America a doozie.

Signs of occupation still exist. The most prominent of these are Carnegie homes; one is open to tour, one is the Greyfield Inn, and one, Dungeness, the imposing main house built by Andrew's brother Thomas, is a ruin. One account of its burning—possibly apocryphal but more fun to believe than not—is that deer poachers torched the house in retaliation for an incident in which one of their number was shot at. Standing before the decayed ruins of Thomas Carnegie's great house, with buzzards perpetually roosting on its chimneys, a complex question sets in. Does it serve Mr. Carnegie right for coming down here and setting all his kids up with mansions (summer mansions, now, it's the damned Vanderbilt syndrome in small)? Is it right that guys with names like Floyd Driggers and Marshall Drawdy burn down a rich fellow's house because their buddy Shoat gets shot at poaching that fellow's deer? Standing there in the marsh breeze, with miles of free beach and dune and wood to walk and horse and deer and hog to watch, and having had your own troubles with the Drawdys and Driggerses of this world, whose wives are at the moment dropping used Pampers in parking lots, you side for the only time in your life with Big Money, and thank Thomas Carnegie for this island. Andrew gave America more than 2,800 libraries and Carnegie Hall, but this is *something.*

And now that our lesson in history and capitalism and philanthropy is over, let us enjoy the island. You get to it by Park Service ferry (from Saint Marys, Georgia) or private boat. You camp at one of five sites ("developed" means running water, toilets, showers, tables; "primitive" means none of the above and *no fire,* knocking the definition of primitive back one and a half million years), or you



The Carnegies' gift saved Cumberland Island's unspoiled shores, top, from development. A park ranger, above left, waits for the ferry, left, that transports visitors from the mainland.

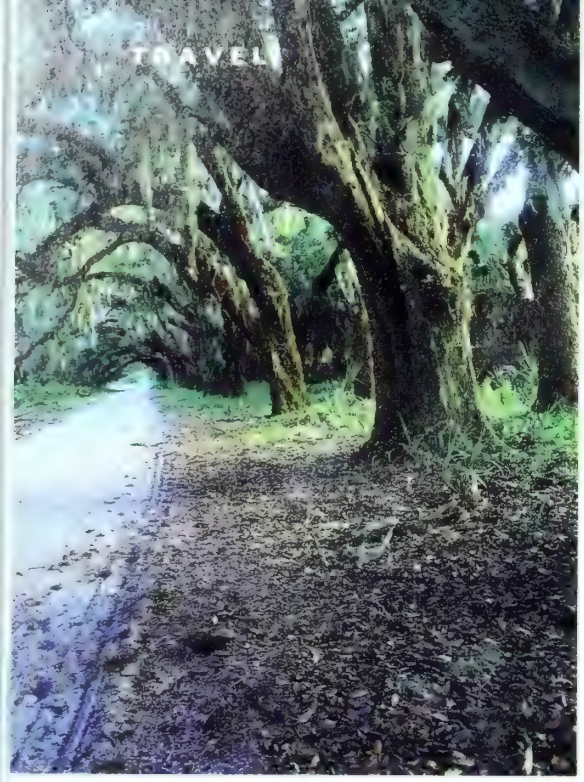


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A barrier island is a *barrier;* it is beauty, but it is rough beauty





Ancient live oaks, above left, arch over a sandy lane at Cumberland Island National Seashore. Left: The ruins of Thomas Carnegie's house, Dungeness, are a reminder of the island's private past. Above: Plum Orchard, another family mansion, is now open to visitors.

stay at cozy Greyfield Inn, which is probably the precise antithesis of camping. If you go to Greyfield, you walk down and have a look at the poor fools in their tents; if you camp, you watch the slummers in their twill safari suits studying you. Everybody's happy. The ghosts of the rich and their poachers are in accord.

Things to do:

Walk south toward the north jetty of the Saint Marys River. Well before you get there see man-size silver things appearing above the water, flashing as bright as survival mirrors. Get closer and see that they are tarpon. Get even closer and see that they are traveling with sharks—the tarpons leaping silver-scaled in the sun, the sharks rolling heavily and brown on the surface, like lengths of telephone pole barely buoyant. You will learn later (because the communion of these animals seems impossible and you ask about it) that sharks and tarpon are not uncommon traveling companions around here. Walking back in the dark you see a shark blasting mullet from shallows in phosphorescent explosions that suggest incendiary bombs.

Ride in a boat through miles of creeks and look at marsh and dune and oak, the dunes with feral horses on them and the oaks signaling the high ground where your house would go if you were not as poor as a poacher yourself and had more resources than your brother's boat, which you are in (and which he got in a foreclosure deal at the bank where he claims to be the manager, although they tell you on the phone, "Manager? Well, he works here," leading you to speculate perhaps he's the janitor). "What if you actually had all this?" you ask your alleged bank manager brother. "If I had this," he says, squinting at the glare to try to see it all, "I'd be one sorry-assed mother." You nod. The two of you have more in common finally with the fictive Marshall Drawdy and Floyd Driggers than you do with Thomas Carnegie, and neither of you wants to work enough to have or hold all this. All you want to do is come here, and that you do.

It is possible to walk for miles and not see anyone, to stop and swim in the surf without stepping on a can or condom or bottle or light bulb and without a lifeguard to worry your tiny demise, should it come to that. Sleep under live oaks combed landward by the wind and napped so tightly that under these trees, even in storms, you can burn candles in the still air. This still air can be very hot. Take drinks and ice to Cumberland. Never go there attempting, say, to dry out—not the place for that.

When you encounter rangers, usually flying by in trucks along the road that runs transit-true down the middle of the island, you may jump in the bushes and hide from them. I do this compulsively, and I don't know why. You may or may not take to it. Another thing I do after a ranger sighting is check myself for ticks; Lyme disease is present on Cumberland, and it is alleged that every ranger there has it, another rumor more fun to believe than discredit. I note this ominousness to purpose: a barrier island is a *barrier;* it is beauty, but it is rough beauty.

You've seen wild horses, deer, man-size tarpon gamboling with man-eating shark, and you've enjoyed the pleasures of abusing Cordura nylon and the thrilling hiss of the Coleman lantern. Or you've taken the high road, Greyfield, where the good game, I'd guess, is gin and tonic until sundown, exaggerated courtesy to staff (so they don't suspect your closeness with Floyd Driggers), good meals, and a modestly late bedtime in the equivalent of a feather four-poster. Where you'd go wrong either way on Cumberland Island I don't know. ♠

For visitors information: Cumberland Island National Seashore, Box 806, Saint Marys, GA 31558; (912) 882-4335.

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From petticoats to tablecloths, Debra Moises is all tulled up

BY WENDY GOODMAN



Debra Moises in full bloom. Clockwise from top left:—Organza and tulle dress with a pearl choker. Tulle and blossom tablecloth adorns furniture from Newel Art Galleries, NYC, in front of a Ruben Toledo mural. Debra and Moises with a chiffon dress. Bouquetlike bags above a silk flower. Details see Resources.

NO MATTER HOW TAILORED A WOMAN'S taste, she always loves something a little lacy," says Guatemalan-born Moises Diaz. He and his wife, Debra, and their company, Debra Moises, have been known since 1986 for imaginative accessories. They have now designed tulle tablecloths, trimmed with silk blossoms, that were inspired by their spring/summer collection for Bergdorf Goodman. The couple's first ready-to-wear line, it features organza and chiffon dresses with tulle and blossom petticoats and overskirts. Complemented by pearl chokers, evening bags, and sleeved shawls, these instant classics are delicate, feminine, and, like the tablecloths, fit for a dreamy midsummer's night.





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An antique Japanese chest stands beside salvaged doors in Isabella Rossellini's loft.

Editor's Page

June

TUCKED INTO THE garden behind a California bungalow is the glass-sided house that landscape designer Jay Griffith calls home. In the living room below the "tree house" where he sleeps—a childhood dream come to life—Griffith arranges iron garden furniture and ceramic jars and urns to conjure up a mood of classical dignity. This sleight of hand is hardly a surprise from the man who festoons Hollywood backyards with crystal chandeliers. Transformations of a different sort take place in the New York loft of actress Isabella Rossellini. Aside from harboring cherished family pieces and one rather temperamental Japanese antique, she prefers to adopt furniture from richly furnished dumpsters. Even her bed is part salvage: its ironwork used to enclose church organ pipes. Decorating offers myriad opportunities for invention and expropriation, whether in the manner of Mr. Blandings's dream house or Marcel Duchamp's readymades. John Heminway, a longtime easterner and the host of PBS's *Travels* series, found his many-buildinged dream house in Montana, a state he knew would feel like home. On the Maine coast, decorator Leta Austin Foster established a family retreat that looks as if it had always been just as it is now. At his Scottish manor, Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott created the architectural equivalent of his novel *Ivanhoe*—an evocation of the age of chivalry. It was with painstaking connoisseurship rather than dreams that Adriana and Robert Mnuchin built their prize collection of abstract expressionist paintings. And yet, in the Manhattan house where they have combined modern and African art, Georgian and Ming furniture, imagination clearly plays a major role. When pieces from far-flung worlds come together, magic enters into even the most meticulously planned rooms.

Mary Novogrod

EDITOR IN CHIEF

Settling in Mount Desert

A Palm Beach decorator and her family retreat to a century-old house Down East

By Brooks Peters

Photographs by Langdon Clay



At Cedar Hedges, *opposite*, Leta Austin Foster, *above*, visits with two of her daughters, India Foster and Elizabeth Dinkel, and a young friend while her husband, Ridgely, consoles Roger, their golden retriever. Details see Resources.



"I wanted to make it feel the way it m

PAINTED ON THE MANtel above a fireplace in Leta Austin Foster's summer cottage in Maine are two short words: ETT HEM. The phrase, Swedish for "a home," is the title of an 1899 book by the artist Carl Larsson, whose intimate familial style was a source of inspiration for Foster in decorating her house. "Ett hem just means we're here," she says. "We're at peace. We're in our own home."

In 1985, after searching unsuccessfully for a place on the Maine coast, Foster, a fourth-generation Floridian known to her friends as Letsy, was walking with a friend through Northeast Harbor, the exclusive summer colony on Mount Desert Island, when she spotted a house with a rounded turret, gabled roofs, more than fifty windows, and thick green hedges on two sides. "That's it," she told her friend. "That's the kind of house I want." The property was in fact for sale, but the tenants wouldn't let the two visitors in. After she returned to Palm Beach and conferred with her husband, Ridgely, the Fosters bought the house over the phone without ever having ventured inside. "That was kind of frightening," she admits.

It was also risky. The house, designed by the noted Maine architect Fred L. Savage, was close to one hundred years old. The interior could have been in an advanced state of deterioration. But as a decorator specializing in restorations—she has offices in Palm Beach, San Francisco, and New York—Foster looked forward to the challenge. The following May she flew up from Florida and inspected the house for the first time. "There was snow on the ground," she recalls. "And I thought, I know this is the worst thing I've ever done."



Foster furnished the sunny living room with a generously padded sofa and chairs, upholstered in a geranium chintz from Cowtan & Tout, and hung curtains patterned after a tattered pair she found in the library. The wallpaper is from Brunschwig & Fils, the sisal from Stark.

looked when it was built," Foster says of the 1890s cottage





The decoration suits the laid-back charm of Northeast Harbor

But once she stepped inside and saw the spacious old-fashioned kitchen, the fireplaces in each room, and the intricate muntin work on the windows, her fears vanished. "I just loved the house from the beginning. It had very good feelings."

Foster has added considerably to those feelings by filling the cottage with whimsical Victoriana, Berlin woolwork, Creil pottery, hand-painted chairs, antique cane stands, chromolithographs, quilts, and tramp art. "I wanted to make it feel the way it might have looked when it was built," she says. The furnishings, which she bought at local auctions and antiques shops or had made, are not valuable, she cautions—"They just appeal to my soul."

They also blend in perfectly with the laid-back charm of Northeast Harbor, which has always prided itself on its lack of pretension and respect for privacy. However exalted the name of the owner (the summer roster includes Astors, Peabodys, Rockefellers, and Millikens), the typical Northeast Harbor cottage has a simple name: Aunt Hannah's Pasture, Cow Cove, Shell Heap.

The Fosters' cottage, Cedar Hedges, required relatively little work to make it habitable for a large family. (Besides twelve-year-old India, the family consists of two daughters from Letsy's first marriage, three children from Ridgely's, plus three dogs and a cat.) Shingles on the roof and façade needed replacing. So did the kitchen wainscoting, which the contractor re-created from a small piece that survived in the butler's pantry. Foster repainted the woodwork in the kitchen green and had curtains made on the pattern of a hundred-year-old pair she found in the library. But the basic structure was not altered at all. "I have never understood people who say they bought a house because it called to them," she says, "and the next time you see it you can't even recognize the place because they've taken everything out."

"It just kills me that we let things be torn down by people who haven't taken the time to study a building's history," she says. "We have to think about how people used to design houses—land-friendly houses. We can't afford to throw things away and tear places down and use up more resources to put something cheaper in their place. We have to start planning for the future. And the only way to do that is to look to the past." ♠

Produced by Carolyn Englefield

Vintage wicker chairs make the porch, *above,* the perfect spot for summer reading. The cushions are covered in a floral cotton from Clarence House. *Opposite above:* In the dining room the painted wood table is set with linens from La Ruche, Boston. Curtain and cushion chintz from Cowtan & Tout. *Opposite below:* The woodwork in the kitchen was painted in a color Foster found in a book by artist Carl Larsson.









In the master bedroom an antique wedding ring quilt is neatly folded for use on cool Maine nights. Curtains of dotted swiss from Decorators Walk, bed linens by Frette, sisal carpet from Stark.



THE SAN FERNANDO VALLEY IS WHERE Robert Redford and Sally Field grew up, and it's also where, in the 1950s, on what had once been a walnut orchard, Jay Griffith was raised. Jay Griffith spent the usual portion of his childhood in the company of animals (dogs, cats, turtles, and a skunk, in his case); somewhat less typically, he could often be found landscaping parts of the backyard into discrete habitats for his pets. In the manner of green thumbs, his was inherited: Griffith's parents had themselves transformed parts of the yard into a pond and a mini tropical rain forest, and both of his grandmothers were ardent flower gardeners. "My mother's mother was known for her elaborate arrangements," he says, "huge bowls of flowers on a grand piano that you could see through arched windows. It was the cool middle-class thing to do."

Like many people who grew up in the 1950s in places like the San Fernando Valley, Griffith has sought a certain remove from his past—a psychological distance spanned by both nostalgia and irony. After college he started the landscape design business he seems to have been almost destined to run, but it is, in every sense, a long way from the valley. This is Griffith's description of a Hollywood Hills residence he is working on with architect Frank Israel: "It's a sort of spaceship that's landed on the outpost of a rain forest with satellite gardens. The landscaping is complementary to this flying wombat of a house. From the house to the swimming pool there'll be giant circles five to eight feet across, each in a ground cover in a stridently different color. Straight out of the original *Star Trek*—that cheesy space-

Jay Griffith, *left*, relaxes outside an alfresco room at his Venice residence. The outdoor chandelier is a Griffith trademark. *Opposite above:* Neon lights illuminate his studio at night. *Opposite below:* Swap meet finds, drought-tolerant perennials, and six towers hung with iridescent red nylon fill the garden behind the studio. Details see Resources.

Outside the Ordinary

Inside or out, Jay Griffith creates landscapes filled with fresh ideas. By Peter Haldeman

Photographs by Jeremy Samuelson Produced by Deborah Webster







age look. We're toying with plastering the pool red so it will look like a giant bloodbath, and we're accenting the cracks in the deck by pouring molten copper into them. In another part of the garden I'm doing the veldt, after the Ray Bradbury story. It'll just be this huge thatch of different exotic plants. You can walk into it but, like Bradbury's veldt, you won't be able to get out."

In addition to such forward-looking enterprises, Griffith has attained something like guru status in the centuries-old but very current school of indoor-outdoor domestic design, having anticipated by several years the custom of deploying patio furniture in one's living room and living room furniture on one's patio. At the same time, a fair share of his appointment book is given over to projects of a fairly conventional nature—gardens that have in common only their site specificity and a genial unassuming elegance. His clients range from Hancock Park matrons to television scriptwriters in the Hollywood Hills to the community of Venice, for which he landscaped a parking lot. He leans toward drought-tolerant plants and California natives; a favorite ongoing effort is repatriating, on four acres around a client's 1920s Santa Barbara farmhouse, natives like oak and sycamore and the matilija poppy. "It's a magnificent plant," says Griffith, "six feet tall with a pale green leaf and a flower that looks like a fried egg—a gorgeous, gorgeous bush that's just been lost."

Griffith tools around his clients' Westside environs in a 1962 T-bird convertible. In Venice, where his own house and studio are located, he walks. He's something of a neighborhood fixture, drawing honks and waves on the street. He waves back. He has hair the color of different metals, a goatee, and sharp hazel

An early proponent of bringing outdoor furniture indoors, Griffith has vintage wrought-iron poolside chairs in his living room surrounding a 1950s marble table. An assortment of Bauer jars and urns pick up the colors of a desert scene that once belonged to Griffith's grandmother.

He says he's "driven toward things that may have come out of a hallucination." But hallucinations can be dreamy





hillside behind a
t's West Hollywood
e is incorporated in
ometry of dodonaea,
, and artemisia. The
luminum bench is
the 1930s. *Opposite,*
riffith's bathroom,
crest towels echo the
le of a vintage tub.





"Maxfield Parrish, Salvador Dali, Liberace, Friz Freleng of Looney Tunes—those are my influences," says Griffith



eyes that seem attentive when he is comfortable, wary when he is not—when, for instance, the afternoon his studio was photographed, a coastal wind kicked up and started to rip the sheets of red iridescent nylon he had stretched tightly across six twenty-five-foot-tall metal towers behind it.

The studio is a low-slung grape-colored structure on a corner lot the shape of a pie slice. Around the towers, amid a scattering of fallen peaches and clumps of unthirsty perennials (echium, artemisia, agave, pennisetum), Griffith had also arranged a huge metal genie lamp—something the carny in *The Wizard of Oz* might have owned—and an impromptu outdoor boudoir draped in bolts of blue nylon. Like everything else on the property, the fabric assumes an electric glow under neon lights that go on after sunset. In the center of the yard a fountain of crystals perpetually cascades into a mirror pool on whose serene surface float a pair of disco globes. While anxiously overseeing the untying of the red sheets, Griffith managed a helpful—if slightly facetious—ac-



count of his inspiration here: "I'm obsessed with the postnuclear, the after-the-fall. I just can't wait, so I made my own ruin. It's a combination of Maxfield Parrish, Salvador Dali, and Liberace. Those are my influences. And Friz Freleng of Looney Tunes." From its perch on a sideboard behind Griffith, the four-foot head of a fiberglass gas station attendant glowered at its owner. A confessed swap meet junkie, Griffith had also said he was "driven toward things that may have come out of a hallucination."

But hallucinations can be dreamy as well as nightmarish, and at his house, just a few blocks away, one may encounter the flip side of Griffith's imagination. Cleo, Magda, and Otto are a troika of schnauzers so perfectly groomed and trained they might belong to a member of the Pasadena Junior League. As it is, they live in the kind of neighborhood where lawns double as driveways; their own residence is the exception that proves the rule. To the street it offers only the pendant branches of a huge weeping willow. Inside a low fence a path of Arizona flagstone meanders into dramatically lush terrain, cultivated by Griffith and his friend Michael McCarthy over the past dozen years. Past high and low palms, past ferns and callas, the dogs escort visitors to a small overgrown house that turns out to shelter Griffith's kitchen and dining room. The dining room is cool and shadowy, the color of the inside of a cucumber, and it contains an ellipse of green metal garden chairs around a chaste mahogany and burl table and a sideboard made of a rusted Coca-Cola dispenser under a slab of Malibu and Catalina tile.

There's also a little garden house formed by two walls of recycled windows and one of moss and staghorn. And finally, tucked behind a magnolia that dangles a crystal chandelier, sits a voluminous and airy cube conceived by Griffith and designer Skip Schaeffer. Like the garden house, it lacks any visible façade, and its exposed wrought-iron pool furniture (picture Jayne Mansfield's pool; picture the furniture) is an open invitation to indolence. Enormous Italian oil jars and urns amplify the heliotropes, aquas, and teals in a prominent desert painting that used to belong to Griffith's grandmother—a painting he says he used to hate. This is his living room. The bedroom is up a short flight of stairs. It has a loft bed, a wall of windows at branch level, and on almost every surface, artful groupings of toy cars, trucks, and planes from the 1930s.

This is the tree house Jay Griffith always wanted as a kid, and it's where he was just before I met him—when he came downstairs with an unguarded slightly unfocused expression, dragged a hand through his hair, and said, "Sorry about that. I must have fallen asleep. I had the weirdest dream." ▲

Griffith's bedroom, *opposite above left*, is the ideal setting for a miniature 1937 La Salle sedan and other vintage toy vehicles. *Opposite above right:* A fountain of crystals cascades into a mirror pool outside the designer's studio. *Above:* From his desk inside, he looks out on an old gas station sign. *Opposite below:* Griffith massed king palms, microlepia, and Japanese black bamboo in front of a client's Hollywood Hills house.



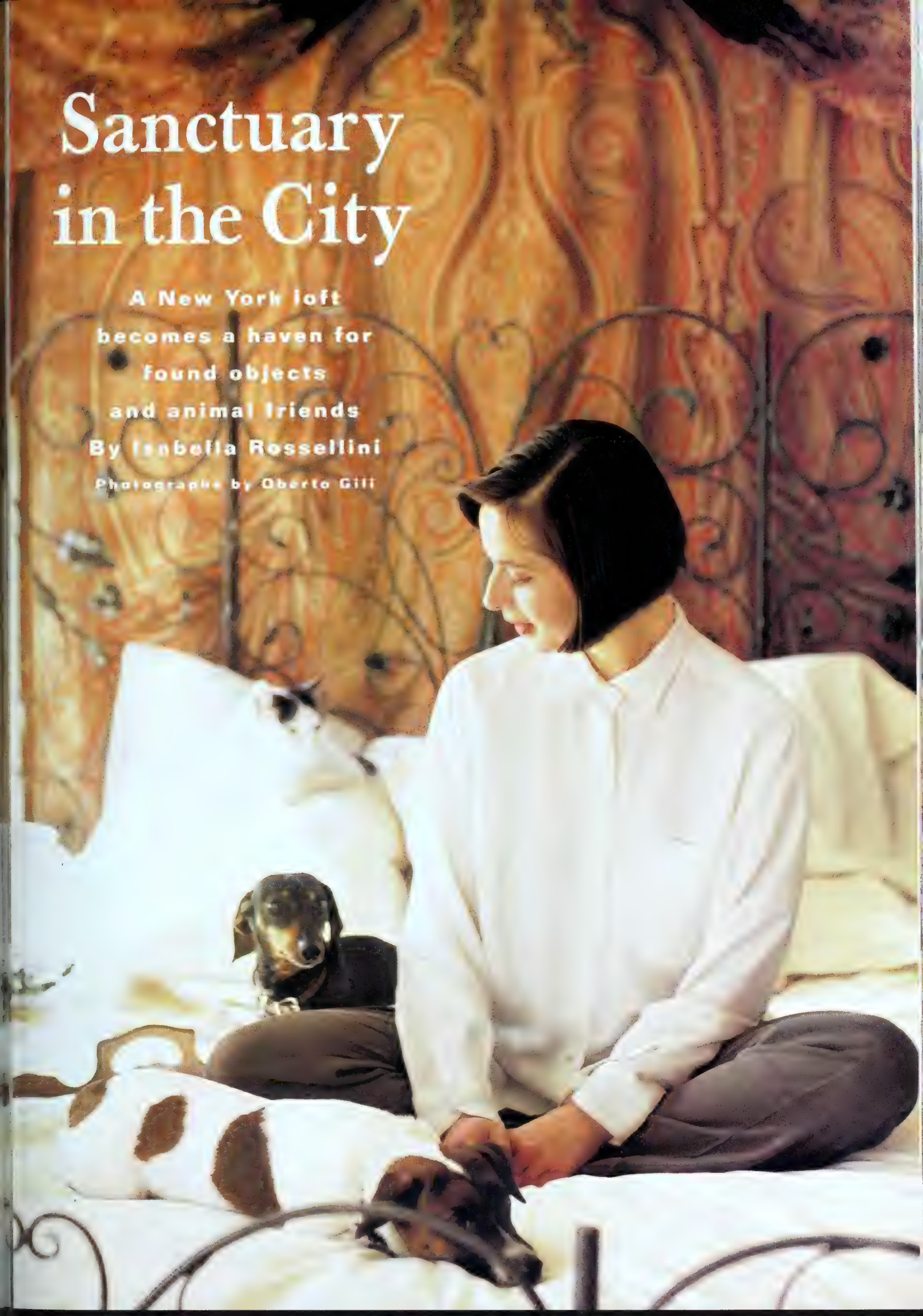
Isabella Rossellini, *oppo*
in an Armani blouse, si
with her dogs, Macaron
and Ziggy, and cat, Gai
Old paisleys hang on th
bedroom wall. *Left:* Bel
a custom love seat in th
living room, salvaged d
frame a view of striped
Swedish sailcloth cushi
Details see Resources.

Sanctuary in the City

A New York loft becomes a haven for found objects and animal friends

By Isabella Rossellini

Photographs by Oberto Gili







My collection got out of hand when giving me an "animal something" became the easy solution to holiday presents

IT WAS DIFFICULT TO RECONcile my dream of an apartment decorated in a warm, hearty Italian style with the reality of my life in the city: lots of pets, a small child, and a collection of animal objects that has gone out of control. My original dream was to furnish my loft with oversized comfortable sofas in white slipcovers, terra-cotta lamps with printed cotton shades, kilims and lots of paisley throws. For a touch of fantasy and surrealism which I seem to need to keep myself in a good mood, I also wanted to have the life-size white wooden stallion that my mother gave my father (I knew it was a stallion because the carving was terribly realistic). I was going to place the horse as if he had wandered by accident into this perfectly cozy living room.

But my plan strayed from the beginning. My stepmother refused to give me the horse—she had grown too attached to it during the thirty years it had stood in her house nea



A Canadian circus poster in the study hangs near an 18th-century Italian table that belonged to Rossellini's mother, Ingrid Bergman. *Opposite above:* Monkey valances and a Balinese elephant are part of the living room menagerie. *Opposite below:* An Indian horse next to animators' celluloids in the hall.





My Swedish practicality overcame my Italian desire for well-being

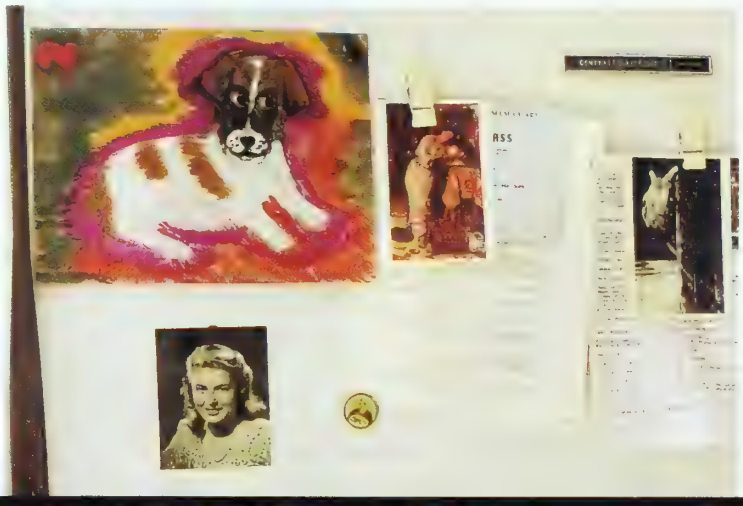
my father's studio. And then, because my daughter was very playful, my cat shed, and the dogs occasionally urinated indoors, I had to give up the idea of the white sofas, the kilims, the paisley throws. My Swedish practicality overcame my Italian desire for well-being, and I bought only Santa Fe wooden benches, tables, and chairs, which were easy to clean but awfully uncomfortable.

To compensate for the loss of the white wooden horse, I bought an elephant from Bali carved out of one piece of wood, but it was less than life-size and that always bothered me. I guess that was what led me to start buying lots of animals in different forms: old circus banners announcing hermaphroditic goats and a snake boy; wooden snakes from Santa Fe; animators' celluloids of Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Bambi, the 101 Dalmatians; an Indian wooden horse with his genitals attached to his belly by a hook; three painted monkeys (the ones that don't see, don't hear, and don't speak) to frame my windows. The collection got out of hand when giving me an "animal something" became the easy solution to Christmas and holiday presents. I began to receive taxidermists' stuffed animals, which we Italians believe bring bad luck. I had to stop.

My friend John Ryman came to the rescue—first by rearranging what I already had and adding pillows to the stiff wooden furniture and then by coming in from Long Island with his red pickup truck full of sofas, chairs, and lamps from his garage. We had great fun decorating the loft just to see what it could look like and then, at the end of the day, loading everything back on the truck.

I felt I couldn't have a "proper" apartment until I was older, with a grown child and fewer pets. Prac-

(Continued on page 156)



Rossellini, in a Gigli blouse, *above,* holds her sister's pug, Cleo. Kitchen furniture is from Santa Fe. *Opposite:* A pictorial family tree adorns a master bedroom wall. Atop the American Empire chest is a portrait of the actress as a girl. *Right:* Her daughter's drawing of Macaroni the terrier has a place of honor on the refrigerator door.

I seem to need a touch of surrealism to keep myself in a good mood





Ryman designed the
able and shelves, stocked
products that Rossellini
ents for Lancôme. The
elier and sconces were
ed. *Opposite above:*
n made the bed out of
ork from a church in
ecticut. A cotton stripe
the sofa and armchair.
ite below left: A collection
hats above an antique
Opposite below right:
ping" at a dumpster.





The Craft of Fantasy

By design, few things are what they seem to be in a German couple's London house. By Rhoda Koenig

Photographs by James Mortimer Produced by Wendy Harrop





NO VISITOR TO THIS LONDON PIED-À-TERRE, WITH its Chinese wallpaper, marble halls, and exotically draped dining room, would be likely to guess that it was once literally a cat house. Yet, before the advent of a small army of architects, builders, decorators, and painters, the place was home to a portrait artist and her twenty-four tabbies. Now the only feline touch is the leopard-print upholstery on the gilded Regency armchairs that stand in a foyer with faux stone walls (painted to match a real limestone and marble floor) and a banister that looks like tasseled rope but is really made of cast bronze.

The frame for this theatricality is an unlikely one—a staid Victorian house with a proper English garden in deeply respectable South Kensington. But the German owners—who live, as their London decorator Veere Grenney says, "in Saint Moritz, on the water, and in the air"—regard the place as a retreat. "In a vacation house people go a lot further than they would in their permanent residence," adds Ibiza-based decorator Jorg Marquard, who masterminded the overall design plan while Grenney concentrated on the details. Making full use of the license given them, the two designers jointly created a house that their female employer describes as having a "funny twitch to it."

The building may appear as if it has remained unchanged for more than a century, but that too has been the result of careful and cunning

Virtually nothing in the fanciful pink drawing room, *left*, betrays the fact that it belongs to an English Victorian house. All the furniture and fittings, nonetheless, were found in London, including Venetian chairs and a mirror from Guinevere Antiques and the 18th-century Chinese wallpaper from Toynbee-Clarke Interiors. The yellow silk velvet upholstery is from Manuel Canovas. *Above:* The Louis XV mantel and Venetian bird-shaped crystal sconce are treated like extensions of the wall pattern. Details see Resources.



The frame for this theatricality is an unlikely one—a staid Victorian in deeply respectable South Kensington

work. At the beginning of the eighteen-month project, Marquard and architect Moritz Lau-Enghausen set about altering the layout, shifting the entrance to a quieter street, and incorporating a separate painter's studio dating from the 1940s into the structure. The plumbing and electrical systems were completely revamped by German workers, and, ironically, it is their results that the châtelaine of this enchanted castle regards with the greatest enthusiasm. "If you look behind the scenes, everything is color-coded," she points out. "There is an integrated Hoover system, so you don't have to carry the vacuum cleaner up and down stairs. And the pressure pump system lets you have a shower like in the Brazilian jungle." The last is no small feat in London, where most showers dribble in a diffident way.

The cool pale foyer is what Marquard describes as a "neutral zone," which gives way to the lavishly feminine drawing room—a pink and green fantasy where crystal parrots perch on fireside sconces, chairs are cozy pink seashells, and a pleated lampshade is topped with a saucy bow. The wallpaper is mid eighteenth century Chinese—or three-quarters of it is, anyway. When the lush bird and butterfly pattern turned out to be insufficient to cover the walls, the owners commissioned a London painter to fill the gap with an exact copy. The

In the basement dining room, *right,* trompe l'oeil drapery merges with real curtains of yellow silk pulled back to show a lining of striped satin available from Brunschwig. The Regency chinoiserie chairs have festive polka-dotted cushions. *Above:* The foyer's faux stone walls are painted to match the limestone and marble floor. The handrail is cast bronze simulating tasseled rope.





theme of the furniture is heavily Venetian, from an eighteenth-century silver-leafed mirror to a pair of occasional tables adorned with topographical views of the island republic. Like all the antiques in the house, these came from Greater London. "Whenever I've been to Venice," says Grenney, "I've never seen a thing for sale."

In the basement dining room, Grenney made full use of British workmanship to flesh out the antiques finds—and to carry on the things-are-seldom-what-they-seem theme which sneakily pervades the house. Four dining chairs have been exactingly crafted to match the ten Regency ones, and an eighteenth-century pier table is now perfectly matched with a new mate. To ensure that the setting is eternally sunny, the walls are painted with extravagant yellow draperies that converge at the windows with real yellow silk curtains looped back to show off a purple and white circus-striped lining.

Rock solid fantasy, art deco–style this time, takes over the enormous master bath where columns of blue marble stand at the corners of a tub encased in peach marble and the trompe l'oeil ceiling looks like the underside of a tent. It is the guest bedroom, however, that Grenney describes as the "funnest room," with its wobbly gilt stars painted on "highly distressed walls" and its bright silk-embroidered bedspread competing with a leopard-print rug.

Nor is the owners' sense of fun confined to their house. In its own neo-Georgian villa sits the family Range Rover, the maker's name altered to read Strange Lover. That, says Grenney, causes a few double takes as pedestrians think they've just passed a familiar sight, then realize, as do visitors to the house, that appearances can be deceiving. ♠



Decorators Jorg Marquard and Veere Grenney created a starry backdrop for a 19th-century Italian lacquered bed, *right*, and a silk-embroidered spread, which whimsically contrasts with a leopard-patterned carpet available from Stark. The curtains are silk taffeta available from Brunschwig with a valance of Osborne & Little silk. *Above:* A 19th-century Italian secretary displays two blackamoor candlesticks that face mates converted into bedside lamps.



"I'M A DOWNTOWN GIRL WHO LIVES ON THE Upper East Side," muses fashion plate Lauren Ezersky. This Holly Golightly of the nineties reinvents Chanel looks at the fashion shows and other events she covers for *Behind the Velvet Ropes* on cable TV. She interviews designers for her column "Lunch with Lauren" in *Paper Magazine,* though, she admits, "we never do eat lunch—everyone is too busy!"

One wonders if she eats at all. In the penthouse she shares with her husband and their three dogs, the refrigerator is stocked with bottled water, period. "I'm not a domestic goddess," she says. "My approach to housekeeping is, call your maid." Her approach to decorating is less extravagant: the kitchen table and chairs are from Pottery Barn, and the sofa is from ABC Carpet & Home.

How does she collect so much Chanel? "I'm a smart shopper. I wait for sales. And I shop everywhere. We should all do our part to support fashion, don't you agree?" ▲







Lauren Ezersky in head-to-toe Chanel from morning, above, to night, *opposite*. English Ivy fabric and wallpaper by Waverly, sofa from ABC Carpet & Home, NYC. *Inserts above, clockwise from left:* On cable with designers Carolyne Roehm, Marc Jacobs, and Betsey Johnson. Details see Resources.

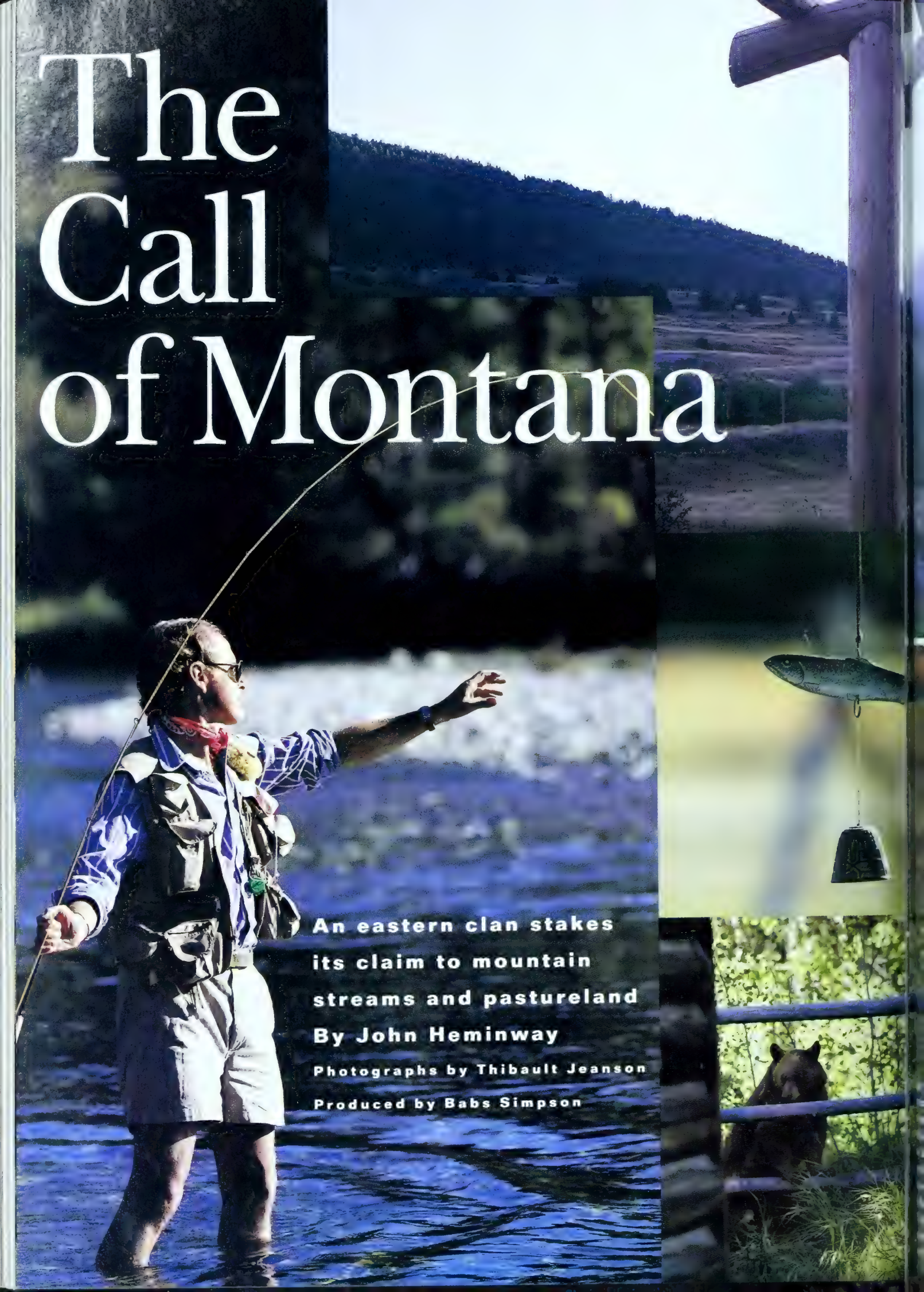


Breakfast at Chanel

THE HOLLY GOLIGHTLY OF THE '90s, LAUREN EZERSKY FLAUNTS HER STYLE ON CABLE TV

BY WENDY GOODMAN Photographs by Ruven Afanador

The Call of Montana



An eastern clan stakes its claim to mountain streams and pastureland

By John Heminway

Photographs by Thibault Jeanson

Produced by Babs Simpson





Bar 20 fishing camp,
eminway, *far left*,
r trout. *Top:* A guest
ellis overlooks an
ve landscape. *Above*
orch bell. *Left:*
ears arrive in late
n the chokecherries.
Vintage fish prints
nain dining room.
see Resources.

LONG BEFORE I'D EVER been to Montana, I knew I missed it. A chunk of America, free, uncluttered, and wild, it was on my mind as I traveled far away—through the Kavir Desert of Iran, along the Hadhramaut coast of South Yemen, in the Bangweulu swamps of Zambia. Montana must be an Africa, I figured, without the visas, blackwater fever, and perpetual roadblocks.

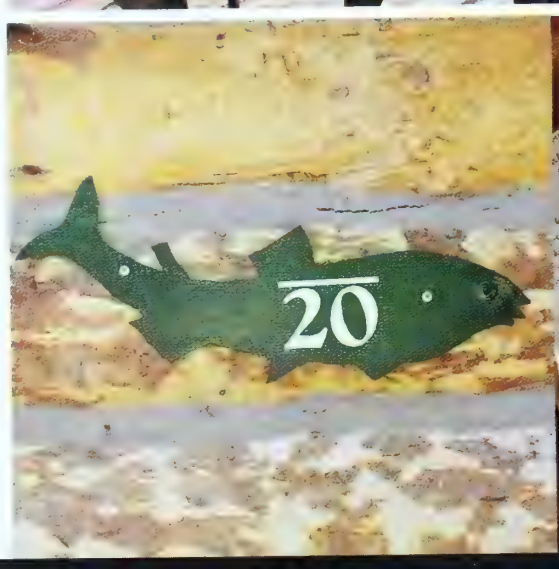
That was seventeen years ago when I worked out of London, making films about endangered animals and peoples. As much as I loved my errant way of life, I began to suffer from an ill-defined complaint—the suspicion that I knew a lot less about my own country than I did about other places. Something else was troubling: food. Much of the world I had come to know, once a breadbasket, was now panhandling for staples. Food shortages, I believed, would be at the heart of global mayhem. The West would become a lure to the dislocated; America, from purple mountain majesties to fruited plain, would serve as both the world's sanctuary and its cornucopia.

No matter if I was overstating the case. I left my job and, after a farewell journey to Africa, came home to New York to begin plotting how I could participate in a new agrarian renaissance. For two years I poked around the country, first surveying New England, then the Midwest and Colorado. By the time I reached Wyoming, in the company of a like-minded cousin, I knew I was getting warm. There had never been any doubt Montana would be the place, but, somehow, I wanted to earn it.

Montana was impossible not to lust

In the pine-paneled living room, *above right,* Hilary Heminway revived battered bunkhouse furniture by covering it with green canvas and 1920s Beacon blankets. South American baskets hang as lampshades. *Right, from far left:* The Bar 20 brand on a cabin plaque. A fish-inspired guest book entry. John Heminway in the shed that serves as his office. The main house, a spruced-up log cabin.













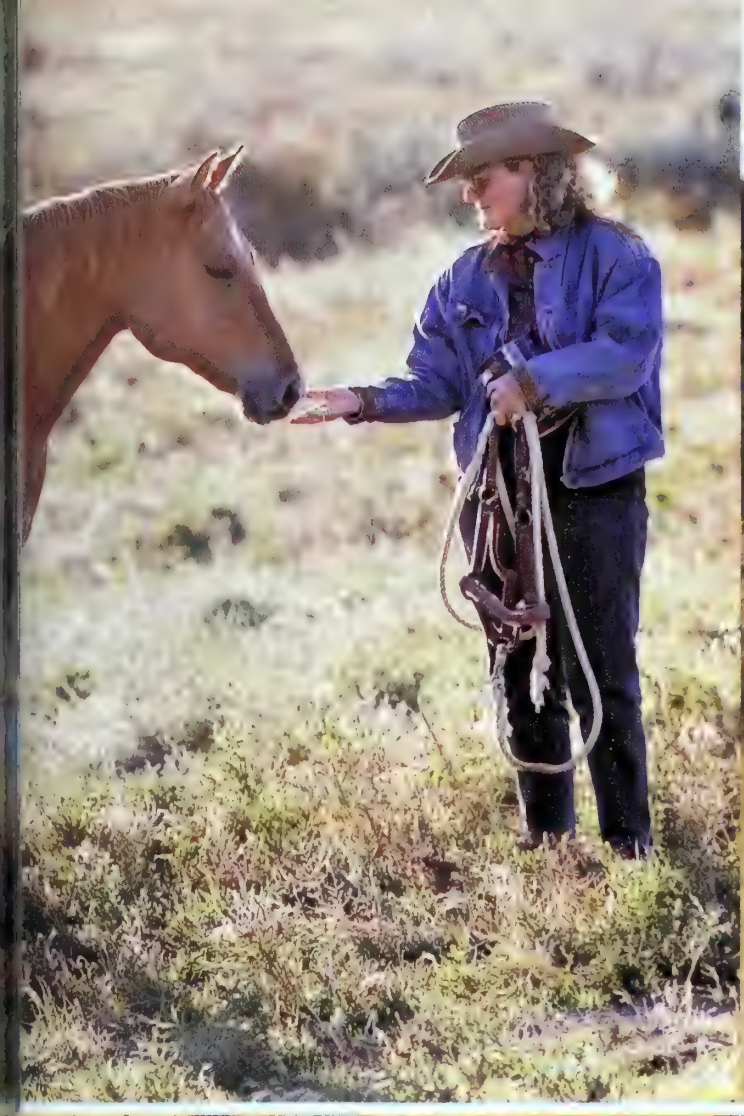
after from the start—a region where cattle outnumber people, where eagles sometimes convene like blackbirds, where the plains resemble edges of the Serengeti. Our family ranch, acquired after much tire-kicking in 1978 and jointly owned by me, my sister, Hilary Heminway, my brother, Jay, and our cousins Harry and Sissy Wheeler, is in the badlands of Montana—broken sandstone cliffs alternating with stands of bull pine and meadows of native grasses. We named picnic sites after places from our past: Watch Hill, the Eagle Club, Lake Forest, Annapurna. From every reach not another rooftop is visible, and from some spots we can see the Beartooth Mountains eighty miles away. Evenings on horseback, I take pleasure in the gathering unspoiled dusk. This, for me, is "darkest America."

Early on, you discover that buying a ranch is just the beginning of many outlays. When acquired, much of the thirty miles of our fencing was in despair. Sheds had suffered what is euphemistically termed "deferred maintenance." Wells needed to be dug, hay meadows reseeded, windmills erected. A herd of cattle and a couple of bulls were at the top of our shopping list. We also needed a house. Only one with running water existed on the property, and it had already been allocated to the ranch manager. We built ours two miles away in a draw surrounded by ponderosa pines. Hilary and Sissy sketched the house on the back of a matchbook in a Billings café, and the builder, known only by the name of Tiny, went to work fighting snowdrifts and impatient creditors.

Our ranch house, designed on a matchbook, looks as if it were born in Montana—a log ark afloat on a meadow



At the fishing camp the Three Bears Room, *above,* aptly accommodates a trio of pine beds by Indy Corson and posters by Buckeye Blake. *Left:* A pillow made from a Beacon blanket and a cigar box felt. *Opposite above left:* Hilary Heminway at the cattle ranch. *Opposite above right:* Quarter horses work the herds and have the run of the property. *Opposite below:* The ranch living room is outfitted with log furniture by Ken Siggins and Jimmy Covert.











Through much of this time I apprenticed to the ranch manager. A few months of the winter I spent camped in his cellar; in the summer I declared my independence by living in a trailer positioned next to one of our wells. During the first year our cows produced nearly 150 calves—our humble contribution, so I convinced my family, to filling the world's bottomless maw.

My recommendation to anyone wishing to attempt a part-time move to a working ranch is to make your manager a friend, choose your partners well, and be sure one of them knows how to set up a house. Hilary, a Connecticut-based decorator, was at the heart of almost all of the design work. Already fluent with the West, she tapped into a Montana architectural genius at the time hardly recognized and found inspiration in the abandoned homesteaders' cabins dotted across our property. Our house thus looks as if it were born in Montana—a log ark afloat on a meadow. Inside, life evolves around one lofty hall: living room, library, dining room, and kitchen folded upon each other and overlooked by a bunk balcony. Edward Borein horse drawings, a French sleigh bed, Navajo and Ethiopian rugs, and Ken Siggins and Jimmy Covert log furniture give it the eclectic coziness we find seductive after a day feeding cattle.

But the ranch was only a partial cure for my case of Montana. About six years ago my sister and I started looking for a cabin on a mountain river as occasional solace from the openness of the ranch. I talked about trout fishing. She dreamed of creating a family "hill station." We intended to keep it small. After exploring several river systems, we succumbed to an isolated reserve about three hours from the ranch and not far from the *(Continued on page 158)*

The fishing camp's main kitchen, *above left,* features its original 1930s wood-burning stove, which is now used to heat the room. *Left:* A full moon hangs over a hill dotted with ponderosa pine. *Opposite:* Mosquito nets dangle above guest beds with 1940s cotton coverlets.



LE STYLE PASSEBON

PARIS HAS A NEW DEALER WITH A NEW IDEA ABOUT ANTIQUES

By Charles Gandee

Photographs by Scott Frances

Pierre Passebon gaz
through a Bérard
he bought from the
Boris Kochno sale a
Sotheby's in Monaco
In Passebon's new t
level gallery, *opposite*
clockwise from top lef
a Frank lamp on a
lacquered Porteneu
secrétaire, a Royère
desk and chair in fr
of a screen by Max
Tobler, a turn-of-th
century bust on a
dresser by Boiceau,
marble Apollo refle
in a fifties mirror.
Details see Resourc



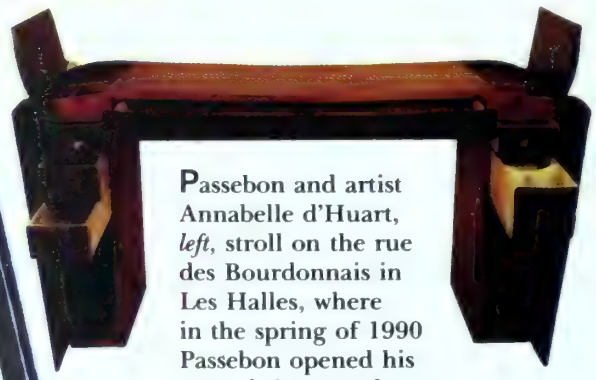












Passebon and artist Annabelle d'Huart, *left,* stroll on the rue des Bourdonnais in Les Halles, where in the spring of 1990 Passebon opened his second, SoHo-style gallery, *above left,* specializing in work by contemporary artists. *Above:* A desk by Vincent Corbière, a young French furniture maker Passebon represents.

ALTHOUGH PARIS ANTIQUAIRE PIERRE PASSEbon traces his interest in the decorative arts to a teenage fascination with the "socialist spirit of art nouveau" (nurtured, perhaps, by his Jesuit schooling), his first foray into the aesthetic arena was as a dealer not of furniture but of drawings and prints. (In 1983, after a five-year stint in publishing, the then thirty-year-old Passebon rented a minuscule stall and hung out his shingle at the Marché aux Puces, Paris's legendary flea market.) Why drawings and prints? Because "they're small and you don't need a car," says Passebon, who, in 1983, didn't have one. Nowadays, of course, the I-only-deal-in-what-I-can-transport-by-Métro rule is but a quaint memory for Passebon, who, rest assured, has a car as well as three Paris galleries, each of which is sufficiently large to accommodate almost anything that should happen to catch the still-baby-faced-at-thirty-nine dealer's ever-roving eye.

"Antiques are easy, my taste is eclectic," says Passebon, by way of explaining the romantic jumble of styles and periods jammed into the by-appointment-only bi-level gallery he opened in an atelier-like space at 6 bis Villa Malakoff in May 1988. And the splendid disarray—Jean-Michel Frank chairs piled up high here, a primitive African cabinet that looks like a tree trunk shoved into a corner there—attests to it. While his debut as an antiquaire was, by his own estimation, "a big success," Passebon was less than completely satisfied. He felt stifled. "If I'm just a dealer, it's very boring," he confesses. "For me it's important to be an agent of creation." By agent of creation Passebon means actively involved in sponsoring and exhibiting the work of contemporary applied artists—a greater challenge, he contends. "I have the feeling that people are afraid of living artists. They seem to be more comfortable with dead ones."

Nonetheless, in the spring of 1990 Passebon opened a second, SoHo-style gallery for contemporary work at 38 rue des Bourdonnais in Les Halles, which he inaugurated with an exhibition by Argentine jewelry designer Marcial Berro. "A big *big* success," says Passebon of Berro's specially commissioned lamps, chandeliers, columns, and urns. Furniture and murals by Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray followed and, after that, billboard-scale gouaches by artist Annabelle d'Huart. Passebon then came up with "Milky Way," a celestial-theme exhibition to which he invited participation from a diverse range of talents—from Bonetti and Garouste, Jacques Grange, and Patrick Naggar to Pierre *(Continued on page 160)*





"I have the feeling that people are afraid of living artists," says Passebon. "They seem to be more comfortable with dead ones"



assebon's gallery in the
ie Véro-Dodat; two
her-of-pearl screens from
a Bismarck's villa in
flank a Boyere bed
the 1940s and an 18th-
ury bust. In Passebon's
Malakoff gallery, *above*
a 1965 portrait of
erine Deneuve, *above left*,
's out from behind a 1955
chair by Dupré Lafon.



Beyond a meadow on the eighty-acre Iowa farm, Karen Strohbeen and Bill Luchsinger's gardens sweep down from the house and barn to a spring-fed pond.

All-American Garden

Artists Karen Strohbeen and Bill Luchsinger of south-central Iowa came to gardening as many native Iowans do, through inheritance. Some of Bill's earliest memories are of his grandmother's perennial garden in West Des Moines. One of Karen's grandfathers was a homeopathic physician in Iowa City who cared for a garden full of vegetables, medicinal herbs, and flowers meant to feed, please, and cure not only family members but also patients in the sanitarium he ran. Karen's other grandfather, too, spent a lifetime growing things. It was logical, then, when Karen and Bill settled

By Jane Smiley

Photographs by Peter Margonelli Produced by Songa Mortimer



on their present rolling acreage, at the end of a dirt road about fifty miles from Des Moines, that they would build a garden that is absolutely site specific. The double-dug mounded island beds (composed of one part soil, one part







Karen tries out combinations of perennials, *top,* in a bed planted with soybeans. *Center:* Sawdust for mulch is shoveled into a wheelbarrow. *Above:* Karen deadheads *Hemerocallis fulva* 'Hyperion', while Bill tends asparagus. *Opposite above:* White nicotiana and phlox, yellow daylilies, and lavender perovskia extend the cool palette of island beds into late summer. *Opposite below:* Earlier in the season, iris and lilies bloom beside vegetables and annuals in square beds. The lawn frames perennial borders contoured to the rolling landscape.

manure, and one part gritty sand) move in waves from the house to the pond. They would fit into no one's backyard. As a composition of colors, shapes, and textures, the garden grows out of a characteristic south-central Iowa landscape where corn and soybeans sown in valleys and along contoured slopes are, more frequently than in other parts of the state, interspersed with pastures and hillside woodlands.

Bill and Karen moved here in 1982, after sojourning first in the small western Iowa town of Charter Oak and in New York City, where they realized that their dream was to live in the country, someplace, Bill says, "where we wouldn't mind growing old." Inside the house as well as out, they are clearly artists at work. The rooms are bright with colors; the interior walls have become large canvases for vivid brushstrokes in blues, pinks, greens, and yellows. Enameled aluminum sculptures of animals and plants crowd the furniture. One room houses apparatus for Bill's longtime profession of video making. Other rooms are full of equipment for computerized printmaking and presses for lithographs and etchings.

Karen and Bill view their purchase of the eighty-acre property, where there was already a smaller and less ambitious but beautiful garden, as another lucky inheritance. The previous owners, naturalists Bo and Jack Cleveland, had set out and lovingly cared for beds of flowers, herbs, and vegetables in a fifty-foot square. They were reassured to learn that the new owners would carry on with the garden. Says Bill, "Most American gardens begin from scratch, whereas many European gardens are very old—someone else, for example, tended the hedges in their awkward years." He and Karen replenished the soil in the twenty-five-year-old plot and laid out square raised beds. They also brought much of their own previous garden with them, moving plants from Charter Oak as carefully as they moved their printing presses.

In 1992 the garden has filled the eight-acre space dedicated to it—the newest bed, a sinuous oval near the house, was planted in soybeans in 1991. Soybeans, Bill points out, are not only a terrific green manure, they also show hidden problems. Where soil is compacted, the beans are noticeably shorter and weaker. Karen and Bill have, all along, planned the garden in accordance with idiosyncratic principles. Favorite early spring flowers grow farther from the house, luring the couple out just when exploratory walks after the long winter are most enjoyable; subtle arrangements with late-season appeal are closer to the house, where they can be contemplated over the course of a busy day.

"Each garden has to relate to the larger landscape," says Karen. "There is a constant visual weaving of one bed into another, of the foreground into distant views where gardens merge into the landscape." Bill adds, "The farther away a garden is the more demanding it is to design, because you have to make a larger statement that still holds your interest when you look at it up close." They plan a spring-to-frost progression of bloom that avoids hot yellows and oranges in July and August and consistently grades from pale yellow and white through pink and lavender to blue. They use silver and chartreuse to "mitigate" clashing colors. "We've found that chartreuse is like the bread of the garden," Bill explains. "It lets you taste many differ-





Karen and Bill use silver and chartreuse to "mitigate" clashing colors. "We've found that chartreuse is like the bread of the garden," Bill explains. "It lets you taste different shades"







ent shades. It helps you distinguish different greens, which otherwise can look dull, and it cleans up 'dirty' mauves." Cool yellow *Coreopsis verticillata* 'Moonbeam' and blue flax also weave in and out of other species, tying the beds together.

Now that the garden is built, Karen and Bill enjoy refining it by tinkering with combinations that don't look quite right and varieties that don't do as well as others. Much of their tinkering takes place in stock beds near the barn where plants are grouped by color and height. Soon Bill and Karen will be meditating upon one aspect of the garden they feel they have until recently taken for granted: trees within the garden as well as those in the immediate vicinity that form part of the garden's frame. Weather in Iowa can be destructive, and in the past few years many big limbs and some whole trees have been lost to ice storms. Karen and Bill expect to plant oaks, maples, and other large species in the landscape and to *(Continued on page 156)*

A resource for botanical study, *above,* plantings of coreopsis, perovskia, echinacea, and other species are arranged by color and height in a stock garden. *Opposite above:* Some of the more than twenty species of grasses grown here fringe the pond near floribunda roses, oriental lilies, and wildflowers. *Opposite below left:* Behind a cloud of blue flax a mown path across the dam stretches toward the prairie. *Opposite below right:* Purple clematis contrasts with yellow spuria iris. *Below left:* More clematis climbs the chicken coop. *Below right:* Under a Japanese elm, chartreuse lady's-mantle is played off against wine-red *Heuchera micrantha* 'Palace Purple'.







Bill and Karen maintain a progression of color through the garden from early spring to fall, relying on staggered plantings of flowers in similar shades. Along a meandering path, the blues of delphinium and aconite and the pink of cleome give way to the yellows of daylilies and Asiatic lilies.


"There is a constant weaving of
one bed into another, of the
foreground into distant views"



Sets for Real Life

At home in the city and at the shore, Donald Sterzin acts as his own art director

By Bob Felner

Photographs by Thibault Jeanson

Produced by Deborah Webster

THE THING ABOUT DONALD STERZIN'S look is that it's not about things, it's about effects—the illusions that light, color, and shape create in the rooms they fill. The spaces he has put together for himself—like his rooms for Bruce Weber's evocative advertising photographs for Ralph Lauren—are art-directed. They look like art but they feel like home.

About two years ago Sterzin realized that he needed less austere surroundings in New York, where he is executive vice president and creative director of the advertising agency Carlson & Partners. "I was just about to buy an apartment that needed a mint for restoration when I found a rental," he recalls. Then the beach cottage Sterzin had been renting at Fire Island went on the market and he bought it.

Faced with two new places, he decided to satisfy his yen for blue and white and a "sunny feel," with echoes of Matisse paintings and Gerald and Sara Murphy's house on the Riviera, Villa America—"an expatriate look," he says, "soft, warm, and comfortable." He organized a decorating SWAT team captained by his associate, Mark Campbell, and issued the same terse instructions he gives to his photo crews: do it quick, do it well, and "chop-chop-chop!"

Campbell ("I'm the hunter") ransacked the city, particularly the tag sale annex at William Doyle Galleries ("They don't haggle," says Doyle's Patrick Ameche, "and they'll buy off the truck"), David George Antiques ("I love Donald's playful sarcasm and Mark's southern sensibilities"), and flea markets. Meanwhile Sterzin turned to his file cabinets full of pictures from magazines and books and dispatched them to antiques impresario David Drummond, who did some digging, then sent back photos of his finds.

"I ask myself how Donald always knows what to buy at the flea markets he's always going to," muses Weber. "His talent is editing. He can do it so quickly and perfectly."

Today the core of the city apartment is a gallery/dining room with a



In Donald Stewart's city living room, overlapping Afghan carpets from Montana Hemisphere, Santa Monica, set off a sofa covered in linen from Ralph Lauren Home Collection and a Regency chair in a Clarence House cotton. *Opposite:* Stewart in his gallery/dining room. Details, see Resources.

"What Donald provides is comfortable elegance," says one furniture dealer. "These rooms don't just look good, they engulf you both physically and emotionally"









wall of cantilevered shelves, Campbell's improvement on the usual picture rail. The slightly angled six-inch-deep shelves both display and store Sterzin's collection of photographs, which range from pictures of Native Americans by Edward Curtis to portraits and fashion shots by Weber as well as Louise Dahl-Wolfe, Horst, Herbert List, Hoyningen-Huene, and others.

The summer house was built on the mainland in 1875, then moved across the winter ice in 1906 to the Fire Island hamlet known as Water Island. Since no cars are allowed on the island, everything had to be ferried over and hand-carried down the beach—the trickle of odds and ends during Sterzin's decade as a tenant became an operation on the scale of the building of the pyramids at Giza. Now the cottage seems like a grown-up's fantasy of a tree house, with cool dark living and dining rooms downstairs ("It comes to life at night, when all the candles are lit," says Campbell) and a porch upstairs that wraps around two sunny bedrooms. Inside, nothing is too precious: old wicker, painted wood, striped canvas, yachting pictures, and casual-but-perfect still lifes of starfish and shells.

"What Donald does is provide a comfortable elegance," says Drummond. "We've all been in rooms that look beautiful but you can't wait to get the hell out of. These rooms don't just look good, they engulf you both physically and emotionally." It's nice to know that when Sterzin returns from the road, where he spends about seven months a year making a two-dimensional world seem real, he has two ideal three-dimensional worlds to come home to. ▲



Orchids and garden roses punctuate the blues and whites, *opposite above,* of the airy, sophisticated city living room. In the Fire Island house, *above left,* a bedroom, *above,* with simple white siding, a vase of cosmos on an old wicker table, and bold red and white cotton slipcovers embodies a more rustic version of Sterzin's "expatriate style." *Opposite below, from left:* Sterzin creates still lifes for himself that rival those he devises for Polo/Ralph Lauren: blue-on-blue upholstery from George Smith and ticking stripe from Ralph Lauren Home Collection with roses in bloom and on vintage fabric; American art pottery, including vases by Fulper, Van Briggle, and Roseville; shells, starfish, a toy sailboat, and postcards tucked into a mirror frame.

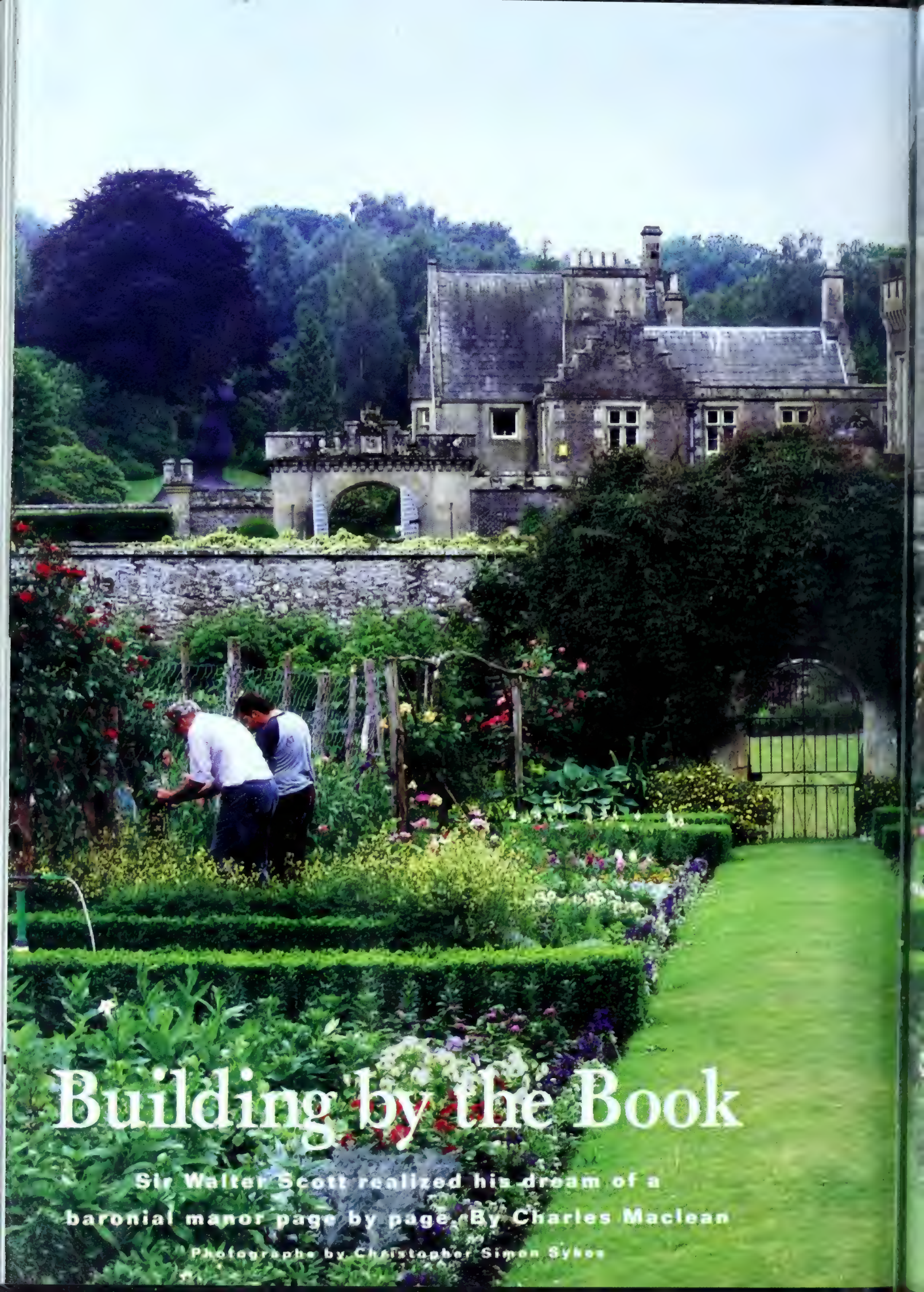








Wicker chaises, *below,* provide refuge from the sun on a ground-floor porch at Fire Island. *Opposite above:* Sunlight floods the living room, with its stained wood walls, painted vintage furniture, and yachting photographs collected by Sterzin and his associate, Mark Campbell. *Opposite below:* Blue and white china, new and old, fills a kitchen wall. *Above:* In a second-floor bedroom the structural timbers of the gable end of the house display seashore treasures.



Building by the Book

Sir Walter Scott realized his dream of a baronial manor page by page. By Charles Maclean

Photographs by Christopher Simon Sykes



The stone turrets of Abbotsford, seen from a walled garden, conjure up images from Sir Walter Scott's novels set in the Middle Ages.



"ON RETURNING TO ABBOTSFORD," WROTE SIR WALTER Scott's son-in-law and biographer, John Lockhart, in 1818, "[I] found Mrs. Scott and her daughters doing penance under the merciless curiosity of a couple of tourists. . . . They were rich specimens—tall, lanky young men, both of them rigged out in new jackets and trowsers of the Macgregor tartan." The visitors, a lawyer and a Unitarian preacher from New England, had hoped to catch a glimpse of the world-famous author of *Rob Roy* scribbling away. One can picture them now as clearly as their modern counterparts—slung about with Nikons, trooping through Scott's time-sealed study. Still lived in by his descendants, the house remains almost unchanged since the days he lavished hospitality on all who turned up at its castellated gates. Scott's pride and joy, and ultimately the cause of his ruin (in a somber moment he called it a "Dalilah of my imagination"), Abbotsford was built on the proceeds of his writing—with the romantic, as much as social, ambition of establishing himself as a Border laird. Scott entertained Washington Irving there, while the turreted mansion he was still composing by installments (a wing or floor for each best-selling novel) rambled into the air like the high-flown description of a fortalice in *Ivanhoe*.

A year after Scott's death in 1832, under constant siege by visitors clamoring to see the great baronial pile that he'd literally dreamed into existence, his family was obliged to open Abbotsford and its grounds to the public. It has remained so ever since, setting a precedent that many stately homes would follow more than a century later. A splendidly curious, theatrical yet intensely personal monument to Scotland's heroic past, its importance as an influence on Victorian architecture and decorating styles can hardly be exaggerated. One of the most visited, best loved historic houses in Scotland today, Abbotsford still has the sprawling charm of a comfortable private country estate where the spirit of its builder lives on in the company of successive generations.

Dame Jean Maxwell-Scott and her elder sister, Patricia Maxwell-Scott, the present owner, grew up at Abbotsford; their father (Scott's great-great-grandson) died in 1954, and the two have lived there on and off ever since. Although they have other commitments—Dame Jean is lady-in-waiting to Princess Alice, the queen's aunt—they devote much of their time to keeping the house and gardens in trim for the visiting public. The sisters occupy the whole house but live mostly in the Victorian wing added in 1855 so that the beleaguered family could have somewhere to escape to while visitors made themselves at home. When they were children, Dame Jean recalls, tourists were not allowed in the



Dame Jean and Mrs. Patricia Maxwell-Scott, *above*, still live at the estate built by their great-great-great-grandfather. *Left*: A watercolor of Scott's granddaughter and her child in the library, c. 1840. *Opposite above:* The sitting room is part of the private Victorian wing, built by the family in 1855 to escape the herds of visitors. *Opposite below:* Art displayed in the anteroom to the armory includes a figure of the novelist by John Greenshields and a portrait of his dog Ginger by Sir Edwin Landseer.

garden, and the dining room (where Scott died) was still used by the family. "Now they can wander anywhere," she says, as gaily welcoming as her illustrious forebear, "except in our part of the house, which wouldn't interest them particularly. We do get the odd nose pressed up against a window. If you've been used to it all your life, you hardly notice."

In the Border countryside that Scott loved, Conundrum Castle, as he christened Abbotsford, stands among trees he planted himself on a terraced bluff that falls gently to the River Tweed. An uninhibited hodgepodge of architectural styles—part Scottish baronial, part Gothic, part English manor house—Abbotsford's mellow period charm is not for purists. Ruskin called it "perhaps the most incongruous and ugly pile that





Abbotsford was Scott's pride and ultimately his ruin—in a somber m



gentlemanly modernism ever designed," entirely missing the point that, as the embodiment of all Scott's dreams, passionate interests, and social ambitions, the house was a complete expression of its author's personality. A toy-town assemblage of medieval towers, crowstepped gables, and cloistered gardens, its pinkish walls are embedded with such exotic archaeological fragments as the old Edinburgh Tolbooth door through which condemned men passed to the scaffold. Extravagant antiquarian fantasy informs every detail of Abbotsford's construction, reflecting the pleasure Scott took in creating out of a humble farmhouse what has been described, not unkindly, as his finest historical novel.

Hanging in the private living room is a drawing of Cartleyhole, the original farm that Scott bought along with about a hundred acres in 1811 and renamed Abbotsford after the monks of Melrose, who once owned the land and used to ford the river just below the house. "Now I am a *Laird*," the poet, lawyer, and local sheriff proudly wrote his friend Lady Abercorn, full of plans for expanding the first estate he'd ever owned. The success of his narrative poems (*The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Marmion*, and *The Lady of the Lake*) had paid for the foundations of the new house, but the move may have prompted him to turn his hand to fiction. The immensely popular series of Waverley Novels was begun there and became tied to the building's execution not only by theme—Abbotsford itself conjures up the early novels set in the Middle Ages—but by financial need. The growing house soaked up vast amounts of money, and Scott had to write at a furious pace to keep up with his visions of aggrandizement. "The real road to ruin," he would declare with prophetic irony, "is . . . to

The splendidly gloomy entrance hall reflects Scott's medievalist fantasies. The carved-oak paneling is hung with armor, shields, and heroic relics exactly as he left them. A French clock and a replica of the skull of a soldier at Waterloo rest on the sandstone fireplace copied from a stall in the cloisters at Melrose Abbey.

alled it a "Dalilah of my imagination"





On an arcaded screen, *opposite above*, inspired by the Melrose Abbey cloisters, a peahen patrols a walled garden behind a border of roses and Maggie Motts. *Opposite below:* Architectural yew hedges. *Above left:* Stone deerhounds flank the private entrance. *Above right:* In his book-lined study Scott wrote novels at a furious pace to finance the building and upkeep of Abbotsford. *Below:* A guest room features a four-poster modeled after English actor David Garrick's bed at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

have an improveable estate with a taste for building."

Although he received help and advice on the design and decoration of Abbotsford from a gifted coterie of friends—in particular Daniel Terry, the actor-playwright, and William Atkinson, a leading Gothic revival architect—Scott's eclectic taste overshadowed their contributions. The mixture of old and new, of domestic comfort with the first revival of the Scottish baronial look, had an influence on nineteenth-century taste which, like the fashion for Scott's historical novels, was international.

In the entrance hall and armory, the array of heroic relics—suits of armor, heraldic shields, grim battlefield trove—represent a passionate historicism that is, identifiably, the raw material of his fiction. Here you see Rob Roy's dirk, there the keys with which Mary Queen of Scots' lover helped her escape from Lochleven Castle; a case in the library shows Napoleon's writing folio taken from his carriage after Waterloo, as well as a morsel of oatcake found in the sporran of a fallen Highlander at Culloden. The cumulative impact of so many romantic curios now seems as artificial as a stage set for some bygone epic, but Scott's knightly quest was not so much for authenticity as it was for inspiration.

His plain book-lined study, with its hidden stair to his bedroom, allowed Scott to retire into the world of his imagination. More than any other room, it evokes the novelist's presence and bears witness to the monastic demands of his profession. Yet Scott had a touchingly modest opinion of his literary powers. A sociable family-minded man, he considered writing a means rather than an end and was never happier than when playing the role of Border laird he'd written for himself, moving about his estate with a permanent entourage of friends, dependents (including his personal piper), and devoted dogs.

It was in his study, nonetheless, that Scott, faced with sudden and complete financial ruin at the age of fifty-five, implemented the heroic



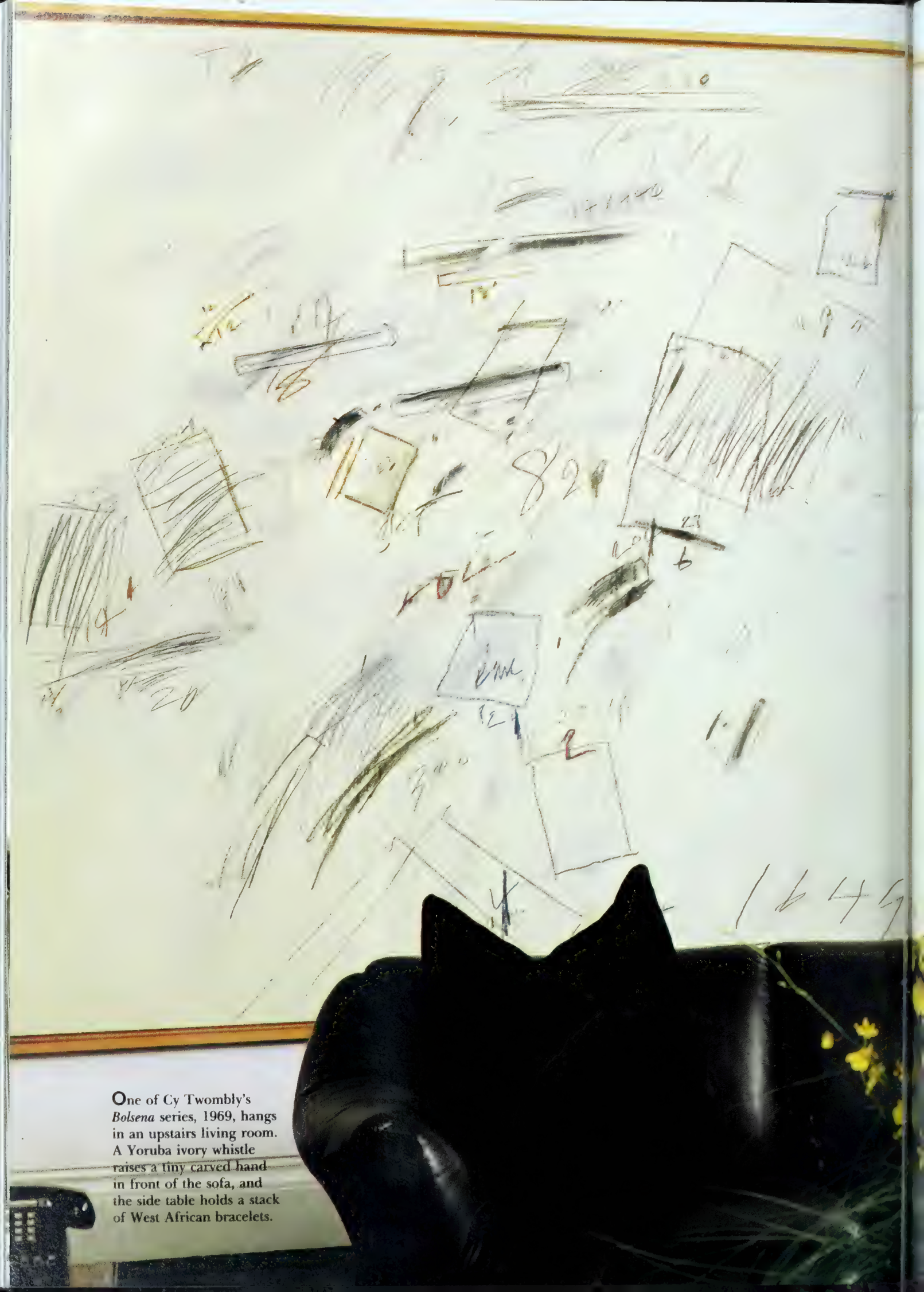
decision to write his way out of debt. In six years he earned £50,000 with his pen, and though the effort killed him, he paid off much of his debts. He also managed to save his beloved Abbotsford for his family. It's not surprising that the Maxwell-Scotts are proud to share their house with his immortal memory. "You do almost feel," Patricia Maxwell-Scott says, one hand resting on the back of her ancestor's worn leather writing chair, "particularly in this room where my father used to read aloud to us from the collected works, that Sir Walter's still here somewhere keeping an eye on things." ▲

For visitors information: Abbotsford, Melrose, Roxburghshire TD6 9BQ; (896) 2043.



Scott built the house in installments—a wing for each novel





One of Cy Twombly's *Bolsena* series, 1969, hangs in an upstairs living room. A Yoruba ivory whistle raises a tiny carved hand in front of the sofa, and the side table holds a stack of West African bracelets.

At Home with Modern Masters

Adriana and Robert Mnuchin make an art of living with abstract expressionism

By Robert Pincus-Witten

Photographs by Oberto Gili





In the reception hall a Mi
table, a Han vase, and an
18th-century Chinese cha
are combined with Mark
Rothko's *Untitled*, 1959.
Opposite above: Figures fr
Mali stand on a living ro
windowsill near Jackson
Pollock's *Number 18*, 195
and a Josef Hoffmann tab
and chairs. *Opposite belo*
Franz Kline's *Untitled*, 19



TO MY CHAGRIN, I must begin with a bit of praise that is singularly irritating to Adriana and Robert Mnuchin: they do things perfectly. This trite formula may make their achievements seem like self-conscious conjuring when, in fact, the couple have an easy self-deprecating grace that suggests that whatever they do was the only sensible choice to have made.

Who are the Mnuchins? It is difficult for me to separate their public Identi-Kit from my own perception of them as friends. I'll put my cards on the table. Adriana once heard me "walk" a collectors' group through the Whitney Museum; subsequently she sat in a seminar or two of mine, and shortly thereafter I found myself a dinner guest in a Belgravian house in New York ablaze with the

Few other collectors are able to fret over arranging a brace of Pollocks or Rothkos





Mnuchins' abstract expressionist masterpieces. Later I would lunch in their Connecticut house, which opens onto the single best view north into the Litchfield hills.

Robert—who inherits his appetite for collecting from his father, a well-known collector of modern art in his own right—recently down-scaled from managing partner to limited partner in a leading brokerage house. He is also a winning sportsman—tennis and golf—who stands out by virtue of height, Captain Ahab beard, infectious laugh, and welcoming hug. Adriana's idyllic southern childhood echoes in a liminal drawl that can be turned up high when she wishes to score a point. An accomplished businesswoman, she has been as successful with sports clothes and cashmere as Robert has with stocks and bonds. Like him, she has recently divested herself of mercantile cares, replacing them with a renewed focus on family, friends, houses, art, communities urban and rural, the opera, and social service. She is a vice president of the Whitney Museum's board of trustees as well as a member of the board of the Center for African Art.

Not far from their country place, Adriana and Robert have just finished working with the architect-builders Roderick Thorne and David Cleaves on the gutting, rebuilding, enlarging, decorating, and landscaping of several shingle-style "cottages" at the old Mayflower Inn in Washington, Connecticut. The original structures, just down the hill from the most beautiful green in Connecticut, had fallen into savage disrepair, and, well, you already know how the Mnuchins do things. Tea roses set out with the breakfast silver, blue flames dancing in the grate, old leather and polished mahogany—a luxurious Edwardian fantasy has been realized for every guest who tarries at the Mayflower.

Despite wilting agendas in Connecticut and New York, the Mnuchins invent time to gratify their obsession with art—the chase and capture, the studied display. Collectors, they are also connoisseurs. Without putting too fine a point upon a paradox, collecting and connoisseurship are diametrically opposed activities. Collecting is about the hoard, connoisseurship about concentration. Accumulation and reduction: both imperatives are aesthetic, though the latter is also ascetic. The conflict can be daunting, but out of dissension—Robert is appetite, Adriana regime—comes the Mnuchins' harmony.

Their collection is one of the rare holdings of important abstract expressionist art in private hands. By and large, the masterworks of abstract expressionism are already in

museums. The desire to build a collection of, say, major Florentine painting of circa 1425—or of Picasso and Braque, from 1908 to 1914—would pose a challenge comparable to what Adriana and Robert have undertaken. Creating the Mnuchin preserve is no mean feat, nor one that merely deep pockets make possible. Jackson Pollock, Mark Rothko, Willem de Kooning are here; Franz Kline, Clyfford Still, Barnett Newman, too—and all prime examples.

The range is broadened by the later work of artists such as Cy Twombly and Jasper Johns—down to

Virtual overviews of artists' careers have hung on the living room walls



Mark di Suvero's *Che Farò Senza Euridice?*, 1958–59, *opposite*, shares the stair hall with 18th-century English chairs and a 19th-century root table holding a Bakongo staff. *Above:* Behind Ming armchairs Rothko's *Red*, 1958, and Pollock's *Untitled*, 1948, flank a living room window. *Right:* Brice Marden's *Grove Group III*, 1973, and Rothko's *Untitled*, 1954. Details see Resources.



Building a collection of major quattrocento paintings would pose a challenge comparable to what the Mnuchins have undertaken



Frank Stella and Andy Warhol as well as painters of our un-Warhol-some time, Brice Marden and David Salle. Although the Mnuchins were briefly drawn to immediately contemporary art, their eye is for painting—they are modernists, not postmodernists—and the mental conceits of conceptualism were abandoned as being less than true to the collectors' sensibility.

In the nearly five decades that have passed since the formation of the New York School, a consensus regarding abstract expressionism has emerged. Even conservative opinion now concedes that this movement generated not only the most original painting ever produced in America but arguably the most important in the West since the dazzling cubist meridian of 1908–14. By the same token, while the preeminence of abstract expressionism is a given, its patriarchal and hegemonic undertones are currently prompting serious revision by younger scholars and critics animated by political and gender-oriented activist agendas. Controversy still rages over Jackson Pollock's paintings from the last five years before he died in 1956. His final achievements are coming to be seen as equal to the emblematic work of his "drip," "allover," or "heroic" period of 1947–51. Pollocks of both periods are beautifully represented in the Mnuchin collection.

Attitudes regarding the last decades of Willem de Kooning's much longer life in art are similarly in flux. Critics had nodded dismissively at the de Koonings of the 1970s and '80s. But, following a daring hunch, the Mnuchins purchased against the tide of indifference. Their acquisitions went *(Continued on page 159)*

Barnett Newman's *The Promise*, 1949, *opposite*, dominates the dining room behind George I chairs and a William IV table topped by West African sculptures. *Above left:* Along the far wall are a Dogon equestrian figure, Twombly's *Untitled*, 1969, and a Yoruba mask. Ad Reinhardt's *Abstract Painting*, 1966, hangs beside the door. *Left:* Biedermeier furniture accompanies Philip Guston's *As It Goes*, 1978, in the master bedroom.





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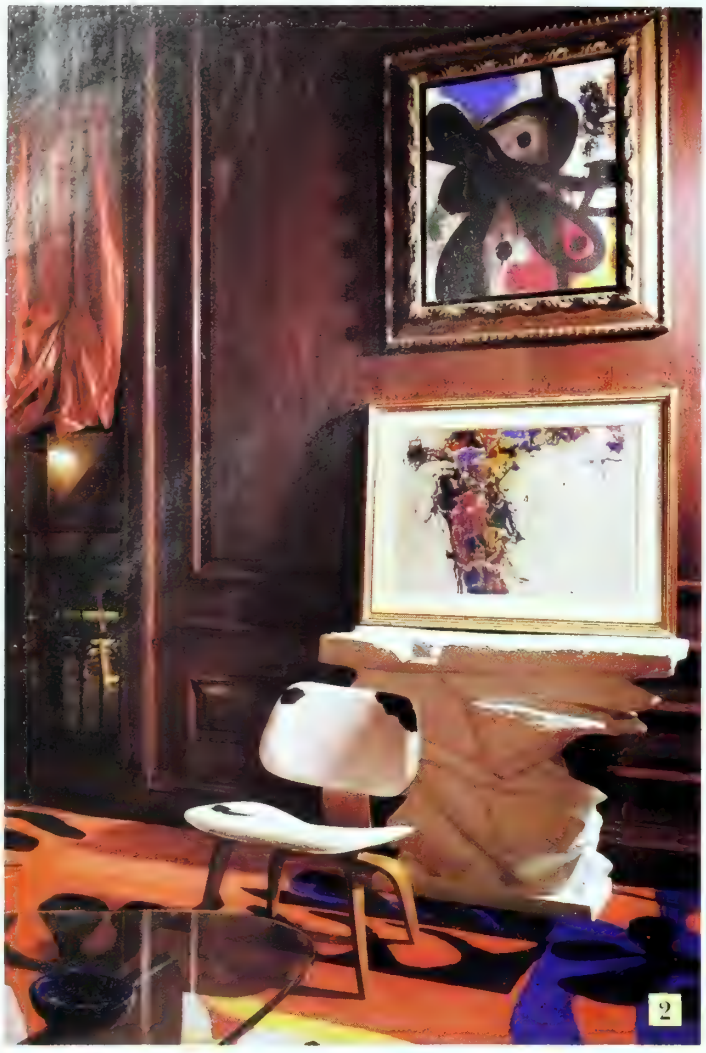
1

1 MODERNISM IN STRONG COLORS
The rich woodwork, tall windows, and generous proportions of the library at New York's 1991 French Designer Showhouse could easily accommodate a traditional roundup of leather club chairs and hunting scenes. Jacques Grange, in association with his New York office at the antiques gallery and decorating firm Didier Aaron, took a more adventurous approach and assembled a group of bright modern elements: an Alexander Calder mobile, a carpet that is an homage to Matisse, Jean-Michel Frank–inspired armchairs in honey suede. The well-defined, if unexpected, palette extends from the art to the furniture—a use of color that avoids looking contrived thanks to Grange's sophisticated eye. Details see Resources.

ideas

In a traditional library, Jacques Grange leaves his own modern imprint

BY CAROLYN SOLLIS AND AMY TARAN





A mix of studied and casual effects redefine the art of display

great ideas



2 DISPLAYING ART Two paintings exhibited in different ways show that even in a composed space, there's room for casual effects. Under a work by Joan Miró, a quarry console table without its glass top acts as a makeshift easel for a Sam Francis gouache and introduces a look of unstudied ease.

3 MIXING OBJECTS Grange put three surfaces to work as platforms for displaying decorative items in unconventional ways. A radiator grille supporting a French three-piece clock garniture, c. 1860, is uncharacteristically grouped with a side table given over to a 1950s Venini striped glass pitcher and tumbler set as well as nature-inspired candlesticks and shell designs by Ted Muehling. In the corner a William IV pedestal cleverly serves as a place for a sculptural lamp with a lava finish.

4 LIGHTING EFFECTS Rather than rely on a single source of illumination, the decorator has combined natural light, candlelight, and soft lamplight in a corner next to a window to create an appealing rather than overpowering glow.



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La Barge

SHOWROOMS IN BOSTON, CHICAGO, DALLAS, HIGH POINT, NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO AND TOKYO

City Sanctuary

(Continued from page 99) ticality seemed to me the only rational way to go. So I have stuck to my wooden furniture, my bare floors, and my numerous animals—alive and not—which keep piling up. The only time I deviated from this practical approach was when I bought an antique Japanese chest strangely shaped like steps. As soon as it was delivered, it started to buckle and crack. We were unable to keep up with the dealer's recommendations: humidifiers, no direct sunlight, a constant temperature. I was filled with guilt and a sense of failure. After that I promised myself never to buy antiques again. Something that has survived two hundred years could end its life in my loft within two short weeks.

John Ryman understood my problems. He loves "garbage" and nothing feels better to me than to recycle what was destined for the trash heap. John goes around towns and villages collecting things that have been thrown out. Our favorite place is the dumpster of a famous and wonderful American fashion designer who lives outside the city in Westchester. I don't think I can mention his name—he might not like it, and I don't want to upset him. Anyway, he seems to do a lot of redecorating, so his dumpster is always full. From his "garbage" we collected a marvelous iron railing which John cut into pieces, saving the parts shaped like arrows to make towel racks for my bathrooms. Tiles from one of the fashion designer's floors became the tops of small iron tables in my living room.

John built my bed from a gate that used to enclose the organ pipes at a church in Connecticut. He made the bed high enough so the dogs would be unable to jump up and my paisley throw would be safe on top. When he salvaged windows and doors from the Westchester trash heap, I was ready to build walls and rooms to accommodate them. The layout of my apartment changed dramatically, but for the better. Now I have a studio, a TV room, and individual bedrooms and bathrooms for everyone, including guests—which is definitely a luxury for the communal life in a loft.

Ever since John taught me this approach to decorating I haven't stopped. It has become one of my favorite activities. Instead of feeling responsible for ending the life of a piece of furniture (like my Japanese chest), I feel I am adding a few years to something that was destined for the dump. And if it breaks—well, there is an end to everything. ▲

American Garden

(Continued from page 127) add smaller trees—redbud, apricot, Kentucky coffee tree, dwarf Alberta spruce—to the island beds.

They have striven perhaps most energetically to find perennials that do well in a climate where winds are often high, and temperatures can range from minus 25 degrees Fahrenheit in the winter to over 100 degrees in the summer. While Iowa soils are marvelously fertile, climatic conditions can be inhospitable to plants like delphiniums (which Karen and Bill plant as annuals now) that are staples of British and European gardens. Achillea, artemisia, oenothera, salvia argentea, and some thirty other species have proven to be drought-tolerant stalwarts. Karen has solved the climate problem through experimentation with perennial varieties from all over, but especially from Hilltop Greenhouses in Omaha and Bluebird Nursery in Clarkson, Nebraska. The experimentation runs both ways. When Karen finds a local variety that seems to be doing well, she may send it to Harlan Hamernik at Bluebird to be grown in bulk and reintroduced to the perennials market.

Harlan, Karen, and Bill have collaborated on a set of four videos, available from Bluebird Nursery, that show how some favored hardy perennials should be planted and cared for. The approximately 160 species shown include *Gypsophila paniculata* 'Compacta', a low-growing baby's breath that Bill and Karen often use in underplanting; *Caryopteris × clandonensis* 'Longwood Blue', which is "more attractive to butterflies than any other plant we have, even butterfly bush"; and *Aster × frikartii* 'Mönch', a long-blooming mildew-resistant hybrid they believe Americans overlook. A new video will focus on grasses that control erosion and provide ornamental texture.

Now that Bill is no longer row-cropping the farm (he did have the fields in corn for a few years, but these days they are all meadows), the spring-fed pond receives no runoff and is an inviting spot for both fishing and swimming. One of Karen's favorite activities is to float in the pond and look at the garden, which, owing to the slope of the land toward the water, spreads out in its fullest beauty from precisely that perspective. In a somewhat marshy area on the east side of the pond (which is also used for irrigation), Bill and Karen have encouraged a bright meadow of native wildflowers. Orange butterfly weed has appeared there with heartening vitality alongside gayfeather, swamp milkweed, and other species widely threatened by herbicides.

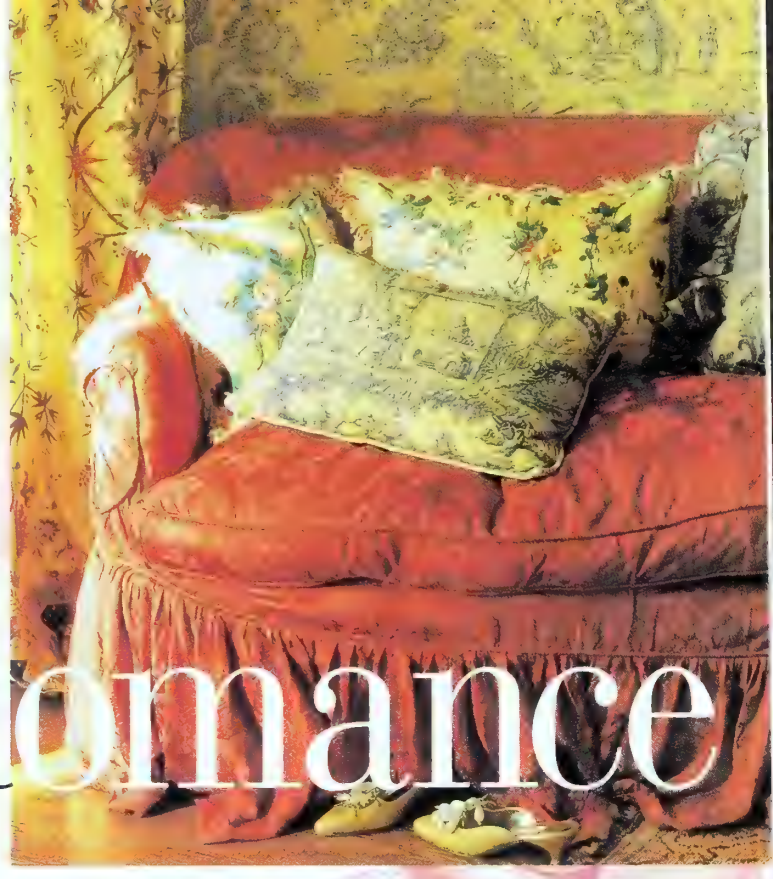
While they value their privacy, Karen and Bill are true Iowans in the way they have shared both their plants and their skills. In their bedroom is a striking log cabin quilt Karen received from a friend in exchange for designing and planting the friend's garden. She has made several gardens in the Des Moines area, but with the videos and a book she is writing she hopes to inspire others to enjoy making gardens. Although Bill and Karen's farm is not open to the public, they have held open houses in past springs. Sales of cuttings and excess plants supported purchases of new varieties, and friends from Des Moines—fellow artists and art collectors—came to renew old ties.

By July, when the weather is hot and sticky and the garden is for the most part taking care of itself, Bill's and Karen's thoughts turn to preparing for their December show of prints, paintings, pastels, and sculpture at the Percival Galleries in Des Moines. Even so the pleasures of the landscape are irresistible—the newest bed will be a late season display, full of white Japanese anemones, purple and white fall clematis, asters, and dahlias, bringing this thriving American garden as close to full circle as Iowa winters will allow. ▲

(For information on plant suppliers and videocassettes see Resources.)



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Call of Montana

(Continued from page 116) northern boundary of Yellowstone National Park. It straddles two and a half miles of a fast-flowing brown-trout river replenished by the drainage from several million acres of wilderness. The valley is just the right size—broad shouldered enough to welcome light, remote enough to discourage highway construction, and surrounded by views of lodgepole pine, river riffles, and snow-crusted mountains that make my knees wobble. Mule deer are ubiquitous year-round. Elk, moose, mountain lion, and black bear appear according to the season. And every indigenous predator, save the gray wolf, has left tracks.

The reserve, divided between twenty-two secretive landowners, had been formed in the 1970s as a kind of new-age commune. Some of the founding fathers are still there: a talented potter, an oceanographer. But many have moved on to city pursuits. From one we acquired the most historic slice of property known simply as the Bar 20. The title and brand go back to a deed Teddy Roosevelt signed over to a Mrs. Fargo (as in Wells Fargo), thence to a Mark Cross heir, a World War I naval commander, and a group who cobbled together a dude ranch that failed in the fifties.

Grandly (that is, with help from our father), we set out to re-create the Bar 20 as a family compound. We acquired more land as well as a neglected bunkhouse and some cabins across the river. All of these buildings were hopelessly demoralized—painted orange and patched with plywood. Fortunately, my sister and Chuck Defandorf, our builder, had a vision. The dark living room in the main structure suddenly developed a brace of French doors, a burnt-out closet became a bath, a generator shed metamorphosed into my office. And a cabin's funky sixties add-on was camouflaged thanks to Hilary's many walks through the woods with Benjamin Moore color chips in hand. For furniture my sister again called upon Ken Siggins and Jimmy Covert, mixing their work with vintage Molesworth designs purchased from an aging neighbor who had crafted them.

From May to November the Bar 20 has become the perfect human habitat. Mornings, I write to the sounds of springwater bound for the Gulf of Mexico. Lunch is usually a picnic orchestrated to a hike. Late afternoons, if there's a hatch on the river, I go my way with a dry fly. Some days we float the nearby Yellowstone with fishing guide Steve Pauli. Other times we head into the Absarokas on horseback. In summer, friends accumulate at a remarkable rate. Scarlett Daley, Chuck's girlfriend, oversees the kitchen, and in the evening the cool valley air is enriched with the smell of curries, cassoulets, and barbecues.

Of course, we aren't alone in this valley. The area has gone decidedly flashy in recent years, and only conservation easements (through the Montana Land Reliance), prescient laws, and far-seeing neighbors guarantee the land will remain as is. Maybe, in fact, the valley will improve. There's an active campaign to restore the wolf to its former range in Yellowstone. With luck these wonderful predators will prowl the ridges above us, and during the summer evenings on our screened porch we'll hear their lonesome howl. The Montana of my dreams will then be just about complete. ♠

Modern Masters

(Continued from page 150) far in dispelling this condescension; indeed, their collection inaugurated the virtually unanimous approval that de Kooning's work of recent decades now enjoys.

In the Mnuchins' case, the difficulty of the search for art is almost exceeded by the pains taken in displaying it. Admittedly, few collectors are able to fret over arrangements of a brace of de Koonings or a pride of Rothkos. Robert and Adriana's town house, its Adam-style façade forthrightly set across a double lot on Manhattan's Upper East Side, was restored to meet the standards imposed by collections of modern and tribal art, of Chinese and Georgian furniture—in addition to satisfying domestic requirements.

After entering a vestibule faced in white marble, the visitor passes into a square reception hall of regal measure. All the Rothkos once hobnobbed there; successive substitutions and moves from one wall to another have reflected the care taken to show each work to best advantage. (Since these collectors adhere to the belief that God is in the details, I am tempted to write "Mnuchiae" for minutiae.) Though Robert and Adriana live with exceptional furniture—Ming alongside George I, Biedermeier, and Hoffmann—pieces are selected with a view to understatement so that burnished beauty will not distract from the dignity of the paintings. At the rear of the reception hall, pedimented doors open into the dining room, where the abstract expressionist masterworks are most often found: a superb 1951 Pollock, a great Franz Kline of 1958, and one seemingly more minimal but equally epic efforts of Clyfford Still, Mark Rothko, and Ad Reinhardt.

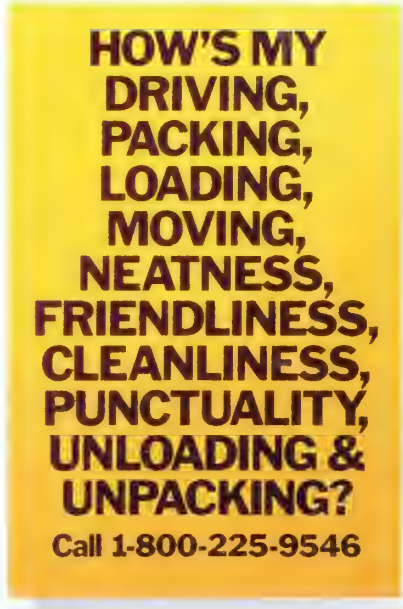
A curved staircase rises to an apsidal landing and two large living rooms on the second floor. In the past, the landing sheltered a complex relief by Frank Stella; at present, an early muscular work by Mark di Suvero is installed here. *Che Farò Senza Euridice?* is one of four extant wood constructions that reveal this artist's command of the gestural vernacular of abstract expressionism. These early sculptures are frequently associated with the paintings of Franz Kline, a comparison that is reinforced at the Mnuchins' by examining the Kline in the dining room. The rooms on the second floor open into one another, and virtual overviews of Philip Guston, Richard Diebenkorn, Cy Twombly, and Brice Marden have been mounted on the walls. In the front room hangs an Arshile Gorky of fierce tenderness, the penetrating first version of *Charred Beloved,* 1946.

The collection, however superb, is not an immutable and static display moldering in a dusty untenanted museum. Neither as changeless as the pageant of Isabella Stewart Gardner's trophies at the edge of the Boston Fenway nor as coyly rearranged as the treasures of New York's Frick Collection, the Mnuchin collection is, in vivid contrast, a vital organism. The question is no longer one of striving for perfection so much as savoring the life-enhancement and play its attainment allows. ♠

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Le Style Passebon

(Continued from page 120) Le-Tan and New York–based Ted Muehling. Score another "big big success."

With antiques in the sixteenth arrondissement and contemporary work in the first, the only thing left for Passebon to do was merge old and new in a third gallery devoted to what he calls the "dynamic mix." Which he did last September at 20–22 galerie Véro-Dodat, arguably the most beautiful arcade in Paris. Though Passebon's new trilevel space effectively offers a crash course —albeit a quirky one—in the history of the decorative arts, it also serves as a showcase for his stable of contemporary applied artists, any one of whom is available for commissioned pieces. "When you look back at other centuries, you see friendships between artists and clients," explains Passebon, who likes to think of himself as a modern-day shadchen, which is to say, matchmaker. It is a position he likes to describe as "my pleasure." ♠

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white painted and gilded pier table, Empire gilt-metal wall sconce, similar at Charles Saunders (see above). Art deco mirror, by Serge Roche, similar at Ross Hamilton, London (71) 730-3015. **106–07** Star walls, painted by Palladio, similar to order through Veere Grenney (see above). 19th-century Italian lacquer bed, similar at Guinevere Antiques (see above). Leopard-print wool carpet, to the trade at Stark (see above for pgs 80–81). Hautville Stripe Silk Taffetas for curtains, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 80–81). Silk plaid (#F300-22) for valance, to the trade at Osborne & Little, for showrooms (203) 359-1500. Silk fringe on curtains, by Wendy Cushing for Pierre Frey, to the trade at Fonthill, for showrooms (212) 755-6700 Polidoro silk velvet (#4234-27) on chair, to the trade at Manuel Canovas (see above). Italian painted secretary, c. 1790, Venetian painted and silver gilt armchair, c. 1750, Spelter candlesticks, c. 1870, Spelter figurines converted into lamps, c. 1870, Irish mahogany dumbwaiter, c. 1810, Italian small commode, c. 1770, similar at Keith Skeel Antiques & Eccentricities, London (71) 226-7012.

BREAKFAST AT CHANEL
Pages 108–109 Terry cotton bathrobe (#25426), by Karl Lagerfeld for Chanel, at Chanel, NYC, Beverly Hills, Costa Mesa, Dallas, Washington, D.C Silk chiffon/viscose evening dress (#28302), by Karl Lagerfeld for Chanel, at Chanel, Beverly Hills, Chicago, Honolulu. Selected accessories, at Chanel, NYC, Beverly Hills, Chicago, Costa Mesa, Dallas, Honolulu, Palm Beach, San Francisco, Washington, D.C. **108** English Ivy wallpaper and cotton fabric, Brandt Point Stripe cotton fabric, by Waverly, for dealers (800) 423-5881 Windsor oak chairs (#370569), at Pottery Barn, for stores (800) 922-9934, to order (800) 922-5507. Lace curtains in kitchen, similar at Janovic Plaza, NYC (718) 786-4444, outside NY (800) 772-4381, catalogue available. **109** Upholstered sofa, similar at ABC Carpet & Home, NYC (212) 473-3000. Giltwood mirror, similar at Gracious Home, NYC (212) 988-8990

THE CALL OF MONTANA
Pages 110–17 Decoration, by Hilary Heminway Interiors, 243 Farmholme Rd., Stonington, CT 06378; (203) 535-3110. Structural renovation, by Chuck Defandorf, 431 South H St., Livingston, MT 59047; (406) 222-7916. **112–13** Canvas sofa, basket hanging lamps, burlap curtains, to order from Hilary Heminway (see above). Valreaf quilted cotton on wing chair, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 80–81). **114** Pine pole beds, fabricated by Indy Corson, to order from Hilary Heminway (see above). Buckeye Blake posters, at Big Horn Gallery, Cody (307) 527-7587; Brighten Up Shop, Great Falls (406) 453-8273; Broschofsky Galleries, Ketchum (208) 726-4950. Ashbury cotton/silk (#5200) for dust ruffles, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pgs 80–81). Beacon blanket pillows with cigar box appliqué, to order from Hilary Heminway (see above). **115** Log furniture, fabricated by Ken Siggins and Jimmy Covert, to order from Hilary Heminway (see above).

LE STYLE PASSEBON
Pages 118–21 Selected antiques, similar at Galerie du Passage, 20–22 Galerie Vero-Dodat, 75001 Paris; (1) 42-36-01-13, fax (1) 40-41-98-86 Artwork, similar at or by commission at Galerie du Passage (see above). **119** Toile Bisonne linen on upholstered armchair, to the trade at Houlès, for showrooms (212) 935-3900. **121** Tripod Moon bronze/horn candlestick, by Ted Muehling, to order at Ted Muehling, NYC (212) 431-3825

ALL-AMERICAN GARDEN
Pages 122–29 Sources for hardy plants: Hilltop Greenhouses, 6412 North 42 St., Omaha, NE 68111, (402) 451-3303 (no mail order); Bluebird Nursery, 519 Bryan St., Clarkson, NE 68629, (402) 892-3457 (wholesale only). Videocassette: *Hardy Flowering Plants: A Closer Look,* by Closer Look Videos, boxed set of 4 cassettes with printed culture guide, $189 plus $8 shipping, from Bluebird Nursery (see above). December art show, at Percival Galleries, 528 Walnut St., Firstar Bank Building, Des Moines, IA 50309; (515) 243-4893

SETS FOR REAL LIFE
Pages 130–35 Selected antiques, similar at William Doyle Galleries' Tag Sale, NYC (212) 410-9285; David George Antiques, NYC (212) 860-3034; David Drummond, NYC (212) 877-6753 **131** Vintage Afghan cotton carpets, similar at Montana Hemisphere, Santa Monica (310) 458-6853. Natural Linen (#LFY-344) on sofa, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection, at Polo/Ralph Lauren and fine department stores, for stores (212) 642-8700 Jules cotton on Regency chair, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 82). Parchment lamp shade, similar at Just Shades, NYC (212) 966-2757 **132** Ticking Stripe cotton (#LFY-251) for sofa pillow and two chair pillows, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection (see above). Other solid and striped vintage cottons on pillows, similar from Michele Fox, NYC (212) 532-2694; at Paula Rubenstein, NYC (212) 966-8954. Custom George Smith Stripe cotton on chair, to order at George Smith Sofas & Chairs, for dealers (212) 226-4747 **133** Lentine cotton stripe on chair, at Paterson Silks, for stores (800) 427-4557 **134** Linen (#1109) on upholstered living room chair, by Hamilton Adams Linen, for dealers (212) 221-0800

AT HOME WITH MODERN MASTERS
Page 149 Living room decoration, by Lauder John Bowden Interior Design, 242 East 19 St., New York, NY 10003; (212) 832-6640

GREAT IDEAS
Pages 153–54 Decoration, by Jacques Grange, through Deborah Dutton Minton, Didier Aaron, 32 East 67 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 988-5248 **153** *Les Deux Boomerangs* mobile, 1966, by Alexander Calder, at Pace Gallery, NYC (212) 421-3292. Matisse Hommage wool carpet, armchairs, sofa, to order from Jacques Grange (see above) Lucrèce acetate taffeta for shades, at Le Décor Français, NYC (212) 734-0032. Window treatment, by Le Décor Français (see above). *Pink Shush,* 1965, painting above mantel, by Jules Olitski, at André Emmerich, NYC (212) 752-0124 Sunflower terra-cotta roof tiles in front of fireplace, $9,300 pr to the trade at Marvin Alexander, NYC (212) 838-2320. Noguchi glass ebonized wood coffee table, 1948, 1950s Seguso glass bowl on table, 1950s Venini glass/copper ashtray on table, Charles Eames ponyskin chair, c. 1946, at Fifty/50, NYC (212) 777-3208 English manuscript rack, c. 1830, Lovinson & Jacoby Gothic revival occasional table, Coade stone urns, c. 1780, at Didier Aaron (see above). *Heart Painting I,* 1970–71, painting in corner, by Jim Dine, at O'Hara Gallery, NYC (212) 355-3330. Brass floor lamps (#1U/WV), to the trade at Cedric Hartman, for showrooms (402) 344-4474, fax (402) 346-5929 **154** *Femme,* 1973, by Joan Miró, at O'Hara Gallery (see above) Quarry console table (#22056) in white matte finish (glass top optional), to the trade at Sirmos, for showrooms (212) 371-0910 *Untitled,* 1958–59, by Sam Francis, at André Emmerich (see above) French three-piece clock garniture, c. 1860, William IV mahogany pedestal, similar at Didier Aaron (see above) Wrought-iron table with leather tile top, by Michael Krieger, to the trade at John Boone, NYC (212) 758-0012. 1950s Venini glass pitcher and tumblers, at Fifty/50 (see above) Tusk blackened bronze candlesticks, sterling snail dish, two ebony/sterling spoons, to order at Ted Muehling, NYC (212) 431-3825 Late 1940s green blown-glass vase, at Malmaison Antiques, NYC (212) 288-7569. Classic lamp (#50728) with faux lava finish, to the trade at Sirmos (see above). Tripod Moon blackened bronze candlesticks, one horn, one blue plastic, Sun hammered sterling reflector candlestick on blackened bronze stand, to order at Ted Muehling (see above). Akari-Gemini Noguchi lamp (#UF4-L9), 1950s Nason glass ashtray, at Fifty/50 (see above). Doric end table (#23022) with ebony finish, to the trade at Sirmos (see above) William IV bookcase, at Didier Aaron (see above)
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Gandee

Barbara Hulanicki is hot for Miami

"Oh! Wonderful Miami!" gushed Barbara Hulanicki, inspired by the tragicomic spectacle of a sad-happy septuagenarian parading along hustling-bustling Ocean Drive in hip-happening South Beach—a.k.a. the Deco District—decked out in flaming orange oversize trousers, a cape inscribed with urgent religious messages, and a big hat. "Oh! That sixties hat!" Hulanicki continued in her British clip, clearly moved by the Samuel Beckett–like vision. "Isn't she nice?" And then a hint of regret. "I miss the lunatics. They used to send them down from the North in the winter. They would give them $100 and bus fare. It's absolutely true."

Nowadays, of course, visitors to South Beach tend not to come *Midnight Cowboy*–style, which is to say by Greyhound. Nor, nowadays, will $100 get you very far. Barely through the night, for example, at the Marlin Hotel, Hulanicki's latest high-profile design statement, where the owner, Island Records mogul Chris Blackwell, said, "Think Jamaica!"—which Hulanicki did in a scheme she refers to as "seashore-with-Jamaican-vibes"—and where Robert De Niro is rumored to have been turned away because he failed to phone ahead. Or at least that's what they said in *W*. Hulanicki said she hadn't heard the one about De Niro, but she and the staff did, she admitted, get themselves all worked up over a visit from Gianni Versace. "We thought he was going to want truffles in the middle of the night," said Hulanicki. "But he was nice."



"Miami today is like London in the sixties—everything goes"

Since I had visited the Marlin, I asked Hulanicki to address herself to the always tricky-in-Miami question of taste. "I don't like good taste very much," she confessed—as she had to. "Beige? *Very* boring." Hulanicki's work is not a bit boring, which is to say that not once since washing up on the Miami shore with her husband, Stephen Fitz-Simons, in 1987 has she been guilty of good taste. Certainly not in her debut project, Woody's on the Beach, a hot-pink and neon nightclub designed for Rolling Stones guitarist Ron Wood. Certainly not in her second nightclub, located in a flashy Coconut Grove hotel and shopping complex targeted, according to Hulanicki, "to the drug dealers who were spending like mad in the eighties." Certainly not in her current project, the transformation of the long-favored-by-backpackers Netherland Hotel into "luxury," as they say, "condos." Since the Netherland's façade is, ironically, beige, I asked what Hulanicki had in mind. A powerful palette of rust, blue green, yellow, burnt orange, and violet, she said, adding, "God help us with all those deco pastels."

Although candy-colored South Beach is a surprising venue for a pastel-weary designer, Hulanicki feels right at home. "Miami today is like London in the sixties—everything goes." Hulanicki knows all about London in the sixties because she was the mastermind behind Biba, the "Miniskirts R Us" retailing phenomenon that reigned as the arbiter of hip style in swinging London from 1964 until Hulanicki and Fitz-Simons "fell in with bad partners" in 1976 and hied south with son Witold to São Paulo, where for six years they exported clothes for Fiorucci and Cacharel. After a return engagement in London to organize a proper education for Witold, Hulanicki and husband hit the beach, which Hulanicki describes as "heaven, heaven, heaven," despite one small reservation: "Miami is a magnet for badness."

Hulanicki's personal experience with Miami's badness includes the time one of her clients was gunned down at the airport, *Miami Vice*–style. And then there was the time two thugs rammed Hulanicki and Fitz-Simons's car and held them up with a sawed-off shotgun. "It was my first serious handbag," recalled Hulanicki. "Pale leather, Sonia Rykiel. But it was full of pretzels." Hulanicki hasn't carried a handbag since. Instead she wears a fishing vest, which doubles as her office. "This is it," she said, patting the vest's various pockets, which appeared slightly overwhelmed by their contents: "I could take this vest off and open a real office, but I just can't face tying myself down. I like to leave it raw." Although Hulanicki has no real office and no real business telephone—she has friends around town who take messages for her—she does have one full-time employee, a young draftsman named José, who currently works out of an abandoned hotel on Ocean Drive. "He's very handsome," said Hulanicki. "He wears bicycle shorts to work, and he plays disco music all day. It's lovely."

Given her peripatetic history, I asked Hulanicki how long she planned to stay in Miami Beach. "The thing to say is I might leave tomorrow. That way you will probably still find me here in twenty years." **Charles Gandee**

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